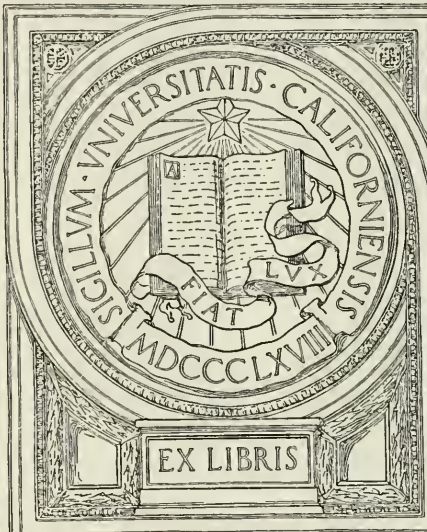
CHARLES FRANCIS

MEMORIES OF A GREAT PRINTER

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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Memories
of a
Great Printer

Chas. Francis

Memories of a Great Printer

Biographical Sketches
of the Career of

Charles Francis

Who practiced his art on three continents, founded the Printers' League of America in 1906, and the International Joint Conference Council in 1919; introduced arbitration for trade war, and built up one of the world's greatest printing houses

by

CHARLES H. COCHRANE

AUTHOR OF
" MODERN INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS "
" PUNCTUATION AND CAPITALIZATION "
ETC.

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Preface

LIFE is what we make it. The value of every life depends on the degree in which that life has been of service to mankind. It is an unqualified pleasure to testify to the worth of the life of a man of accomplishments—one who has done things leaving an imperishable imprint. The career of every man furnishes a lesson for those who come after; we each can profit by the history and experience of others if we will but heed them.

Seldom it is, however, that the true story of a captain of industry, a man who has risen from the ranks to the very top of his calling, is told with fidelity of detail, through the intimate knowledge of a close friend. Yet this is just the sort of information that the young man of today needs, to instruct and inspire him to conquer what lies before him.

This is a very busy old world, and most of us are so preoccupied with chasing the almighty dollar, or the search for pleasure, that we do not often enough take a leisure hour to ask, what is life for? and how can we make the best use of it?

I recommend the pages of this biography, therefore, as valuable to all young people, but especially to the disciples of Gutenberg. All those who have had the privilege of really knowing Charles Francis can testify that his success was not accidental, that he always had purposes higher than monetary gain, that he loved to do good printing for its own sake, and that he

found it a privilege to boost others who were struggling up life's pathways.

Like all men who get right to the top, he has received many encomiums and tributes, but I am sure that those which please him most are the warm handclasps of old friends, and such evidences of the real affection he has aroused in those who have worked with him on various stages of life's journey.

Franklin, the first great American printer, was distinguished rather as a statesman and philosopher. DeVinne devoted his whole energies to the one thing, in the one locality, New York City, and led his contemporaries by a wide margin. Mr. Francis had the wonderful experience of working on three continents, and in a dozen cities of the United States for thirty years before he laid the foundation of his final success. Thirty years is reckoned a generation, and is more than the successful man usually devotes to his calling. With this wonderful apprenticeship, Mr. Francis undertook, without other capital than his knowledge, to establish a printing plant that should be second to none in the city that leads all other cities in printing.

How well his task has been done these pages disclose, and the reader who seeks to know more can stand at the western portal of the great Pennsylvania terminal in New York, and turn his gaze skyward toward the magnificent structure we know as the Printing Crafts Building. Seeking further knowledge, he can pass within and examine the Charles Francis plant for himself. Here is the mechanical evidence of accomplishment. But for those who are not privileged to see the long aisles of busy machinery, or to talk with

the men who worked with Mr. Francis in creating the "Modern Printing Plant," as it was styled in the moving pictures exhibited all over the country, here is the complete story, detailed in the pages of this book.

There is a poem about a man who "tackled the thing that couldn't be done, and did it." We like these men who do the seemingly impossible. Years ago the writer devoured the autobiography of Nasmyth, of steam-hammer fame, and also of Horace Greeley, the great editor of the Civil War period. Here is another feast of the same sort—the story of real doings of a man who leaves an impress on the world. And this raises the query, what is the difference between men like Franklin and DeVinne, Nasmyth and Greeley and Francis, and the ordinary run of business men? Did they inherit genius above the crowd, or were they specially favored by fortune? I do not care for either of these explanations. My conclusion is that they rose to distinction because they performed the little things of life better than their fellows. They were all plodders, satisfied only with the best, and willing to give a helping hand to those around them. A little better balanced than others, with a preference for good work as more interesting than hard play, they all forged ahead of the crowd, and became conspicuous because there are so few who rise to the top rung of the Ladder of Success.

It is pleasant to record here that the success of one worker in printing is not limited to mere commercial eminence. He has won a higher place in the regard of those who have been privileged to know him intimately, as one who loved his fellowmen. His

sympathy with the workers, his championship of the rights of trade unionism, his initiation of the system of arbitration instead of war in the printing trade, have all been inspired by a love of fair play, a regard for the "under dog," a recognition that employees are human beings of the same stuff of which employers are created.

Born in old England, reared at the Antipodes, returning to London for a period, then sailing "Westward ho!" and mixing in the active life of several great United States cities, the subject of this book came to New York about 1888, just as the era of modern printing began, with photo-engraving, composing machines and multi-color presses following in rapid succession. In 1894 we find him in his own shop, "fully covered by debts," as he himself informs us, with mostly old junk for machinery. Twenty-two years later, this same plant, transformed (like the jackknife with new blades and a new handle), was moved as a half million dollar equipment into the finest printers' building ever constructed, and, instead of carrying mortgages, the house gives credits. At the present writing this has also doubled and is now a million dollar equipment.

But, read the book for yourself, and you will see between the lines the real man who leaves this record, and whom it is a lasting pleasure for me to consider as a friend as well as business competitor these many years.

C. H. C.

The Man, Charles Francis

A CAPTAIN of industry is always an interesting figure, and when such a man has risen from the ranks, without assistance, by pure ability placing his feet on the top rung of the Ladder of Success, his career is not only worthy of study and emulation, but becomes an inspiration.

Such is Charles Francis, the Dean of the American Printing Industry, a complimentary title by common consent conferred on only one other knight of the stick. A man of imposing appearance and splendid physique, with a big brain and well-balanced intelligence, and a great big heart that always beats fraternally for those around him, he carved out his success by strict adherence to rules of right thinking, right living and efficient working.

The pleasing task of writing a biography of Mr. Francis seems to have fallen naturally to the writer, he having for some years filled the position of secretary in two of the larger organizations of employing printers in New York. This gave an opportunity for knowing intimately many printers conspicuous in the trade during the later years of the nineteenth and the opening period of the twentieth century. I can truly say that I learned more about the printing business from contact with these men than I ever did in a printing office. And of all these leaders in printing, alert and able men, handling large affairs with competency, there was none from whom more could be learned than

the subject of this book, Charles Francis, who within the comparatively short period of twenty years — meaning the period between 1896 to 1916—came from the ranks, so to speak, to the very foremost position in the trade.

If Mr. Francis had done nothing else than establish the principles of "consultation, conciliation and arbitration" as substitutes for strikes in settling differences in the trade, he would have earned a permanent niche in the Printers' Hall of Fame. Singularly enough, this beneficent accomplishment was largely unrecognized for many years by the men who profited most by the new order of things. The employers who sunk the most money and wasted the heaviest of their resources in fighting unionism to the last ditch, and who have been blessed with trade peace through the work of the Printers' League, established and pushed to success by Mr. Francis, have been the last to recognize that his work has for years saved them the necessity of entering in their ledgers large items of expense for defense against their employees.

In the face of apathy, suspicion, and sometimes open opposition, single-handed, Mr. Francis, at the close of the great strike of 1906, drew together the elements of a new organization in the trade, in which equal rights and equal understandings were arranged for and accorded to both organizations of employees and of employers. What the immortal Declaration of Independence was to the liberties of the New World, was the Constitution of the Printers' League of America to the exhausted forces of the printing trade, which collectively had spent $25,000,000 in

securing the eight-hour day. And we owe all this rejuvenating movement to the clear vision, endless patience and persistent effort of one man, Charles Francis.

It took more than ten years for the open-shop employers in the trade to discover that in spite of their own opposition a great benefit had been done them by Charles Francis and the Printers' League; but they know it now, and have gradually adopted the principles of the League, so that disastrous strikes and lockouts appear to be things of the past.

Only a man of the strongest personality and the soundest judgment could have thought out and influenced such a change in trade conditions; and only one willing to give liberally of his time, talents, and money, could have brought the work through to general acceptation.

That unerring judgment is one of the strongest characteristics of the man is apparent from a few brief facts. He sized up the right solution of trade-war difficulties years before most of his competitors. He was among the first to recognize the principle that a printing house must satisfy all its customers to make every customer a salesman. He was among the first to give a service with printing, aiming to supply all the customers' wants in connection with a printed job. He was among the first to treat his employees as his partners, and to invite their cooperation as equals and human beings. He was one of a few who early learned that printing was a specialty business, and that to build up a large trade, special automatic machinery equipment suited to one class of work must

be introduced and made efficient. It was on these lines of endeavor that the great printing house of the Charles Francis Press came to fruition.

Yet this man of keen perceptions and exceptional judgment was always one of the most ready to ask advice and listen to the views of others. Having gotten all possible light on a subject, he made up his mind, formed his own conclusions and acted on them. Firm as a rock on questions of fundamental principle, he yielded easily in matters of small consequence, was indifferent to the arrangement of little details. But when he knew he was right, he cared not if he stood alone, and remained unbiased by mere weight of opinion against him.

Though a good deal of a fighter in trade organizations, and persistent in the pursuit of business, he always fought fairly. Blunt and outspoken in debate, he never was double-faced nor sunk to underhand methods. Through the troublous trade times growing out of the adjustments between capital and labor, he was never known to once lose his temper, or be guided by the excitement of the moment; never did he harbor a grudge against an opponent; he was always willing to credit good motives to those who differed with him, and ready to discuss a moot point, so long as it yielded any enlightenment.

He was frankness and honesty personified. In all the turmoil of business, amongst conflicting conditions, dealing with all classes of men, of all sorts of ethics and no ethics at all, he was ever the same. He gave to others credit for the best intentions according to their lights, though he was seldom fooled by a trick-

ster, and had a way of disarming those addicted to sharp practices by his straightforward methods and evidence of fair dealing. Others might dabble in complicated intrigues, but he went straight at his aims, told frankly what he wanted, and what he meant to do. His openness with competitors was phenomenal. Seemingly he never had anything he cared to conceal from them. I recall one occasion when he invited an active competitor to send his bookkeeper into the Charles Francis Press, and for three days gave him *carte blanche* to examine the books, that he might profit by the methods there employed.

It was truly impossible to take advantage of a man who did things like this, and many there were who learned to love him for his friendly assistance to those who worked with him as well as against him in the struggle for business. Secretiveness was foreign to his nature. He could be silent as the grave regarding his customers' business, but regarding his own affairs, they were as an open book. Think of a competitor, seeking to cut in on his business, calling him up on the phone and saying, "I'm making a price on printing the *Spirit of the Times*. Do you mind telling me what you are getting for it?" In most trades, this would be an unheard of piece of effrontery; but Mr. Francis' frankness was so well known, that such queries became comparatively common. He would give the information too, usually with the comment, "I don't mind if you quote five per cent below me." And he didn't care; rarely was there a customer who had not learned that at five per cent difference it paid best to stay with Francis.

For several years he had a habit of carrying his last financial statement in his pocket, and would show it to any friend or business foe in the least interested. He always made competitors welcome to come into his plant, and learn anything they could of improved methods or arrangements, or of the workings of new machinery.

His invariable courtesy was as conspicuous as his frankness and sincerity. The old broken-down printer, a relic of former days, received as warm a welcome in his front office as the man who called to leave a $10,000 order. The office boy or the bindery girl was the recipient of as pleasant a "Good morning" as the superintendent or the representative of a good customer. The salesman who desired an audience always had careful if brief attention. When his business grew beyond his personal ability to follow details, he still kept in memory every employee, attended their picnics and dances, and made them feel that all were of one family.

He never showed the least evidence of thinking he was any better than the boy who swept out his office or polished his shoes. He was even more careful to be considerate of such, realizing that their humble positions often made them more sensitive to notice or neglect. He never ordered his employees about, but rather "asked" them to do the things they were paid for doing. Where many would have said, "Here, Jones, take this to the composing room, and get a move on you," his method was, "Will you take this to Mr. . . . . and tell him it is needed at the earliest possible moment?" Instead of saying in criticism of a proof, "That's punk! Have you no idea of har-

mony?" he would say "Don't you think this would be more effective if that blue were darkened a little, and the center line lowered?"

He never drove his men, but he knew just what a man could and ought to do in each department, kept accurate records, and inspected them regularly, and if things went slowly he made it his business to know just why. He praised the best accomplishments, and never scolded the worst, but simply pointed out errors and weaknesses, and left the worker to digest his comments at leisure.

Always paying the best wages, he was among the very first to grant shorter hours of labor, although this brought antagonism from many employers who believed that ten hours, or anyway nine, was a limit fixed by the Deity which it was sacrilege to alter. Always careful of the health and comfort of employees, he kept an eye on the health and hygiene of his establishment. The force were encouraged to associate together for ethical and charitable purposes, and when the idea of insuring the lives of employees was brought out, the Charles Francis Press was one of the first printing houses to avail themselves of the proposition, insuring all workers who had been six months or more with the Company, at the expense of the office.

When it comes to intimate knowledge of the printing business, how to handle men and machinery, doing work to the best advantage, in my humble opinion Mr. Francis is without a superior. If there is another printer of over sixty years in the trade, who has had the benefit of experience working on three continents, and in a dozen different United States cities, and per-

sonally worked on nearly all the specialties with his own hands, and participated in the entire development and remaking of the industry, and been a member and a worker in practically all the leading trade associations of both employees and employers, taking a prominent part in their work, and in educational movements, I cannot name him. I do not believe that any other printer has even closely approximated this wonderfully broad experience. He knows the business like the student who could repeat his Vergil "forward, backward, blind, drunk or sober." He can do anything that the 300 specialists in his own place can do, and a whole lot more things that most of them never heard of. He understands music-stamping, lithography, photo-engraving, electrotyping and all the kindred arts, not only in present-day practice, but in their development. He began in the era of the Columbian hand press, before type cabinets were invented, when the only paper cutter was the plow-knife, and when printers cast their own rollers, whittled out their own furniture and wood type sorts, leached their own lye, and on occasion mixed lampblack and oil to get their ink. And with all the marvelous growth of the industry he is at this writing up to date, and investigates new machines with as thorough understanding as their inventors.

Some printers who have not been privileged to know Mr. Francis intimately may think that I am inclined to enthuse too much over what he knows and has done, but I want to say right here that I would not knowingly overcolor a line. I am writing from knowledge, not hearsay. I have known many hundreds of printers

more or less intimately since I set my first type in 1867, and it is my positive conviction that Mr. Francis got to the top of his vocation mainly because he knows the trade, the art, the business, with a thoroughness second to none, and because he has lived up to the business rules and ethics which most of us accept only tentatively.

It is no great secret that printers are an irreligious lot, mostly atheistic and distinctly material. Some of us are inclined to smile at a man who goes to church, leads Sunday school meetings, talks at Y. M. C. A.'s and the like, and suggest that he does it for business advancement. Mr. Francis does all of these things (except the criticism mentioned), but his motive can be best judged by this incident which came to my notice a number of years ago.

At the time in question, Mr. Francis had recently removed to a new locality, and joined the Baptist church nearest his new residence. A few weeks after he received a note from a neighboring small printer, about as follows: "Dear Sir: I notice your name on the new list of communicants of our church. I suppose you came in to get the printing, and I want to say that I have been doing it for some time, and that I need the work, and would appreciate it if you would break even with me, and not try to get more than half of it." And some more to the same effect.

This poor printer was much relieved to receive a reply that if he was doing good printing for the church at a fair price, Mr. Francis would add his voice if necessary, and advocate his having all the church printing; that personally he came there to worship because he

liked the Baptist church and enjoyed the preaching, and believed that the institution was doing a work helpful to humanity.

A man with distinct objections to liquor and intoxicants was for many years looked upon by most people as a "temperance crank," though the great strides of Prohibition have modified this view in recent years. Away back in New Zealand, before he was 18, Mr. Francis was once called upon to help care for a fellow printer with *delirium tremens*. He was so violent that six men had difficulty in holding him. The experience was so horrible that young Francis then and there vowed to oppose the liquor traffic wherever he saw it, and he has done so consistently.

I well remember his "calling me down" most politely but firmly on one occasion for calling a meeting of employers in a place where liquor was sold over a bar in the room adjoining. "I'll come this time," he said, "because the meeting is for a good purpose, and the work needs to be done, but if you go on meeting in such a place, you won't see me again." Like many others, I then thought he was a little over-strict about it, but in the light of later-day developments, will not even most printers now admit that he was right?

In this chapter and also in the following pages, the endeavor has been to present a true picture of America's foremost printer. It is penned with frank admiration for the man, because he commands admiration, and not with any Boswellian instincts. Strong, kind and wise, he is a worthy example to the young printers of America, as well as to the young of every land and every vocation.

It is written on a basis of thirty odd years acquaintance, business contact and personal friendship, and after a lengthy perusal of papers and documents bearing on the history of the subject. Whatever it may lack in literary merit should be compensated for in that it is a true story of real accomplishment by one of the men who did his full share in the development of the third largest manufacturing industry in the Great Republic.

At the Antipodes

THOUGH born in London (in 1848), the early life of Charles Francis was spent in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. His father, Charles Francis, came under the influence of the "gold fever" about 1853, and went to the Gold Fields in Australia where there was a rush almost equal to that to California in 1849, and to Alaska nearly fifty years later. In the gold diggings of the Antipodes the elder Francis made and lost a considerable fortune; but that is another story. When the subject of this sketch was five years old, his mother, desiring to be near her husband, took him to Melbourne, capital of Victoria Province, Australia, where his uncle, James Goodall Francis, occupied the highest political position within the gift of the Province, being Premier, that is the responsible head of the Cabinet, in which the chief governing power was vested. He was also a man of large wealth, controlling the principal bank, large sheep ranches, and having numerous interests.

In Melbourne, young Charles received the greater part of his education, graduating from the best local school at the age of twelve years. The boys were worked longer hours than now, school time being from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., and there being a liberal allowance of work to be done at home. Charles was classed as a studious boy, though he admits that he had his fun, and played various pranks, like the average healthy boy with surplus energy.

When Charles was twelve, his mother found it desirable to move to the island of Tasmania, lying off the south coast of Australia, in the direction of New Zealand. It is somewhat heart-shaped, being perhaps 200 miles in its longest dimension, and had a population at that date of about 125,000. Here young Francis attended a private school, or college, and here he passed a two years' course, graduating with mathematical honors.

At this time a local chemist—as the druggists of that time and locality were termed—offered Charles a job. Having ambition plus, and a lot of energy seeking an outlet, he was immediately fired with an anxiety to undertake the work. His mother protested, but his mind was so set on it that he was allowed to have his own way, and for some months his principal employment was compounding pills in a mortar. The patent medicine business and general manufacture and sale of proprietary articles was then unknown, and the local "chemists" utilized boys to prepare the standard pills and mixtures. Often this meant standing all day at a bench, with a handkerchief tied around the nose, breaking up aloes or other unpleasant constituents of pills. It was trying and monotonous work, and, as the maternal wisdom had foreseen, soon dissipated the halo that surrounded the chemist industry, and brought our pill-maker back to the realities of life, and a conviction that better work awaited him elsewhere.

When he was well sickened of the pill business, one day the local stationer and printer, one Fletcher, of Hobart Town, met him and said, "Charles, how would

you like to be a printer? I need a young man in my place, and if you would like it I will take you on as an apprentice. Think it over."

This proved to be the turning point in the life of Charles Francis. His mother had wanted him to go back to Melbourne, and into his uncle's employ, where a brilliant future awaited him, seemingly ideally framed to bring him rapidly to wealth and position. As has been intimated, his uncle was the foremost man in Melbourne at that time, with large business interests, and a leading place in colonial politics, and naturally enjoying the confidence of the people. He was desirous of giving his nephew a good start, and had invited him to come into his bank, or choose almost any line of work within his gift. Figuratively, he held out a golden spoon to his brother's son, and said, "Come, here is wealth, honor and position. Choose your career, and all will be made easy for you."

What was there within this boy of sixteen that bade him repel these generous offers of assistance, and manifest advantages, and prefer to apprentice himself to a little printer and stationer, in an obscure island, and learn the printing business, then generally regarded as an insignificant, second-class occupation, little better than cobbling or barbering, and less respectable than pill-making? Something of prophetic vision, something of the higher intuition, must have urged him onward to the choice, seemingly so unworldly-wise. As the poet will drop all useful work to listen to the music of the spheres, and catch the whispers of the angels; as Cincinnatus left the plow in the furrow at the call of Rome; as Jean d'Arc followed the

guidance of the voices; as Palissy dwelt in wretched poverty that he might perfect his famous porcelain; so the boy Charles Francis turned his back upon his wealthy relative's proposals, and declared that he would rather be a good competent printer than to hold the highest political position in the Colonies.

His father was delving away in the Gold Fields, trying to win the yellow metal, so his voice was not heard; but his mother strongly urged the acceptance of his uncle's friendly overtures. She had hoped that when he tired of pill-making, he would naturally be disposed to go with her brother-in-law, where advancement was assured. But the lure of the types and the printing press was on him, and would not be denied. The pleasure of reproducing knowledge on the printed page seemed to him idyllic; nothing else would satisfy him. And so this good mother yielded, rather than drive her son, believing perhaps that her boy would soon tire of printing, as he had of pill-making, and that then surely it would be easy to arrange for him to go to Melbourne and a prosperous future.

The apprenticeship system was then in vogue, and Charles Francis was duly indentured to serve with Fletcher, and to learn the printing business. The apprenticeship papers had one saving clause: they might be transferred to some other printery later, a privilege of which Charles later availed himself more than once—in fact, before his time was up he served both as journeyman foreman and as part proprietor of a printery, as appears later.

His first duties with Fletcher were principally

clerking in the stationery store, and doing the odd jobs that usually fall to the newest boy in an establishment. It was only when there were no customers to be waited on, or no arranging of the stock, that he was permitted to set a little type, or wash the rollers, or roll a form of the Columbian hand press. Oh, the delights of the first year in a country printing office! Such are known only to those who have experienced them. Samuel Clemens, Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice and others have described them at times, yet never with the completeness of knowledge that exists in the breast of every typo who has been through the mill of the composing room.

With what enthusiasm the first letters are assembled —with the nicks out, and an em quad to make the indention! What thrills of pleasure course up and down the spine as line after line is spaced out and justified to the full measure of the stick. And then when an entire stick is actually full, and the apprentice proudly brings it to the nearest journeyman to be emptied, he feels he is indeed almost a printer. And what further bliss when he can empty his own stick without squabbling or pieing the contents! And the exquisite joy of seeing the first proof pulled, and afterward of reading the lines one has composed, actually reproduced in the finished copy!

Then perhaps some early morning, before the rest come to work, he secretly slips a form up on the hand press, rolls it, runs it in under the platen, pulls the lever, and withdraws the printed sheet—all his own work, the result of his new knowledge. Only the true printer can know these things. These are delights

that come but once in every lifetime, with the birth of a new art. As the budding artist makes his first daubs on the canvas; as the future sculptor shapes his first crude figure in clay, he feels the same exaltation that comes to the real printer when he sees the first impression of the types composed by his hand.

Then the joy of being allowed at times to roll the old Columbian hand press, inking the form, and seeing the sheet come out, damp but beautiful, to the printed pile. Later he was permitted to be fly-boy, whose work was to take off the printed sheets, sailing or "flying" them from the tympan to the piling board. And finally, one great day, he was intrusted with the lever, and permitted to handle the rounce, running the inked forms under the platen, pulling the impression, and returning the bed to first position.

This part of the work was deemed as important and conspicuous as it is in these later days for the small boy to go to bat. Young Francis felt that he was a real printer when permitted to work at the lever, a full man's job. He was admitted to this work sooner than most apprentices, because he caught on quickly, and because of his fine build, long limbs and unusual strength for a lad.

God meant this world to be a great school of useful workers; and He meant some men to be printers, that they might spread and distribute to other men the accumulated knowledge of generations of experience. That Charles Francis chose rightly, and that the world is the better for his choice, is now widely known. He had in him the making of a great printer, and the

desire to learn the art and rise to the very top of the profession simply would not be downed, but impelled him for more than half a century, when he came to be recognized as the Dean of the Printing Industry in America.

But in 1864 young Francis was a raw country youth of sixteen, long and lank, full of untrained energy and unchecked ambition. He tackled the work with a suppressed excitement and devotion to accomplishment, and with a persistency at that time unrealized by even himself.

Printer readers, picture to yourselves the cheerful readiness with which the boys in the Hobart Town printing office initiated our young hero in the mysteries of type lice. The history of these insects is lost in antiquity, but though there are no written laws as to the development and evolution of the species, it is safe to assert that in Tasmania, at this date, they were found to be active wherever a new apprentice was introduced into the sacred circle of Gutenberg's followers.

That the above may not be lost on readers not informed of the standard printing office jokes, it may be well to explain that from time immemorial, when a new and green apprentice is introduced, it is the privilege of the younger members of the working force to discover for him a group of active type lice, of the *Genus Humbugus,* located in an open spot in a form of type lying on the stone awaiting distribution. Such type is always more or less dirty from remains of ink, and when a column is opened up and wet for distribution, a puddle of dirty water is easily formed in the

open spot, such dirty water playing an important part in the impending initiatory ceremonies.

The guileless young apprentice is then invited to observe the lively type lice sporting in the puddle. He comes, and not seeing any, is invited to look closer. When his eager eye is approached within six or eight inches of the puddle, and he remarks, "I can't see any lice," it becomes the duty of the ringleader of the mischief-makers who have gathered around, to push the type up in the column in such manner as to close suddenly the opening where the puddle of dirty water lies, whereupon the water shoots upward like a little geyser, straight into the optic of the victim.

Great are the guffaws of the onlookers as the new apprentice receives his dose, which each one of them has had in his own day. There is no use in the new boy's getting mad about it. The only thing the injured apprentice can do is to wipe his eye, and pretend that he thinks it is funny, and then bide his time until a new apprentice appears, when he can pass along this crude relic of barbarism to the next victim.

They had their rude fun with type lice in those bygone days, and the apprentices also tried on young Francis the time-honored search for strap-oil and the italic shooting stick, but he was too observing to waste much time on these. Neither did they get him when they tied a pail of water on top of a door, and called him hastily to come through. It is related that they were more successful in betting him that if he climbed up on the roof, they could bring him down the first time he was called. Charlie went up on the roof, being rather proud of his agility and strength; then the lead-

ing joker called "Charlie, come down!" after which all went inside to work, leaving Charlie to come down when he got tired of his lofty perch.

In such ways was the dry tedium of "learning to print" relieved by the overflowing exuberance of the boys of the Antipodean printing office. After two years of employment here, young Francis became a fair typesetter, could get together his four stickfuls in an hour, and could both roll and pull the hand press with the best of them, learning to produce an even color by the crude methods of the times, and able to give a good "soaking pull" to the lever when the best results were desired. The quality of the printing on the old hand press depended in some degree upon the physical strength of the pressman who pulled the lever which produced the pressure relied on to connect the ink with the paper. Francis, being over six feet in height, long of arm and strong beyond his years, was able to do the best work without much fatigue. Pulling the lever enabled him to develop the series of muscles which later made him locally famous at the oar.

It may be as well to revive here the method of printing on one of the early hand presses, as described by Mr. Francis, which lingers mainly in the memories of a few older printers. First, the quires of paper were wet down, by dipping in a trough of clean water, opening up and placing on a pile under a wet blanket for the moisture to work through uniformly. It was necessary to have moist paper in order to secure good printing, the suction of the damp paper drawing up the ink and compensating in some degree for the lack of pressure available. The hand press was provided

with what might be called a double flopper, but which was named a tympan and frisket. The damp sheet was laid on the tympan to guides, and the frisket folded over to keep it in place.

The tympan consisted of a light frame carrying a heavy soft blanket, which served to hold the moist paper up against the form of inked type, when the printer gave it what was called a good "soaking pull."

A boy standing on one side with a pair of rollers and wooden distributing cylinder, inked the form, while the printer in charge (often with great dignity, as due to his important office), fed the sheet, ran in the form, and pulled the lever that gave the squeeze. Then the bed and form were run out, and the "fly-boy" took off the printed sheet, or sometimes the printer removed his own sheets, which were later folded by hand.

This method of printing accounts for many of the terms found in old books, where the writers speak of sheets still "damp from the press," and of the "inky devil," who when at work was usually more or less daubed up with the thin ink then in vogue. The dampening of paper was continued on cylinder presses up to about 1880 or 1885, when the era of dry printing began to displace it.

Primitive Printing in New Zealand

IN these United States the far away country of New Zealand is regarded with interest mainly as a land where the labor unions run the Government, and have made a success of a workingmen's country. It is a British colony, and the most southerly of the civilized countries of the globe, being crossed by the 45th parallel of south latitude, or about as near the cold zone as the Province of Quebec in Canada. The climate is, however, less severe in winter than experienced by the residents of Canada.

The population is now well over a million, though but half a million at the period of Charles Francis' sojourn. The area of the country is over 100,000 square miles, or twice the size of Cuba, and quite as large as the States of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey combined. It is about equally divided into two islands, called North Island and South or Middle Island. This uncertain nomenclature of the larger island is due to the fact that a very much smaller island, known as Stewart Island, lies still farther south, and is governed by New Zealand.

The British settled this country and took formal possession in 1845, so that in 1863, when Charles Francis arrived, it was emphatically a new country. The labor unions had already assumed the upper hand, for the eight-hour day was in full force, with five hours on Saturday. The atmosphere of New Zealand is overwhelmingly democratic; the people not only de-

mand to govern themselves, but long ago decided that the organizations of workers, or labor unions, which were exceedingly strong, were the people, and entitled to run things. And they are proud that they have made a success of it, and that in all New Zealand there is not a pauper nor a man without work. When a man's job gives out, he simply goes and registers at the nearest government bureau, maintained in all large towns, and he is put on the minimum wage, and works for the government until he gets a better job. The Government maintains a nation-wide employment bureau, and these minimum wage workers are liable to be sent anywhere in the country that they are called for. When people are incapacitated they become pensioners, entitled to pay, not objects of charity, or poor house occupants, but legitimate pensioners.

After young Charles' schooner trip to New Zealand, (told in a later chapter) both he and his mother concluded that they ought to make a move, and get nearer the Gold Fields, where his father seemed likely to remain indefinitely. So a transfer of his apprenticeship papers was made, and they went first to Invercargill, a manufacturing town of the Southern Island. Here his apprenticeship papers were accepted by one Harnett, who ran a daily morning newspaper, and a printing office. The desire of Charles Francis, then only sixteen years of age, to get ahead, is evidenced by his acceptance of two jobs, working on both a day and night shift, as it would now be called. His regular apprenticeship job involved eight hours' work in the daytime, mostly setting type. Someone was needed to feed the cylinder press at night, for the newspaper

that appeared in the morning. There were only five hours of actual work at night, but the feeder had to be there seven or eight hours, to push down the sheets into the grip of the printing cylinder.

There were two operations in printing, the 1200 sheets having to go through first for printing on one side; then the form was changed, and they went through for printing on the other side, which contained the news—such news as they had in those days—it would scarce be called news now.

Young Francis eagerly accepted the night job on top of his day work, and thereafter for many months got into a real bed only once a week. Needless to say he slept a large part of Sunday, curled up in the comforts of the old four-poster, the typical bed of that period. He did not lack for sleep during the long week of work, but he had to sleep in his clothes on the feedboard of the press, with a roll of paper for a pillow, and to divide his sleep into two sections of about four hours each. He could slip away to the river between shifts for a short row or a swim, but otherwise he was tied to the case and the press, as anything he did outside took away from his allowance for sleep.

There was one unusual thing about this Invercargill morning paper. It was issued on Sunday mornings but not on Mondays. The proprietors, recognizing that the work of a Monday morning paper must be mostly done on Sunday, cut out the Monday issue, but retained the Sunday morning issue, produced almost wholly before twelve on Saturday night. This was surely a common-sense arrangement, which had it been adopted in America, would have stopped the

wide outcry against Sunday newspapers as promoting Sabbath desecration, which many will remember during the years from about 1870 to 1890. Many good preachers seemingly never could understand that for years they had bought and patronized Monday morning papers produced on Sunday, and that the mammoth paper dated Sunday morning was the product of week-day labor.

And thus early we have an exposition of the Francis character—a young man of 16 years, voluntarily and cheerfully undertaking such long hours of toil, and foregoing all amusements, that he might lay by a few dollars for later need. The indomitable push, the courage to do, the determination to advance, the willingness to take hold of that which was nearest at hand, regardless of the small pay, the self-denial required are unusual qualities in one so young.

How different this early record from that of the modern young man who goes through college at father's expense, apes the methods of millionaires' sons, and too often emulates their vices, with the idea that it is manly. It becomes unnecessary to tell the reader that young Francis had none of the popular vices or frivolities of sporting young fellows. The facts of his unusual industry, his devotion to learning his trade thoroughly, and the full occupation of his time, show that frivolity and dissipation were impossible, and that he built up the splendid physique, which characterized him even in his latter days, by adherence to the laws of sane and right living.

Youth can do many things impossible to age, and this continuous hard work, with sleep on hard boards,

seemed to agree with young Francis, who was both happy and healthy during the period, joying in the fact that he was actually earning sixteen shillings ($4.00) a week, and laying by money for the future. With all this activity he had enough surplus ambition to play boyish pranks in the office, it being now his turn to work off on the younger apprentices the jokes that had been worked on him in Hobart Town. That he did not always confine his practical jokes to the other young fellows is apparent from the fact that Mr. Pratt, the elderly foreman of the job printing department, used to refer to him at times as "that young devil Francis," whom he strongly suspected of eating his lunch one night, and on another occasion of sewing up his coat sleeve. If other young men in the place cut up shines he would refer to them as being "nearly as bad as Francis." For all that they liked each other, and on one occasion when the steam engine broke down (which it did repeatedly), and the jackass which was relied upon to furnish power at such times was incapacitated, having the colic, the foreman was mighty glad to avail himself of Francis' strength to turn the wheel until other help was obtainable.

After several months of this grind, a call came for Charles to go to Dunedin, capital of Otago Province, where he had a married sister living, and where his father was able to spend a part of his time. His apprentice papers were transferred again, to Ferguson & Mitchell, who conducted a very large printery for those times, in fact the largest in New Zealand, having fifty hand presses in their pressroom. Dunedin was a

fair-sized town of about 4000 inhabitants, but a center of business and politics, having actually four daily newspapers in 1865.

Mitchell was in charge of the printing office, and was a very capable man of action, as the following incident illustrates: Shortly after Francis joined the force, he was aroused one morning at three o'clock by an alarm of fire. In those days everybody turned out for a fire, for there was no fire department, any building that caught fire usually being consumed to the ground, and the people of the vicinity confining their efforts mainly to saving such property as they could carry out. Slipping on his clothes, Francis ran out, and had not gone far before he saw that the blaze was in the printing office where he worked. The fire had got too good a start to be controlled, and the only thing to be done was to get out as much as possible of the printing material.

Mitchell was already there, and took command of the crowd. He called upon the printers who gathered to carry out the type, since they were the only ones likely to handle it without its being pied; and refused to accept the assistance of the crowd, as being worse than useless.

Then he broke in the door of an empty store nearly across the street, and set the printers at work systematically carrying the printing material into this store, as fast as they could after removing it from the burning building. The workers saved most of the stuff, except the heavy parts of the presses, before the fire drove them away, and the blaze was then allowed to burn itself out, reducing the low wooden

building to ashes. By noon the same day Mitchell had men setting type in the new location across the street, there being scarcely a line of pi from the hurried removal.

Very different was the experience of another printing office two or three doors down the street. Here the crowd of onlookers "assisted" in the removal, and carried most of the type and cases into the basement of an adjoining church. Not knowing how to handle type they pied nearly all the cases, and it was probably three months before this printery could be considered again in working condition.

As soon as the ruins cooled off Mitchell had men dig out the iron frames of the hand presses, and inside of two days had some of them running again. No wonder this was a prosperous printing business, with such a man in charge.

Some time before Mitchell had ordered a cylinder job press from England, a Wharfedale, the first cylinder book and job press located in that part of the world. In the course of seven or eight months it arrived, coming in shortly after the fire, and as Francis was the only man in the place who had worked on a cylinder press, he was given the job of putting it together, and setting it in operation. Only those who have had a job of this kind can realize how difficult it is to assemble the parts of a machine unless one has previously taken one apart. But Francis accomplished it successfully, and received a raise of ten shillings ($2.50) a week as his reward.

In Dunedin Francis completed his education in printing by learning lithography, and transferring draw-

ings to the lithographic stone, as well as running them through the lithographic press. Thus in three short years he mastered the arts of composition, typographic printing and lithography. And more, he knew how to build a type stand, or frame for cases, an imposing stone and other conveniences, for there were neither type-founders, supply houses, press manufacturers nor ink-makers in that part of the world. These things had to be bought 16,000 miles away, being exported from Great Britain.

The experience gained with Ferguson & Mitchell was most valuable to young Francis, as he was here employed on a much greater variety of work than he had before had opportunity to handle. He broadened out, and was recognized as a full-fledged journeyman. Accordingly he applied for a union card, and got it, this being in 1866. From that day ever after Charles Francis was a good union man, being an active member and worker in whatever city he was employed; and when he became an employer, he was prompt to join the employers' union. From first to last he was always an organization man, believing in the fundamental principles of democracy as applied to business problems.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Pratt, the foreman at Invercargill, resigned, and came to Dunedin, promptly looking up Charles, whose escapades he had quite forgiven. He wanted a hustling young partner to go in with him and buy the *Otago Punch*, an illustrated weekly, named after London *Punch*, and largely devoted to local politics. Of course young Francis was enthused with the idea. What young journeyman printer ever yet failed

to jump at the first fair offer to go into business! He had saved a few dollars, and he had won £200 ($1000) in gold as prizes in sculling, winning races that caused him to be recognized as the most promising young amateur oarsman of New Zealand. Refusing an offer to become a professional sculler, Charles chose being a proprietor and publisher, and accepted Pratt's proposals to purchase *Punch* and establish a little printery.

Was it not remarkable that a young man of scarcely eighteen years, flushed with the laurels of winning a victory in his favorite sport of rowing, and capturing so substantial a prize, was able to resist the proposals to take up professional sculling as a career, and preferred to take a partnership in an obscure little printing office? The £200 won was as much as $3000 now, and must have looked like a fortune to him. Yet such was his love of printing as an art and trade, that he turned his back upon the sport in which he was so successful, and never afterward engaged in an important race.

A small printing plant was purchased for producing *Punch*, and incidentally doing any small printing that might be offered. It consisted of two stands of type, a plow paper-cutter, a hand press and a small lithographic hand press, and a transferring outfit. Francis was the "inside man" of the new office, doing nearly all the work himself on the little weekly. He set the type, transferred the drawings and cartoons to the lithographic stone, and printed them on the lithographic press, this being the only practicable method of obtaining illustrations at that date. The forms of reading matter were printed on the Columbian

hand press. And right here it may be noted that he held the local record for production on this press, on one occasion pulling 495 impressions in one hour, with the aid of one boy to roll and another to fly the sheets. When it is understood that 250 an hour was considered remarkably good average work, and that no speed over 500 an hour is recorded on this machine, it will be apparent that young Francis was a top-notcher at both the oar and the lever.

Punch was issued with the style of imprint common in those days: "Printed for the proprietors by Charles Francis." This style still prevails in many British printing offices, though it never became common in the United States. Those were happy and hard-working days, and the partners had much fun in stirring up the local politicians, indulging in the somewhat personal journalism of the period. They issued an attractive paper for those times, and enjoyed a circulation of about a thousand copies, which was considered excellent, while the files show some recognition on the part of local merchants who patronized the advertising columns. Pratt proved a good editor, and did his best at extending the circulation, and doing the routine outside business, while Francis was admittedly the peer of any printer in Dunedin, and gloried in a well set and well printed paper. Yet there was no one actively busy to see that more money came in than went out; in short the concern lacked a real business manager, both the partners being printers, with no previous experience in business.

So, at the end of about fifteen months, when all their little money was spent, and they began to pile up debt,

it was found necessary to close up the establishment. Each assumed $400 indebtedness and quit. This debt hung on Charles Francis for many weary months before it could be cleared off from his weekly savings, and though the burden was very trying at the time, he learned to regard it later as one of his most valuable experiences. He was fortunate in acquiring so early the knowledge that the fundamental purpose of business is to make money, that unless a means is found of securing a real profit, of keeping the income far enough above the outgo to cover all contingencies and leave a margin, all else is wasted. He had learned that a job of printing must pay more than wages and stock to yield a profit, and that a newspaper must have a good following in advertising and public patronage. and could not depend mainly on its subscribers for support.

He took all these lessons to heart, and to his credit be it said, never again ran a printing office at a loss, or trusted the finances to an older partner, but ever made the work yield a profit, or let it alone. Though cost-finding systems were then unknown, on the next occasion when he was called upon to manage a printing business he applied his knowledge to making a profit.

At the time, however, the disappointment of closing out the *Otago Punch* office was bitter. There being no employment immediately in sight in Dunedin, he started to walk around the island, to keep occupied, and see what was to be seen. The first afternoon he covered fifteen miles, to Waikouaiti, where he stopped overnight with a friend. Resuming his tramp he

walked 45 miles next day, his greatest pedestrian accomplishment. As might have been expected, his feet became badly blistered by the excessive exercise, and he was glad to get on a stage coach the third day and ride back home.

Very shortly afterward he was offered a job as foreman of a little printing office at the Tuapeka Gold Fields. This he promptly accepted, and made the 75 miles in a stage-coach, in a single day, the six horses being provided in relays, a fresh team about every ten miles. Thus it was possible to make the journey in about ten hours. Tuapeka had a population of about 500 people, and its public institutions consisted of a post office, a printing office and two saloons or so-called hotels, the latter being far the most popular.

Young Francis secured lodgings with a Scotch lady, Rogers by name, a motherly soul, who possessed a three-room corrugated iron shack, where she kept house and cooked the meals. Her boarders were lodged in a tent close by, which being lined with good blankets and having a fireplace was fairly comfortable in chilly weather, though it was necessary to break the ice for a wash on winter mornings, and always advisable to have plenty of blankets at night.

Francis took charge of the little printing office, where he was promptly dubbed the "old man," this being the accepted local title for a foreman. The work was easy enough so far as technicalities were concerned, but sometimes a little ingenuity was required to meet conditions. He had to mix the composition of glue and molasses, and cast his own press rollers, and as there was no benzine and no commercial

lye, in order to wash the type, wood ashes had to be leached with water to make lye. Any extra furniture needed to fill out forms had to be produced with a saw and plane, and wood type sorts were cut out of smooth board with chisels and a jackknife. If another chase was wanted, it meant a trip to the blacksmith, who must be told just how to shape it, and perhaps the printer blew the bellows or swung the sledge while he waited. Press repairs were accomplished the same way: the printer and blacksmith between them had to figure how to patch the broken or worn parts and make them work. Knowing all these things, young Francis became a real printer, dependent upon himself, and master of the very fundaments of his trade.

In his lecture "Fifty Years of Printing," Mr. Francis has referred to his experiences in this office, and told how he utilized the remnants of a gin case from a saloon to fill in the blanks required for a bank statement he was given to print. The type was kept standing two weeks, and the form was liberally sprinkled every morning, so that the light wood would not shrink up and pi the type matter.

The weekly paper here issued went to press Friday nights, and the force usually worked up to two or three in the morning. As a result Saturday was taken as a whole holiday, and all the printers spent it outdoors in pleasant weather. There being no boating here, Francis tried horseback riding as an exercise. The owner of the printing office had an old horse which he was free to use, when he could catch him. The animal was let out to graze in a worked out section of the mining field, where there was a little grass

left between the craters and hummocks left by the miners, who ruined the ground for most purposes.

The old horse commonly evaded being caught, and when approached would walk or run around the craters or holes, keeping on the opposite side to his would-be captor. But after a quarter or half hour of this sort of play, he would allow himself to be cajoled into accepting an apple or a lump of sugar, and of being saddled for a trip to the post office. Every ride had to begin with a canter to the post office, because he was used to this, and like the toper who had to have his morning horn, he wouldn't go anywhere else the first thing in the day.

The post office trip being accomplished, he would go almost anywhere he was directed, except up a steep hill. His way of objecting to a hill was like that of the American broncho; he just chucked his rider over his head. If the hill was short, sometimes his objections could be overcome; otherwise it became necessary to ride around the hill or go back, which the animal would do tractably enough. But he regarded hill-climbing in general as a foolish waste of effort, unworthy of an intelligent horse. Outside of these eccentricities he was a fairly good saddle-horse, and the printers kept him busy Saturdays chasing around the country.

In a mining town the only life and activity evenings is apt to be around the saloons, and having no taste for this, young Francis found himself rather lonely in Tuapeka. To help pass the time he smoked a little, being rather blue on occasions. Good Mrs. Rogers, noticing this, used to come in and talk to him some-

times, and quietly carry off his spare cigars when she left, thus discouraging this bad habit. Soon he found a chum named Goldemar, a young German who also objected to hanging about the saloons, and who was lonely. They decided to learn billiards, and often went out and hired a table for an evening.

After they tired of billiards, Francis had a brilliant idea, that took mightily in that sparsely settled region. There were a few girls in the community, but such a surplus of young men that most of them seldom got a chance to speak to the owner of a pretty face. Charles proposed a dancing class; all agreed that it would be fine, but some doubted if the girls would come, and others inquired who was going to teach. Francis settled both problems: he made a tour of the settlement, calling on the mother of every young girl within three miles, and asking if they could attend. Now, at this time, Charles was reading the prayers of the Episcopal church every Sunday morning at the schoolhouse, and this gave him such a standing with the mothers of the girls that every one consented, on the condition that he was going to run the dancing school.

He was able to borrow the use of the schoolhouse for one evening a week, but there still remained the problem of instruction. Hunting up an old gold digger, who had called the figures many a time in the old country, Francis gathered the rudiments from him, and then volunteered to teach. As nobody knew any more of dancing than he, this was easy. The square dances were then the popular thing, and were much more easily mastered than the modern steps. The dancing school proved a tremendous success, and drew

much more business away from the saloons than the Sunday services.

All good things come to an end, and when a year had rolled around, the dancing season ended. Francis had cashed in an unexpected profit, as well as enjoyed the change, but decided to quit the locality, satisfied that a good printer could get a job almost anywhere, and that it was a mistake to stay longer in such a forsaken and out-of-the-way settlement as Tuapeka Gold Fields. So he passed in his resignation, packed up his things, and took the stage for Dunedin, where he visited his folks for a week or two. Nothing satisfactory offering in Dunedin, he tossed up a coin to decide whether he should go to Melbourne or Valparaiso, Chili, there being vessels in port for both places. Melbourne won and inside of two hours he was on the boat, bound for the Australian capital.

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Sailing on Southern Seas

ALL the intimate friends of Charles Francis know that he is a sailor as well as a printer; he is just as much at home reefing a sail, handling a tiller, or feathering an oar, as he is at the case, the press or in the counting room. But not many know how he came by his love for the water, how it was bred in the bone, so to speak, or where he learned all the technicalities of boat craft, or sailing with "a flowing sheet over a boundless sea."

Let it be remembered that from the age of twelve to twenty he lived on the islands south and southeast of Australia, and that the principal mode of transportation about those islands was in sailing vessels, sloops and schooners. These vessels filled the place in the life of the people that in America is occupied by the express train and the trolley. Railways and steamships, though not unknown, were novelties, in the southern hemisphere in the sixties. The people of New Zealand, Tasmania and the smaller islands lived mainly in the coast towns, or a little way back on inlets and navigable rivers. The man who could not handle a boat and ride a horse was useless in such communities. Almost all travel was by water, in sailing craft, and even the boys learned to handle sails, tack and reef, and all the minutiæ of life on small sailboats.

Young Francis took early to rowing as a sport and exercise, and in time became the best racing sculler in

those parts. He took all the prizes in local contests, and on one occasion captured a large prize in record time, which feat won him an offer of a career as a professional oarsman, which he wisely declined. As a big boy and young man, instead of spending his spare time at pool tables, or at cards and fashionable fads, his Saturdays and holidays were spent largely in rowing and sailing. Probably there is no better all-around exercise than pulling a pair of sculls. All the muscles of the arms, shoulders, back and legs are brought into play, while the deep inspiration at every stroke supplies the lungs with oxygen to their remotest recesses. The fresh outdoor air, it is now generally known, contains the life-giving elements in large degree. We get more strength from the air we breathe than from the food we eat. Deep drafts of pure air taken into the lungs serve to aerate a large supply of blood, and this is sent coursing through the arteries, building up the organs and the muscles, strengthening the nerves and making the whole man.

This healthful exercise with the oars was largely the cause of the splendid physique acquired by young Charles Francis. Without apparently seeking it, he became a trained athlete. The deep chest, broad shoulders, and long powerful limbs were all developed at the rowlock, supplemented in some degree by manipulating the lever of the handpress, at his regular work. The erect carriage and towering figure, which still distinguish him at this writing, when he is more than seventy-eight years of age, were built up by this frequent exercise on the water, which gave him the frame, the muscular development, and the sound

organism that enabled him during a long and busy after-life to do about two average days' work six days in the week.

At fifteen years of age he could not only row against any average grown man, but could head the boat against many of them; and when it came to sailing a boat in any weather, knowing all the fine points of island sea navigation, how to take advantage of tides and currents, and how to handle anything from a cat-boat or a catamaran to a large schooner, he had a right to be classed as a full-fledged sailor.

When young Francis was at Invercargill he spent considerable time on the river in a small sailboat. One rather squally day he took out two boy companions who were not swimmers. They were so unreliable in holding on to the sheet that Francis finally tied it fast; no sooner was this done than an extra puff of wind laid her over so far that the water came rushing in. Francis abandoned the tiller and dived for the sheet, reaching his arm's length under water to release the rope. The boat quickly righted but was two-thirds full of water, and the two landsmen were terrified as they sat, white as statues, gripping the side and seat of the boat, drenched to the skin and fearing the prophecy of their mothers was about to come true—that they would one day be drowned if they went out with that Francis boy, which they had been strictly forbidden ever to do again. At that moment they repented being so disobedient to parental commands.

Shortly a friendly landing was found and the two boys scampered off to their homes duly frightened and anxious to evade mother's watchful eye.

This episode will be referred to and completed in detail in a later chapter, as Mr. Francis learned the consequences of that trip to his two companions just fifty years later.

At this period his father came home to Tasmania, taking a vacation from the Gold Fields of Australia, and after a short stay arranged to take Charles to New Zealand with him for a sea trip; and, to make the voyage pay, suggested that he bring along a stock of books, to sell to the miners, as reading matter was scarce among them.

So one fine summer day in January—for January is summer down there—Charles and his father sailed away from Tasmania in a schooner, bound for the southern end of New Zealand, a water trip of about 1200 miles. The wind was favorable, a stiff breeze coming from the West, and they lifted anchor with short sail. Soon the wind developed into a gale, and all sail was hauled in, while the vessel sped on, under almost bare poles, at a terrific speed. The huge waves beat over the stern and swept the decks with ceaseless regularity and awful force. The second day out the storm was fiercer than ever, and the deck cargo began to loosen up and go overboard. Not a man dared go about deck, for it was almost sure suicide.

Fortunately, the little low-built cabin held, and here the wheel was constantly lashed, for nobody could hold it against the violence of the seething waters. There was no navigating; they simply drove before the storm, and the only satisfying feature of the condition was that it was blowing exactly in the course they desired to take. On the third day out, one of the

topmasts gave way. With great difficulty the wreckage was brought down, and an effort made to utilize it as a sea anchor to check the speed of the craft before the blast. But it broke away and was lost.

The sails by this time were remnants of rags. Next the bulwarks began to break up, as things were knocked about the deck and banged against them. On the fourth day out it began to look as if the last day of all on board had come, and crew and passengers were all huddled together trying to keep dry and sustain each other's courage. The water was coming in everywhere, and the craft strained in every joint, almost a wreck. The only chance was to steer into the lee of the New Zealand coast, which was now near, for here under the shelter of the highlands, the force of the wind was sure to be broken.

Toward the close of the fourth day land was sighted, and the schooner floated into comparatively still waters, which permitted putting out a little sail and steering around the southern coast of the mainland of New Zealand. On the fifth day they made port at Dunedin, after a trip of some 1200 miles, or an average of over 200 knots a day.

Had they been forced to pass another day in this fierce gale, they undoubtedly would have foundered, for the cabins were half full of water, and the lower berths all flooded; the vessel was so racked that she had to go into dock before being fit for another voyage. A great relief it was to Charles Francis and his father to find themselves again safe on shore. The senior Francis returned to his mining, while Charles got out his stock of books, and was agreeably sur-

prised to find they had not been seriously damaged by water. They were readily disposed of among the placer miners, as his father had foreseen, for the men were reaping large returns and had plenty of gold dust to spend, while there was no regular supply of reading matter.

Having seen all the mining he cared for, and cashed in on his books, Charles thought of returning, and took passage on a schooner going back by a slightly longer route, between the Southern and Middle Islands of New Zealand. The return trip took just five weeks, as opposed to the five-day trip eastward. The entire journey was spent either beating against head winds or trying to make some progress where scarce a breath of air stirred. The wind and currents were so against them that several attempts were made before it was possible to force a passage eastward between the islands.

Whoever has spent a day tacking back and forth in a river or passage of water, watching the headlands, to see if any gain is made over the previous tack, knows what enervating and tedious work it is, beating along against a head wind, and sometimes a contrary current. Where a steamship can force right on through, with no difficulty but reduced speed, the sailing vessel is often helpless.

The tedium of trying to make headway on the voyage described, from New Zealand to Tasmania, was filled in by fishing, and here young Francis had an extraordinary experience, capturing a seven-foot shark by the tail. Unusual as this was, it was literally accomplished. The schooner was at anchor in a channel

between the islands, waiting for a change in the tide, and the fishermen were annoyed by the sharks taking away their bait. A shark cares nothing for ordinary hooks, but seemingly chews them up as readily as a goat consumes tin cans. Charles tired of feeding the sharks after losing his bait for about the fifth time, and decided to vary the monotony by going fishing for a shark.

Securing the deep-sea lead line, he attached four large hooks to it, a couple of feet apart, and a still larger hook with a half pound of meat at the extremity. Making fast the home end of the line around a deck cleat, so it could not get away, he threw the string of hooks overboard, and dangled it about for a while without result. Then a shower came up, and drove them all into the cabin for a half hour. When they returned, sure enough there was something on Charles' line, and hefting it, he felt sure he had a shark well hooked. The creature thrashed around this way and that, but evidently was already tiring.

He called for all hands to help haul on the line, and they found that the big fish was strong as an ox, and that there was danger of breaking the line, stout as it was. So they let him tire himself a while longer, and then when he seemed near fagged out, they hauled him to the surface and discovered that he was coming tail foremost, all of the smaller hooks having taken a firm hold in his flesh near the root of the tail. He had evidently cast the big hook, and in trying to break the line, had thrashed around until the string of hooks encircled him, and the small hooks took an especially good hold. Landing gaffs were brought into play, and

they soon had the big fish on deck, and cut the heart out of him. He measured seven feet, which was rather small for a shark in those waters, but they reflected that if he had been bigger probably he would have got away.

Finally the schooner left the islands, and started to beat its way westward to Tasmania. The winds were so contrary that the log did not record over 25 or 30 knots a day, and the return trip was as slow and deadly tedious as the outgoing voyage had been dangerously swift. After three weeks of this sort of thing both food and water began to run short, as these vessels running between Tasmania and New Zealand never thought of carrying more than three weeks' supplies. It became necessary to restrict the quantity served of both food and water. A water barrel was set out amidships every morning, with so many buckets in it as the day's supply. When that was drunk up, no more was to be had by anybody till next morning.

One small tin dipper was hung by the barrel, and four dippers was all anyone was supposed to take. Every time anybody went for a drink the whole ship's company looked at him to see that he took only one dipper full, and everybody kept tab on how many times every other fellow went after water. Any man trying to sneak an extra drink was promptly cuffed by somebody, and few tried it. Of course not a drop was allowed for any purpose other than drinking.

On the fourth week it became necessary to cut the food supply still shorter. There was nothing left but "salt horse" which was unpalatable and thirst pro-

ducing; and hard tack, which was just about as hard to get down without any drink to wash it along.

The fifth week was much the same, but with a smaller allowance of water. The schooner was usually making long tacks against a fair breeze from the West, varied only by calmer periods when scarcely any motion was apparent, the sea being almost as smooth as glass, with only a gentle ocean swell, due to tidal action.

At the end of exactly five weeks they cast anchor in Hobart Town harbor, with just one bucket of water to spare. No time was wasted in discussing the close call which all experienced, but all hands made for shore, and imbibed freely. Some probably did not confine themselves to water, though Charles was then as now a total abstainer.

The leviathan steamships have taken much of the poetry out of water travel. The graceful schooner and the full-rigged ship, with white sails bending in beauteous curves to every breeze, are the emblems of harmony of motion. It was in these days of sailing craft that Charles Francis learned to love the sea, before the long, low tramp steamer was invented, to leave a trail of black smoke on its sooty way. To handle a boat, whether by oar or sail, was his joy and pride, his boyish pleasure by day and his dream by night.

A Sixteen-Thousand-Mile Voyage

WHAT is it that shapes our destinies? Surely some Power that reasons and knows, and not blind chance. Youth is restless, and the subject of this book was at that most restless period when the young man has tried out his strength, learned confidence in himself, and decided that he wants to see the world. Charles Francis, at nineteen, felt that he simply had to make a new environment, to find an outlet for his surplus energy and his imagination. He cared not so much where he went, as for the going, desiring to escape the dull routine of a sparsely settled community.

Having selected Melbourne as his destination on leaving Tasmania, he went aboard the boat and bought a steerage ticket, for he knew that he must be careful of his money. He brought in his grip, and found the berth assigned to him, and investigated the limited steerage quarters. They looked bad and smelled worse. For nearly two hours he stood it. Roughing he was used to, but in the open, and the close place filled with a foul smell sickened him. For nearly a year he had slept in a tent, enjoying the air in all its purity. The thick, greasy smell of this steerage he found beyond endurance, and decided that he simply could not stand that "stifling stink." So, looking up a petty official, he inquired whether he could not change to the cabin. He was directed to the clerk of the boat, who relieved him of £15, ($70), and ordered his outfit to the cabin.

This made a big hole in his slender funds, but it saved him from nausea, and he never regretted the comfort purchased with this money.

The voyage was uneventful, in marked distinction from his trips between Tasmania and New Zealand. With pleasant weather and cheerful surroundings he made the trip in eight or ten days, and was landed in Melbourne. As he was coming unannounced to the home of his relatives, boylike, he put up at a hostelry, and ran about the city for a couple of days before calling on his uncle and family. Premier James Goodall Francis was one of the wealthiest men of the locality, and lived in a veritable palace. After two days of sightseeing, and enjoying the novelty and freedom of being alone in a big city, young Francis became lonely, and decided to call on his wealthy relatives.

He was promptly taken in, made much of, and a servant dispatched to the hotel for his luggage. The family was large, including young cousins of both sexes, and they had a jolly time for some weeks, and it became possible to enjoy the capital much better under such auspices.

One of the young folks' pranks played at this time, was to invite Charles to go horseback riding with a young girl cousin whose company he enjoyed. Of course he agreed, and the jokers prompted the groom to bring him out a very high-strung horse that lacked exercise, and had not been out of the stable for five days. The groom held him down and assisted Charles to mount, gave a wink to the boys, let go the bridle and swished a whip, with the desired effect. The

horse started off on a dead run, at something better than a two-minute clip, Charles hanging on for dear life, while the young folks cheered him, thinking it great fun. None of them thought he could stick on, believing that an oarsman was not likely to be much at home in the saddle.

But Charles held a better seat than they figured on, and having discovered that he could keep it, wisely chose to give the horse his head, and let him go until he was good and tired, which he did. When he slackened his pace, Charles urged him on, and two hours later returned with the horse dripping wet, meek and quite willing to walk up the driveway. Charles was a bit tired and shaken up too, but he would not admit it, being pleased to think that he had proved equal to the occasion.

Several weeks were devoted to pleasure trips and sightseeing, and during this period his uncle took occasion to renew the offers made a few years previous. He reminded the young man that printing was not a calling that led to desirable conditions; that it was really an inferior occupation, affording no social standing; but that in his employ there was both agreeable work, sure advancement and a recognized position among the best people. With all his eloquence he presented these conditions to his brother's son, and advised him to remain in his family and learn the banking business.

A wonder it is that Charles resisted these friendly overtures and advantageous propositions from his distinguished relative. Something inside of him revolted at being helped to a future. He wanted to carve

out a success for himself; he was not quite sure how, but to take prosperity on a platter, unearned, went against the grain. He felt that he could not sit down in this home of luxury, and be satisfied with a soft job, and be known as the Premier's nephew. He wanted real work, and independence, so he said to his uncle, "I know I am a pretty good printer, and feel that I have got to do things for myself. The trade suits me and I want to follow it up. If the calling is not quite respectable, I will make it so. The routine of a bank would tire me; I want to be active."

Then his uncle urged that he go into merchandising, telling him how he operated the cattle and wool exchange, and what money was to be made in handling raw materials, and how he could start him, and show him how to take advantage of conditions, and earn vastly more than he ever could in printing. But it was all of no avail. The youth declined all his uncle's kind offers with appropriate thanks. He had health, strength and a good trade, and was determined to make his own future in his own way, without boosting. He wanted the work and the satisfaction of making a place for himself in the world, not of having one presented to him.

He promised his uncle that he would not try printing in Melbourne, and inflict upon his young lady relations the humility of having a poor cousin a printer, but he was determined that he was going to continue printing and make a success of it. Did he have dreams then of the wonderful plant of automatic printing machinery that was later to be all his own—in the great city on the other side of the globe, where printing was

destined to be one of the largest and most honorable professions?

While Francis was hesitating what to do next, Fate determined his immediate future. His father died, and it became necessary for him to go to England, and settle up his parent's estate, else it was liable to be lost or dissipated. In the company of a brother-in-law named Beesley, captain of the ship *Souchay,* arrangements were made to start via Adelaide, in South Australia, a few months later. Having time to spare before starting, Beesley decided on a speculation in which Francis assisted. The little green parrots, commonly called love birds, were plentiful in Australia at that date, and had become popular as pets in England. They decided to buy up all they could secure, and take them with them, believing that with their personal care the consignment could be taken safely and profitably.

They must have done some lively hustling, for they actually gathered together and shipped 20,000 pairs of these paraquets, besides 500 pairs of large parrots and 25 pairs of cockatoos. It was a stupendous job. Think what it meant to buy, handle, house, feed and water and keep clean 40,000 of these little birds! They used large cages, accommodating 100 pairs, and these had to be so packed in the ship that all were accessible for feeding, watering and cleaning, and so that the birds could get light and air, and remain healthy. They had to buy and ship 22 tons of bird-seed for their feathered passengers, to last them through the four months' voyage. It was truly a big undertaking for two young men, but the probable profit looked large, and they were willing to take a chance.

The boat on which they embarked was one of those primitive steamships, half sailing vessel; for in the early application of steam to navigation, the idea was not to do away with sails, but to furnish an assistance to the sails, some dependence when the wind was calm or disadvantageous. This craft was really a sailing vessel, and while it had a small engine, the propeller screw had been removed; however it averaged a speed of about ten miles an hour. They journeyed with the trade winds across the Indian Ocean, and rounded the Cape of Good Hope without special incident.

The vessel was a little short-handed, and one day in the South Atlantic, the skipper asked Francis to help at the steering wheel for a little while. The wind was pretty stiff at the time, and it needed two men to handle the wheel. Francis took hold willingly, but through some misunderstanding the other man released his hold before Francis had got a good grip, the wheel jerked, and Francis was thrown to the deck, stunned. His foot caught in the wheel chain, the wheel lurched, and the chain yanked him overboard, or all but his foot, which was caught in the chain. There he hung in the air, senseless. Fortunately the men about were alert, and quickly pulled him on deck and released his foot. The flesh and skin were bruised and torn, but by some miracle no bone was broken. He was quickly revived, and within two days was hobbling about again, looking after his live stock.

The next incident was that the steward was taken severely ill, and a hurry call was sent out for some one who could do this work. It had leaked out that this was one of young Francis' accomplishments,

learned while roughing it in the mining region, and he was unanimously hailed to the job. Being good-natured and fond of hard work, he accepted. The steward's cabin he found pretty dirty, but cleaned up the place, shined up all the utensils, and attended to his duties as steward to the satisfaction of the crew and company. It was three weeks before the regular steward got back to his job and the captain recognized Francis' efficient aid by putting him on the ship's pay-roll as second steward, in which capacity he was later discharged at London.

When the steward was back on his job, they liked Francis' methods so well, that it was insisted he take the head of the mess table, and do the carving. He was broken into this by a competent old gentleman passenger, and the experience was at least useful to him in after life when presiding at his own table.

During the passage of the Atlantic, Francis and his partner had a bad scare and some loss with the paraquets. A disease that they did not understand broke out among them, doubtless due to having confined them too closely, because of restricted quarters. It became necessary to carefully separate the sick ones from the well, and to give every care to all of them. With 40,000 birds this was a gigantic task, and by the time they had stamped out the epidemic there was a loss of 2000 pairs, which had to be fed to the sharks. Thus ten per cent of their shipment went overboard.

The most picturesque feature of the voyage was the stop at St. Helena. This harbor is remarkable. The island is the top of a mountain in the ocean, and in many places the sides are precipitous, descending al-

most perpendicularly into the watery depths, leaving scarcely any anchorage. There is a shelf of rock affording shallow water for a small distance, so that only in a narrow strip can ships entering St. Helena find anchor. There is a small landing place, and gates across in front of the town and high cliffs on either side; on the right as you enter is a ladder of 635 steps to the top of the cliff on which a fort is situated. All hands went ashore and climbed the dizzy height, and when at the top they could look straight down, not only on their own craft, but on the decks of several men-of-war lying in the little harbor.

After a brief view of the town, most of the ship's company took a twelve-mile ride to view Napoleon's tomb. The war-lord's last resting place was interesting, beautiful and peaceful, in strange contrast to his turbulent life. It brought thoughts of the immeasurable harm and misery that one man of genius can perpetrate through misdirected and destructive ambition and energy. Little did any of them think that within fifty years another war-lord would arise, and plunge the entire civilized world into a war which would far overshadow the catastrophes of the Napoleonic era, and make Waterloo, Marengo, Hohenlinden, and the March to Moscow seem like local skirmishes.

At St. Helena they met in the little harbor a barque which they had left in an adjoining dock when they started from Adelaide. It had sailed two weeks later, but caught up. Near the equatorial line all the party were interested again to sight this barque. They hailed her as an old friend, and a few weeks later, when they arrived at London, England, they tied up

alongside this same barque, which also had made the 16,000 mile trip in much less time than the four months and ten days which the *Souchay* took. It was a happy day for all when they set foot again on British soil, after the long journey on the water.

When the paraquets were removed, and the stock counted, they found they had about 18,000 of the original 20,000 pairs, while the parrots and cockatoos were practically all alive and well. The birds had eaten twenty of the twenty-two tons of birdseed provided. They were gradually disposed of at a small profit to the owners, but the expenses of the voyage and a bad market made this venture a poor one.

Printing in London in 1869-71

WHEN Charles Francis landed in London in 1869 the world's greatest city had perhaps half the population it has today. Commercial printing was a developing industry, just emerging from the hand press era to the period of steam power production. It is true that the cylinder press was brought out forty years before, but its introduction was slow, being confined at first mainly to newspaper printing. The great volume of small printing was done on platen job presses, the majority of which were "kicked," that is, operated by foot power. Cylinder presses were run in large towns and cities, for the printing of books and pamphlets, and quite as often driven by hand power as by steam. The hand press was still in use, and was commonly called "the press," while a cylinder was then referred to as "a machine."

After transacting the business of his father's estate, and looking around London for perhaps a fortnight, Charles Francis decided that it was time to go to work, and obtained employment at the first printing office at which he applied. He went with a printing and stationery concern styled Straker Brothers, having a considerable plant for the times on Camomile street. This was an up-to-date place, operating cylinder presses by steam power, and also lithographic presses for illustrated work.

Proving competent, it was not long before he was

chosen to serve as a "clicker," a position unknown in modern American printshops, although the principle involved is still utilized more or less. A clicker was the manager of some large job of work. The foreman (or overseer as he was then often called) of a large office would place the oversight of a large job in the hands of a competent workman, who would then be known as the clicker. If several men were appointed to assist him on the job, the group were known as a "companionship." This group was supposed to devote its whole working time to the job, under the direction and management of the clicker. He would then supply each of his assistants with a pair of cases, of the desired type, and have them fill their cases. He would see that they had the necessary leads, galleys, etc., and he would divide the copy into "takes" and give it out.

The title pages and display he would set himself, also all the headings, footnotes, marginal notes, signature lines, etc. He would keep an account of the work, usually on a large sheet of paper, entering regularly the number of pages of copy given to each compositor, and also the number of lines he composed, as the work proceeded. The clicker also did the making up, transacted all business with the proofreader, and on some occasions read the proof. When not thus occupied, he would set type on the job, with the others of the companionship. He was responsible to the office for the job, and if the composition was done by the piece, it was common to pay the clicker the entire sum, or at least to have him preside over the distribution and division of the money among the compan-

ionship, according to their respective performance, retaining for himself an amount equal to that earned by the most rapid compositor of the group.

The clicker handled the forms, adjusted minor differences or disputes, and generally relieved the foreman or owner of the details of the job in hand. If a job was done by piecework the compositors were naturally all looking for the "fat" portions, that is those pages more or less filled with blank lines, and easily put together. If any parts were particularly fat, it was often decided by lot who should have them, or sometimes such copy was sold to the highest bidder for the benefit of the companionship.

In the case of book work, sometimes the clicker placed the matter in pages, and sometimes each compositor paged his own matter. Sometimes the different members of the companionship each placed his own pages on the stone, but this practice was apt to involve disputes and it was deemed the best practice to have all makeup and stone work done by the clicker. The final correcting was done on the stone, each compositor correcting his own errors, the last man correcting on a form being the one to lock it up again.

Besides books and small periodicals, there were numerous wool catalogs coming to the printing office where Mr. Francis was employed, these being the medium for quoting prices in the woolen industry, which was then very large in England. During the three years spent in this office, Charles Francis was clicker on numerous wool catalogs, and so laid the foundation for later accomplishments in catalog making.

The methods of presswork of this era in London were equally primitive, and full of historical interest. It was the first business of a pressman to understand a hand press, and this understanding began with setting up the machine, for there were no printers' machinists in those days. When a hand press came into an office the pressman had to put it together, first setting up the frame, and inserting the bolts or screws by which it was joined. Having put on the ways or tracks and leveled them, he had to adjust the rounce and straps which served to run the bed in and out. Then the bed was put on and properly strapped. The platen was hung above the bed, being suspended by springs so that it hung a short distance above the type bed, and could be brought down by the lever, rising by the springs when the lever was released. It was no small trick to hang the platen squarely, so that it came down upon the form evenly at all four corners.

The pressman also had to set up a roller stand to the level of the form on the bed, as close to the frame as he could, and yet clear the moving bed. In the more "modern" outfits an iron ink slab was placed handy, from which the ink was transferred with a hand brayer about once in ten to twenty impressions, to the wooden cylinder of the roller stand. These ink slabs were originally of wood, but the "improved" ink slabs were made of iron that they might be conveniently heated on a stove or by a lamp, to make the ink flow when the room was cold.

Mr. Francis was an expert in both setting up and operating the hand press, of which the Columbian was

then the best known. He was also familiar with the Wharfedale, which was the cylinder most popular in London. These earlier cylinders had large drums, and for many years they operated without a mechanical fly, a boy being employed to pull off the sheets. He was called "fly boy" because he flew or slid the sheets through the air to the printed pile. At the time we are discussing, however, the mechanical fly had come into use.

The tympan, or impression surface, used in early printing was very soft. Blankets were made with an even soft pile, and over this were drawn several thicknesses of paper, with a sheet of linen, silk or parchment on top. Later a cotton sheet was employed, but on the finest work of the period of 1850 to 1870 a sheet of fine leather parchment was deemed the best surface, as it could be stretched so as not to leave any wrinkles or puckers in the surface. When the blanket in a tympan would get hard, it was taken out and rubbed to renew its spongy surface. Later the rubber blanket appeared and superseded the woolen or shoddy blanket. The whole effort was to maintain as soft a surface as possible, and to soften the paper in the upper portion of the tympan it was common practice to wet the tympan with a sponge. Especially if the type was old and worn was it found desirable to soften the tympan by wetting.

If some of the printing punched into or sank too deeply into the paper this impression was removed later by dry-pressing, that is piling the printed sheets in a press, with sheets of stout, hard, smooth binder's board laid in about once in every ten to twenty-four

sheets, and then applying pressure to the whole for several hours.

The reason for this seemingly cumbersome method was based on the weakness of the printing presses then in vogue, which were incapable of delivering a fraction of the pressure of modern machines. The lack of great pressure was compensated for by using soft, moist paper, which tended to suck in the ink on the lightest touch, and by employing soft tympans which pushed the paper well down into the form at all points.

The common paper of those days was hand-made rag, strong and pliant, with a rough surface and considerable absorbent quality; as machine-made paper came in, the quality was reduced. At the mills the paper was cut up into sheets, and folded once into quires of 24 sheets, and before printing the paper was opened and wet or dipped. Each quire was unfolded and passed through a trough of clean water, and laid on a pile, that the moisture might distribute itself evenly throughout. When the wetting was completed the printer covered the pile with a wet blanket, and a board (or flat frame of several boards), putting a weight on top to keep the paper flat. Wetting was usually done toward night, and by morning the paper was in condition for printing.

Even drawing papers and plate papers were wet before printing, those of the finest quality being wet with a brush. Wetting required judgment, to secure the proper degree of dampness. The thinner and more porous the paper the quicker would the printer pass it through the water; and if it was very thick and tough he would draw it very slowly through the

water so as to absorb as much as possible. In piling the wet paper, the workman would turn over the corner of a sheet so as to project, say once for every fourth quire. This would show a corner once in 96 sheets and afforded a convenient means of knowing later just how many sheets were in the pile.

In a large printing office, such as that in which Charles Francis worked in London, it was common to wet paper over-night, to be ready for the next day's runs on the presses. A book or "wetting sheet" would be kept to supply an account of the kind and quantity of paper wet down to supply the presses.

Making ready on a printing press in those times was a different process from the modern. On the hand press, for a book form, a frisket was first cut, this being a stout sheet swung on a frame, and with holes cut for all the pages. When the form had been inked, this frisket was thrown down before printing and covered all the margins or gutters, so that the moist paper did not pick up ink from them. Wood-cuts were roughly leveled up, and a good workman would paste on a bit or two of paper if he noticed something not showing up well. Register was obtained by the use of points. Crude as were these methods, a really good workman, like Charles Francis, was able to produce surprisingly clear and accurate printing, as some of the books of that period demonstrate.

Printers have ever been disposed to take part in politics, and the London printers of that date were no exception. Francis found them all mightily interested to kill off the aspirations of a printer named Sir Sydney Waterloo, who was running for Parliament, and

had a record of opposition to the trades unions. A mass meeting of printers was called to protest, and fully 4000 attended. While waiting for speakers Francis fell into conversation with the printer next to him, and remarked that he had recently come from New Zealand.

"Did you ever know a printer there named Tom Watson—a lank, thin fellow?" the man queried.

"Well, rather," responded Francis. "We boarded and slept in the same tent for months at Tuapeka Gold Fields."

At Straker's office, all the men were Liberals, and their political discussions were one-sided. Mostly for the fun of the thing Charles Francis posted himself on Conservative politics, having always admired Disraeli, at that time the Conservative leader. He had many a warm debate, having to meet the arguments and flings of the entire printing office group. This he found enjoyable practice, which was valuable in later years, when he had to debate questions of more active immediate importance.

On a few occasions he was chosen a delegate to Union meetings, and these were so different from Union gatherings in the States as to deserve comment. Instead of holding large meetings of the entire membership on Sunday evenings, the London plan was for each chapel to send a delegate or two to a monthly afternoon meeting. The delegates were released from work at four o'clock, and paid for their time and carfare by the chapel. This system resulted in bringing together the best and most conservative men in the Union, so that their gatherings were marked by rea-

sonableness, harmony and business-like procedure. The "loud-mouthed" type of "jour." was largely eliminated, because the chapels did not elect them as delegates, and there was no preponderance of the newspaper printers over the book and job compositors. Workmen of all classes in printing belonged to the one Union, and delegates were chosen according to the size of the chapels.

Perhaps it is because of this difference in method that the record of the London Typographical Society presents so many sensible propositions and rulings, that never found a footing in American Unionism.

While with Straker Brothers, Francis was sent for by an official of the Bank of England, and offered a position there in the printing department. But having a feeling that this was brought about through the influence of his relatives, he declined, preferring to be wholly independent, and to win his way wherever he went wholly on merit.

The latter part of his three years in London was made delightful by a courtship and marriage, a union of that rare sort where perfect harmony existed, during all the years that they were privileged to pass in each other's company. In the chapter "Ideal Home Life," will be found further evidences of the results of this happy marriage in Mr. Francis' career.

Shortly after the wedding the young couple decided to leave London, and try their fortunes in the United States, the land of freedom, of whose opportunities they had heard so much. So one fine day in 1870 they embarked on the ship *England*, and sailed away for America.

Twenty Years in Western Printeries

FOR twenty years Charles Francis worked in western United States printing offices, in some instances as a journeyman, but more often as foreman, superintendent, manager or employer. During these years he made a number of moves, so that his experience has covered a wide territory. It is probable that he always felt that he had it in him to do better than he was doing, to manage larger enterprises, and to make more money, and that this feeling unconsciously worked upon him, inviting him to several moves in search of broader opportunities. Yet most changes were brought about by force of circumstances.

On landing in this country, the point aimed for was St. Paul, which had been widely heralded as one of the most healthful spots on the globe; but the sickness of Mrs. Francis prevented, and interrupted this plan for one winter. She was never robust, and when he landed in New York in 1870, she was so ill that he carried her ashore in his arms. They remained in New York for a fortnight before he was assured that she was able to resume travel, and then a call came not from St. Paul, but from Dubuque, Iowa. Here he was employed in the *Herald* job printing department in the capacity of "leading printer," as his position was uniquely titled by Ham & Carver, the proprietors.

The first job he set up here was a billhead, which he composed in the plain style then in vogue in Eng-

land. But nobody had seen a billhead printed that way in Dubuque, and he was promptly advised that it must be reset in fancy type, with as many faces as possible, this being the fashion. Of course, he quickly caught on to the prevailing notions of display, which we now regard as being in poor taste, and have dropped for the simpler effects dictated by modern art education.

He had been in Dubuque only a few weeks when there was an election of officers in the local Typographical Union, and they made Mr. Francis treasurer. He was astonished, considering his brief sojourn in the country, and enquired, jokingly, "Have you no honest men in this place, that you pick a stranger for this job?"

It was during his stay in Dubuque that the first stir was raised for an eight-hour day. This was the working day in New Zealand, where Mr. Francis had learned the trade, and it would have been only natural for him to advocate the reduction, as did most of the men, without deep consideration of its feasibility. But the subject of our story was too observing not to note that conditions in the United States would not then warrant this reduction of hours at the old pay. The boys in the Union were for voting the shorter day at once. Mr. Francis drew their attention to the fact that employers were making not over ten per cent, and could not therefore find the money to pay a 25 per cent increase in wages. The story is discussed elsewhere in the chapter on relations with the Unions.

A number of months were spent in Dubuque rather uneventfully, and then a foremanship was offered him in Minneapolis, the city in which he had first desired to

locate. He worked for a time for the Wynne Press, and also for a period with the *Pioneer-Press* nearby in St. Paul.

While in Minneapolis, he lived across the river from his work, crossing a suspension bridge on foot morning and evening. In December there were two weeks of extreme cold, and the morning breezes on this bridge were truly arctic; the regular morning temperature was close to 30 below zero. This was too cold for comfort, and as there appeared little prospect for advancement, he decided to take a chance and run down to Chicago, feeling sure that he could always earn a living there, and having hopes of doing considerably better.

It was in 1872 and '73 that he ran the smallest printing office with which he was at any time connected, and which he has humorously referred to as the office run by one large man and a small boy, he being, of course, the large man. It was up three flights of stairs, and the plant consisted of three job presses. Although the place was so small, its ownership was divided between two partners, who did not agree. One of them tried to put up a job on the other, and asked Mr. Francis to aid him in his conspiracy. He indignantly refused and quit the place, sending word to the absent partner. As a result the absent partner looked after his property and soon got entire control of the business, and put Mr. Francis in charge, under the style of Marsland & Co. A short time afterward Mr. Marsland was called to England, being gone six months, during which time Mr. Francis was left to run the place according to his "own sweet will."

He had to run out and see customers and get the orders, and then come back and print them. There was plenty to do, but no real money in so small a shop. However, it was a valuable experience in its way. When Mr. Marsland came back, there was no provision to meet his notes, and a creditor paper house took over the place. Mr. Francis then bought the office, and ran it for a time, though the establishment was too small to permit his earning up to his capacity. When he was offered the foremanship of the *Inter-Ocean* job department, this looked so much more worth while that he promptly disposed of the small office to undertake it.

The *Inter-Ocean* job department proved to be his really important work in Chicago. In this office he met three men, all of whom have been nationally conspicuous—William Penn Nixon, the proprietor and gifted editor; Walter Scott, later builder of printing presses, and founder of the great works in Plainfield, N. J.; and F. W. Palmer, who subsequently filled the office of public printer at Washington, D. C.

The manner of Mr. Francis' being hired on the *Inter-Ocean* proposition was singular. The superintendent had engaged him, and he had sold out his little office so as to take the foremanship of the job room, but when he reported for work he was told that in the meantime another man had applied, who had had more experience and who controlled some printing, hence it seemed best to give him the post. As urging his real right appeared in vain, Mr. Francis suggested that the wise and fair plan would be to hire both of them for a month, and at the end of thirty

days decide which was the better man for the job. The superintendent took up with this unusual proposal, and at the end of the month admitted that Charles Francis entirely outclassed his competitor, and confirmed him therefore in the job as foreman. After six months in this capacity the owners sent for him, and told him that he was more competent than the superintendent, and asked him to take the superintendent's place.

This he was glad to do, and now it appeared to him that his chance had come. He worked early and late to build up the business and increase the profits, and was making an excellent showing when the Inter-Ocean Company, for reasons of their own, decided to get rid of the printing end of the business, and confine their attention to newspaper publishing. Mr. Francis arranged to purchase, and had a deal practically completed, and was expecting to take it over, making long-time payments, when a third party stepped in, offered to pay a much larger amount of cash down, and took the business. Mr. Francis then quit, receiving from Mr. Nixon a very pleasing letter, stating that the job printing had paid better under his management than at any other time while they owned the department.

To fill in time he then worked several weeks with Barnhart Brothers & Spindler, preparing the first issue of *The Type Founder,* a little publication that would now be styled a house organ. It had to be a model of composition and presswork, and he did the entire job satisfactorily. Another odd job came to him in Chicago. A man in an interior town, who had

heard of his competency and trustworthiness, wrote in and hired him for a couple of weeks to lay out and purchase an entire $2000 printing plant, and ship it to him. This difficult commission he succeeded in doing to the man's entire satisfaction.

In the meantime William Penn Nixon felt somewhat responsible for having upset all Mr. Francis' plans and expectations, and had busied himself to find something worthy of his efforts. He recommended him so strongly to Adams & Blocher, of the *Arkansas Gazette*, in Little Rock, that they sent for him, to take charge of their job printing and State work. Here he found things to his liking. In the first place there was water, and he could keep a boat, so that he was able to take the daily exercise that he loved. He kept it tied at a dock near the office, and frequently went out for a short pull at the noon hour.

A reminiscence of Mr. Francis' experience on the *Gazette* is to be seen in the illustrations accompanying "Printing for Profit," where he has reproduced a sample of filigree type printing, a part of a business directory executed in colors to advertise the *Gazette* printery. There were two newspapers in Little Rock, the other being the *Democrat*, and it transpired that he was to have charge of both of them before he left the city. Major Blocher was a politician, and had a way of influencing political printing. As a result an important job that fell to Mr. Francis' care was the manufacturing of State bonds for the State treasurer. This was in 1877, before bond printing had become an established specialty, and the official was compelled to have the work done within the borders of the State.

The *Gazette* office was as well equipped as any concern in this locality, but of course they had neither lithographing facilities nor photo-engraving to offer. The treasurer consulted with Mr. Francis as to whether it could be done in a manner to prevent duplication or counterfeiting, and was informed that it was possible, by exercising a little ingenuity. There were a lot of combination borders in the office, and a tint was made, using eight different kinds of border, so that it would be extremely difficult to locate a printery where all eight of them could be found for counterfeiting. The denomination of the bonds was $500 and $1000, so a series of figure "5's" (or "10's") were worked in the corners and other places, while a large ornate "FIVE" or "TEN" was built around with borders in the center. In the text a large variety of type was used, to increase the difficulty of matching it; and, to render counterfeiting still harder, some key letters were printed slightly out of line, by the judicious use of cardboard, and the State Treasurer's office was given a key to these minute irregularities, so that if a bogus bond ever was brought to the treasurer for redemption, they could spot it by the "out-of-line" letters. Of course such means of protection would be useless in these days of cheap photo-engraving, but they served the purpose at the time.

Another difficult job handled here was a 124-page Report of the Lessee of the Penitentiary, which was required within sixteen hours, to lay before the members of the State Assembly. Mr. Francis chased up all the stray printers within twenty-five miles, paying any price necessary to get them, and started them on

the composition. Of course there was not type enough to compose the entire job, and the presswork was hustled through on a Universal, four pages at a time, sheetwise, making eight-page forms, so that the type was quickly got back to the cases. He got the job out, despite these primitive conditions, and copies were on the desks of the members of the Legislature at the required hour. Such an accomplishment, in what we would now call a country office, without composing machines, and with a force largely from other offices, was a real feat.

It was in Little Rock that an amusing "near tragedy" occurred, which would have delighted the famous Samuel Clemens, had it come within range of his gifted pen in his newspaper days. It was too serious to those concerned to be written up as the incident deserved. The senior partner of the *Gazette* business was then Captain Adams, who had gained his title on one of the old time river steamboats, which was the glory of the Mississippi before and for some years after the Civil War. The *Democrat* was at this time edited by Col. Higbee, a typical Southern colonel, of the fire-eating type. These men used to rap each other in their opposing papers, mostly about politics, but the antagonism grew, until one day Captain Adams printed something that got the Colonel "real riled." While chockful of "mad," and doubtless with a fair addition of old bourbon, Col. Higbee penned an editorial about Capt. Adams, referring to a series of his alleged political and non-political "crimes," with emphatic denunciation, and ending each paragraph with "And if he denies this he is a liar."

In those days, in Arkansas, to publicly and deliberately call a man a liar meant a shooting of the one who was least handy with his pistol. This was the only known means of settling a question of veracity. So when the *Democrat* came out with these startling vitriolic strictures, the whole town was agog, sure that a shooting affray would follow the first time the principals met on the street, as they were bound to do soon, since their offices were but a couple of blocks apart. But for two entire days the shooting was delayed, for whenever the Captain came down the street, with his hand cautiously on his back pocket, ready for a quick draw, the Colonel was out of sight, and whenever the Colonel stalked about, with blood in his eye, and gave vent to an eloquent accumulation of cuss-words as to what he was going to do to the Captain, there was no Captain to be found. This delay appears to have been accidental, for neither man sought to avoid his adversary. The populace became unnerved, and at every noise like a pop-gun, a crowd would come rushing down the street to see if the "fun" had begun.

At length, about midday on Sunday, just as it began to look as if the affair might blow over, there was a shot fired on the main corner of the town, and in less time than it takes to write it, every man or boy in that vicinity was either on the street or peering out of a window or dodging back of a tree, in hopes to see the shooting without being hit. Charles Francis rushed into the street with the others, not the least interested, for Adams was his employer and Higbee was well known to him. The Captain and the Colonel had sighted each other near the principal intersection of

streets, in the center of the city, and opened fire at a distance of not over 200 feet. Their excitement was so great, after two days of tension, that neither could shoot straight, and the bystanders were really in the most danger.

As they drew nearer, Adams winged Higbee, and he went down while trying to fire another shot, but his pistol missed fire. Adams had been cautious enough to reserve a bullet for close quarters. He advanced on Higbee, who had fallen in the middle of the street, and who lay on the ground, breathing out all manner of venom, but no longer dangerous. Everybody expected to see Captain Adams put the finishing shot into his opponent, but notwithstanding his excitement, and the fact that he himself had just had a narrow escape from being hit, Adams possessed too big a heart to take advantage of his fallen enemy. Going close up to him, the Captain looked over his prostrate form with scorn, saying, "Blank blank you! I could kill you, you dog, but I'm ashamed to soil the ground with you. Take your miserable life and make better use of it."

Higbee soon recovered from his wound, and to his credit be it said that the first work he did when he got back to the *Democrat* office was to write and have printed a complete and abject apology for his part in the fracas. Soon thereafter the *Democrat* was offered for sale, and Major Blocher, who it will be remembered was Adams' partner, bought the office, newspaper, plant and printing business, and placed Mr. Francis in charge. The Major was a "rip snorter" for profanity; the people around him had become used to his redun-

dant and really picturesque assortment of abusive and profane utterances, and didn't mind, realizing that it was only lack of self control, and that he was not malicious at heart. There was only one man around who would not take his profanity, and that was Charles Francis, and the major respected him for it. When Major Blocher first offered a position in his printing office to Charles Francis, the latter said to him:

"I would like to work for you, Major, but there is one difficulty. I must tell you frankly that I hear you are much given to outbursts of profanity. I can't and I won't stand that sort of thing, and if you ever swear at me, or indulge in a broadside in my presence, I shall put on my hat and quit then and there." The Major liked Mr. Francis all the better for his plain speech, and for daring to say this to his prospective employer. He promised to behave in this respect, and did pretty well for a man of his habits.

Both the *Gazette* and *Democrat* offices were well equipped printeries for that date and locality, and each executed a considerable volume of good printing. While Charles Francis was with the *Gazette* he established a reputation for the best work and service, and when he was transferred to the *Democrat,* this reputation followed him. Here he was not only placed in charge of the job printing, but the State work contract having been attained, fell to his care, and he was also expected to get out the daily and weekly. In short, his management included what had been before the work of three foremen. He was looked upon as far and away the most capable printer in the locality, and if anybody there then doubted it, they have

surely since been convinced by his wonderful record of success.

While operating the *Democrat* plant Mr. Francis had further experiences in running a daily newspaper. He had to look after everything, even to writing scare-heads, which were then coming into vogue. He went into special editions and "write-ups" and worked a lot of stunts now regarded as modern, to keep money coming in over the counter. If he had not elected to be a job and publication printer, he would have made a success in newspaper publishing in most any live city.

While in Little Rock, in the year 1879, a serious difference arose between the employers and the Typographical Union. Because it was a newly developed country, and at first printers were scarce, the local offices had conceded very high wages, paying $25, which was higher than any other city in the United States at that time—the reconstruction period after the war. The employers gradually became aware that they had been bidding for help to their own detriment, and got together and decided that they would have to cut the scale. They demanded of the Unions a decrease of twenty per cent, or a reduction to $20 weekly. A meeting of the Union was called, and the sentiment was for resistance. Charles Francis spoke and advocated ten per cent, and if diplomacy absolutely failed to concede the other ten rather than strike, as he felt that there was no good reason why Little Rock employers should pay more than in other cities similarly situated. There was a slight depression in business at the time, and the employers were

feeling poor, and had made up their minds to cut. However, his words had little effect, the men were confident and there was a strike, in which Charles Francis joined, though he was offered a partnership, to induce him to remain at work.

As soon as all hands were out, somebody proposed a cooperative office, and the boys liked the idea. They had the force, knew the trade, and believed they could raise enough money for a start. They wanted Mr. Francis to join with them and be manager of the cooperative office, wholly owned and run by printers. He thought it over and told them:

"The only condition on which I could do this would be that I have autocratic control. I could not expect to make it pay, if I had to abide by the voice of a chapel in details of management. If I did not have complete control, so as to manage all according to my best judgment, I could not be responsible for results. I don't believe you would be satisfied to give me such complete power; perhaps you would be foolish to do so." And so the plan fell through, and after a time most of the men returned to work at twenty-five per cent reduction from the old figure.

Mr. Francis had been in Little Rock three years, and had made a record which secured for him a total of about 200 newspaper notices on his accomplishments. Being tired out, he consulted a physician, who shook his head and said it looked liked tuberculosis. He was advised to see an eminent specialist in Chicago. This old specialist stripped him, examined, thumped and sounded him all over, and then sniffed, "Who said you had tuberculosis? Nonsense, your

lungs are sound. You are just a little run down. Take a rest!"

He did, and a few weeks later when a friend from Pine Bluff, Ark., came to see him, stating that he was in a hole in a printing proposition, and asked him to come up and help him out, giving him the benefit of his reputation, he went, remaining there three or four months, and having a narrow escape from a worse sickness through drinking impure water. Having pulled through this, he decided to go to Chicago, where he was at once offered two jobs. He accepted one with Knight & Leonard, and took his friend, Al. Alexon, late of Little Rock, to apply for the other. This job was with the *Inland Printer,* and the last known Mr. Alexon was still there, having grown gray in the service of this famous periodical.

After a short experience at Knight & Leonard's, and later at McNally's, Mr. Francis concluded that he was not making progress toward higher things which he felt competent to undertake, and looked elsewhere. Finally an offer came from Louisville, Ky., that looked promising. It was in the job department of the famous *Courier-Journal,* which was extremely well equipped, and doing doubtless the largest business of any office in the State. He had been there only a short time, as foreman of the job room, when a strike was called, and Mr. Francis walked out with the other Union men. Despite this action on his part, the president of the *Courier-Journal* Job Printing Company, L. J. Davidson, some years later wrote Mr. Francis an excellent letter of endorsement, testifying to his efficiency and good management.

Probably Mr. Francis would have left Louisville at this time, had not one of the officials of the *Courier-Journal* given him the hint that he would probably receive an offer soon to take charge of another printing plant. It transpired that the firm of C. C. Cline & Co., which did a considerable business, was in a bad way financially, and needed a real manager. Their principal asset was a religious newspaper, though they did considerable general printing, but they had suffered from clerical efforts to do the managing, and all business men know how apt that is to result fatally. They had about $5,000 assets and $15,000 of debts.

The job was so awfully hard that it appealed to Mr. Francis as an interesting problem, which would bring him reputation if he could save the wreck, and after some further persuasion he decided to hang on. He went to a local bank, made a clean breast of affairs, and got them to handle accommodation notes, endorsed by the paper house, thus securing working cash. He forced a printing press company to replace a printing press that had not made good its guarantee, and he purchased two new presses and other material in order to give the plant something with which to earn money.

This Cline proposition turned out to be the hardest job Mr. Francis had tackled up to this time; perhaps it really was as difficult as anything he did later, though of course of much less proportions than his later achievements. It was valuable as a means of teaching himself how to handle the financial operations of a printing house. Up to this time he had been mainly a foreman or superintendent. While he was termed superintendent here, he had the entire man-

agement and control of both business, finance and mechanical production. All was left to him.

Mr. C. C. Cline was an evangelist, who sought to extend the influence of his voice by using the printing press to spread the gospel. He was a good speaker and writer, with energy plus, but knew nothing of business. He edited a monthly publication known as *Little Pearls,* and was always about a week behind with his copy. Mr. Francis notified him that if copy was not on hand at such a date, they would go to press without it; Mr. Cline was just as dilatory, and there was scarcely a line of copy at the time the forms should go to press. So Mr. Francis filled the pages with whatever was handy, and worked off the edition. That was the last trouble with the evangelist on the score of copy. Thereafter it was always there ahead of date.

There were a lot of clergy interested in the Cline Company, and pretty soon they began to understand that Mr. Francis was pulling the concern through, and that it was likely to become again a paying proposition. One day Mr. Francis chanced to hear several of them in conference, when he was not supposed to be around, and partly from what he heard, partly from what he guessed, and partly from his intuitions, he gathered that their plan was to let him run the plant until it was on a good paying basis, and then oust him and resume control themselves.

Having no notion of permitting things to develop in that way, Mr. Francis went to Mr. Mars, one of the largest stockholders, with the result that in a short time there was a reconstruction, the Cline Co. was

wiped out and the Guide Printing and Publishing Co. was formed, with $100,000 capital, Mr. Francis' friends were in control, and he was made treasurer and superintendent of the Company, and owned a considerable share of the stock. In forming this company the *Christian Standard* of Cincinnati was interested, and amalgamated with Cline's paper as the *Southern Journal.* Strongly against Mr. Francis' desires the business was moved to Cincinnati. He felt that it would be a fatal error to issue a journal, largely dependent on the South for its patronage, from a northern town. The war was not then so distant in men's minds, and he was sure the idea of "northernism" would injure the sales and prestige, which ultimately proved to be true.

In the meantime, Mr. Francis had made such a splendid record in pulling C. C. Cline & Co. out of a very bad financial hole, not only saving the money of creditors and investors, but making a good-sized nest-egg for himself, that as soon as it became known that he was not satisfied with the conditions in the Guide Company in Cincinnati, he began to receive other offers. The most importunate of these came from James L. Rubel of the W. O. Tyler Paper Co. He told Mr. Francis that the Argus Printing and Publishing Co. was in a financial hole, somewhat similar to what Cline had been, and that he (Francis) was the man needed to pull it through. A fair offer came along for Mr. Francis' stock in the Guide Co., and he sold out and came back to Louisville to brace up the Argus Company.

He found a far worse condition of affairs than he

had supposed. The plant was old and worn, mortgaged to the last dollar, and the debts totaled $30,000, with but $500 of actual live assets in sight. He told the people who had induced him to take charge that this was not what he had bargained for—that the business was in far worse shape than he had been informed, and that an undertaker, not a manager, was needed. Said one gentleman to him: "True, Mr. Francis, we apologize for deceiving you; we just *had to lie* to get you here, for there was no one else whom we thought could handle it, and we feared if you knew how disastrous conditions were, you would not touch it. Now, do stick and see us through!"

Times were good, and soon Mr. Francis had the plant full of paying work, and the reduction of the debt was begun. But $30,000 is a lot of money to make up, and it was a dead uphill struggle of renewing and renewing notes, although there was a steady reduction of accounts payable. After two years the backers got tired of endorsing, in fact one of the larger backers was in a bad way himself, and his endorsements no longer carried value. It was decided to wind up the concern, and all hands agreed that they wanted Mr. Francis to be the trustee. By this time the assets had grown to $17,000, and the debt was reduced to $23,000. An arrangement was made to pay forty cents on the dollar, which was just forty cents more than the creditors would have gotten if an assignment had been made in the first place instead of bringing in Mr. Francis to rescue what could be saved of the wreck.

Before he left Louisville, Mr. Francis was made an

honorary member of the local publishers' association, and of the Louisville Typographical Union; also receiving two offers to go into business there, which he declined. He has preserved a number of letters from his associates in the Cline and Argus concerns, testifying to appreciation of his work in both these houses. One of the most remarkable of these was from James L. Rubel, then secretary of the Bremaker-Moore Paper Co., and it is quoted in full in the chapter on "Testimonials and Tributes."

Founding of the Charles Francis Press

WHEN we look upon a great big successful business, well organized and well systematized, and note the steady flow of custom, and the seeming ease with which the money comes in, and is divided between the working force, the salaried men, the officials and the stockholders, some are apt to say, "Why, that business runs itself; I could handle that just as well as the president. Such a volume of orders come in that they just can't help making money."

Perhaps many people have made remarks similar to the above in recent years, concerning the Charles Francis Press, on observing the clocklike regularity with which the magazines roll out, and seeing the complete confidence with which the head of the house would go on a lecturing tour, satisfied that all would move smoothly in his absence. It is iconoclastic to dispel so pleasing an illusion, but it is only necessary to know the history of the institution to realize what a mountain of labor was involved in bringing into being and systematizing this great big printing plant.

It was founded on the ruins of the Stuyvesant Press, which was attached and sold by the sheriff in 1894. The only things then wrong with the place were: 1. It did not pay. 2. The presses were old and rattly. 3. It was located on a weak floor that swayed when the presses were speeded. 4. It was loaded down with

debt. 5. It had no established trade. 6. A financial depression existed.

Charles Francis had two or three times pulled printeries out of worse holes than this, and after looking over this wreck resolved that he could build a real print-shop on this ruin. He felt sure enough that he was willing to gamble his time, experience and reputation. And when Molleson Brothers bought in the plant to save themselves, they being the largest creditors, it was with the understanding that Mr. Francis would take it off their hands at $8300 on easy terms.

But here Mr. Francis made a further stipulation, which showed both his good sense and the confidence reposed in him by Molleson Brothers. This stipulation was that the Mollesons should furnish the cash to handle the business; he thought that if he put in the brains and experience, it was up to them to supply all capital. To this they agreed, but it was understood that Mr. Francis should draw only $35 a week until the business warranted a better salary.

At this time a gentleman who was very close to Mr. Francis said to him: "Why do you take the chances of going into that business? You have a good job at a good salary, which perhaps can be developed. Why not stick to it?" But Mr. Francis knew his own latent ability better than his friend. He had decided that he wanted a business of his own, and that he could put this thing through, and build it up, difficult as the task appeared. Five or six different printers had already had title to the Stuyvesant printing outfit, and each had made a failure; it looked like a real hoodoo. Instead of getting good-will with the plant he was

acquiring the reverse. The friend was quite sure it was tempting luck to try such a game. It couldn't be done, he argued.

We all admire the men who tackle the things that seem impossible, and do them. And probably this is a principal reason why this story of the Charles Francis Press has an interest all its own, apart from the fact that the reader who has followed thus far, is interested in the man, Charles Francis. In putting this printing plant on a paying basis he accomplished a far harder task than he did in developing the plant later from a quarter to a million and a half annual production, important as was this later growth; for in this latter case he had the prestige of success, the confidence of machinery manufacturers, bankers and large customers, while in founding the Charles Francis Press he had the confidence only of Molleson Brothers, opposed to the general distrust of the trade, which regarded the plant as fit to break up.

The "times" were also against the proposition. The financial panic of 1893 was still in full swing, in fact the general trade depression lasted up until 1896, and it was thus necessary to compete with literally millions of dollars' worth of semi-idle printing machinery in the metropolitan district, in the hands of concerns that aimed solely to keep going until the tide of prosperity returned and there was a chance to make money.

"Going, going, gone!" cried the auctioneer, and the Stuyvesant Press plant was bid in by a party who transferred it to Molleson Brothers, at $5000, their own claim being $3300, which made the total of $8300, at which they resold on long time to Mr. Francis,

besides loaning him the cash to handle it. Before the plant was put on a paying basis, this cash advance totaled $2000, so that the total debt assumed by Mr. Francis was $10,300, as opposed to which he put in thirty years of experience and a keenly balanced judgment. We know now that he invested far more than Molleson Brothers, though probably they felt at the time they were taking the heavy end of the investment, and would never have risked it except to save the $3300 they stood to lose if they quit. The outcome justified their confidence in preferring to take a chance under Mr. Francis' management. Though the place was purchased April 15, he let it be idle for two weeks while he worked out that period with his employers, the Moss Engraving Co. They offered him an increase of $15 weekly to remain, and failing in this suggested a consolidation of the plants; but this proved impracticable.

May 1, 1894, the first day of Charles Francis in the Stuyvesant Press office, was heralded by a visit from an ink salesman who knew Mr. Francis very well as the former superintendent of A. E. Chasmar, and also of the Moss Engraving Co. The salesman was unaware of any change, and was astounded at seeing Mr. Francis at the desk with all the air of a new proprietor. "What are you doing here?" he enquired.

"I've just bought the place," responded Mr. Francis.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me you wanted to go into business?" wailed the ink man. "I could have got you a real printing office. You never can do anything with this bunch of old junk."

It certainly did look worse the closer Mr. Francis

got to the proposition. The type was pretty good, well assorted and enough of it; but the presses were the problem. All of them had been bought second-hand, and one was such a cripple that it was thrown out almost at once. Then it was found that the building on 27th street was unsuitable for such an equipment of cylinders. Everyone who has been in a printing office and looked around must have observed the force with which the type-bed of a cylinder press bangs back and forth, with constant jar! jar!! jar!!! Unless a floor is very solid, this vibration is destructive; and when two, three or more cylinders are running at one time on one weak floor, the building is terribly racked, and as occasionally several of the big presses happen to go slamming back and forth in unison, the place may rock dangerously. In 27th street the cylinders had damaged the building and the building had damaged the cylinders.

One of the first good jobs obtained was an annual book catalog in two colors from F. A. Stokes, the well-known publisher. This involved close register of side heads in red, in six-point type. It was set up satisfactorily, and the black forms went through beautifully, but when it came to running in the red it was found that register was impossible. There was not a cylinder in the place that would register, and the job was run through hit or miss, and the red often missed the right spots by a couple of leads.

With a heavy heart, Mr. Francis took a lot of the completed catalogs, good, bad and indifferent register, but mostly bad and indifferent, and laid them on Mr. Stokes' desk. "Here they are, and I am thoroughly

ashamed of them, and disgusted at the result," he said, as he explained the difficulties. "I have no excuses to offer. Can you use them and what are they worth to you?"

Mr. Stokes was disheartened, too, but Mr. Francis' manner disarmed him. After going into the matter thoroughly, he said, "Suppose we accept the catalogs and use what we can of them, and take $400 off your bill—will that be satisfactory?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Stokes, anything you say is satisfactory. I wouldn't blame you if you threw the entire job back on our hands."

"That's what I would do if it were some printers," replied the publisher, "but I know you have done your best, and you are just starting in business, and did not know what your presses could or could not do, and I don't want to break you."

Such was the condition of affairs at the Stuyvesant Press at the 27th street location. When they did get enough work to keep a few of the presses busy, it was necessary to run them slowly so they would not slur with the swaying of the building, nor, like Samson, of old, pull down the structure upon them. A pretty stout heart it must have taken to face this situation with equanimity; perhaps it did worry Mr. Francis a bit. This was a few years before I knew him, but I cannot say that I ever saw him worried or disturbed, or exhibit any lack of serenity under any circumstances. In the most trying situations his mind was always calm, and he was able to reason quietly of the conditions, and reach a conclusion as to the wisest course, free from all excitement or bias.

How the first regular job of any consequence—*The Critic*—was secured, is told in Mr. Francis' book "Printing for Profit," so it need not be enlarged upon here. It may be, however, that this publication determined the future of the plant, as a magazine printery since in succeeding years publications became the largest portion of the business. *The Critic* came to Mr. Francis on his personality, on the confidence he inspired in Mr. Gilder that he was an exceptional printer, and would do his work rightly. The type had to be set by hand, as the linotype was not then thought fit for magazine work; the presswork was done on cylinders and the binding performed close by. For many months *The Critic* was the largest job in the place and the mainstay for supplying the payroll.

There had been hung out a sign "Charles Francis, Printer," and had he given up at this point, doubtless there never would have been any Charles Francis Press, and this biography might never have been written. But being a sticker Mr. Francis figured that the only thing to do was to move into a substantial building. A serious difficulty was a three-years' lease; but after some efficient diplomacy the landlord was made to see that it was not to his interest to ruin his tenant or to have the tenant shake his shaky building to pieces, and the lease was broken by the landlord's own act.

A new location was looked for, and a number considered. At that date there were no good buildings for printers' use, except a few like DeVinne's, constructed for and used by large concerns. No builder had yet thought of putting up structures suitable for printing offices, and landlords looked upon them as

undesirable tenants, because their presses shook up and annoyed other tenants, and they were commonly bad fire risks. Therefore, only in old buildings, where the landlords were glad to take whoever they could get, were printers acceptable.

Finally the building 30 and 32 West 13th street offered a half floor one flight up, which was strong and substantial, as well as centrally located. As a residential street 13th had degenerated to the lowest grade, and landlords being sick of the only sort of people they could get, were looking for manufacturing business, hence a number of printers located there, between Fourth and Sixth avenues, most of them going to failure, so some in the trade had named the locality a printer's burying ground. But as it appeared to fill conditions, and Mr. Francis had no fear of hoodoos, it was accepted, and a move made in May, 1895, the half floor being sublet from Johnson, the electrotyper.

Some of the "old junk" was discarded, some of the machinery was overhauled on being set up again, and some new equipment was purchased, so that a workable if not a wholly satisfactory plant was obtained, and the real business of building up a good printery was begun in earnest. The 1895 business totaled $33,000, showing a slight but steady increase. By 1898 the volume increased to $47,000, and more room was necessary, so an arrangement was made to take over the other half of the second floor, Johnson, the electrotyper, moving higher up. Up to this time, scarcely any new machinery had been bought, as the Molleson indebtedness had not been paid, but it was made clear to them that the quickest way to get their money out of

the plant was for them to go in heavier, and back the purchase of more and better presses. So it became possible to purchase two of the latest Campbell Century presses, which had been exhibited at the Madison Square Garden and were remarkable machines. The pony was run there for weeks without a form at a speed of 3700 an hour without any signs of deterioration.

With the addition of these fine presses, a little money was made, and it became possible to reduce the indebtedness to the Mollesons. When they discovered that new machines spelled profit, they notified Mr. Francis that thereafter he should use his own discretion in adding to the plant, as they were so convinced of his knowledge and ability that they would back anything that he deemed best. This condition permitted a more rapid development, and the annual sales increased steadily, passing fifty, sixty and seventy thousand, and about 1900 reaching the $100,000 mark.

It was about this time that Mr. Lasher, of the Molleson Brothers, remarked, "The only mistake we made in this deal with you, Mr. Francis, was in not arranging for a partnership. You have done a lot better than we expected of you. But at least we are glad to have saved our $3300, which otherwise was lost."

In 1900, a leather manufacturer, who had occupied the third floor of the 13th street building, vacated, and this was leased by the Charles Francis Press, doubling the floor space. More machinery was purchased, the Century cylinders were adhered to as a stand-by and a Cottrell perfecter added a little later.

In 1902 the demand for better binding facilities resulted in the formation of the Waverly Binding Co., by Charles Francis, Jacob Schilling and W. M. Pettingale. The Hanley bindery in the next street having failed, its machinery was purchased and installed on the fifth floor of the 13th street building. This floor was leased by the Charles Francis Press, and part of it sublet to the bindery, thus making more room for printing development. The Waverly Bindery Co. was run as a separate company for several years, and then having demonstrated an earning power was incorporated with the Charles Francis Press, as originally contemplated.

By 1904 the Molleson indebtedness—which, owing to the purchase of new machinery, had swelled much beyond the original $10,300—was entirely paid off, and the plant was cleared of debt, barring some mortgages on new machines. The annual product continued to advance, and by 1906 passed the $150,000 mark. By that time the sixth floor of the building had been absorbed, and the increase of equipment had become a habit. The growth of custom being natural and healthy, the expense of regular additions to the plant was never felt to be a burden, and by the time the business came to be classed as large, the concern was able to pay cash for its machinery and supplies, instead of following the time-honored but perilous custom of placing a mortgage on every new machine as it came in.

There was an opportunity in 1909 to lease the entire structure on 13th street, and it was taken over, and strengthened to better support the loads of heavy ma-

chinery and the tons of paper that ran regularly through the presses.

Here it may be well to pause and consider the Charles Francis Press from a different point of view, looking at the trade it secured and the customers built up during the onward march to success. One of the early specialties operated was music printing. This is a branch of work understood by few printers, and hence little sought after. Mr. Francis understood its intricacies and peculiarities, how to get such work, and how to execute it profitably; hence he was able to work up quite a trade in the early history of the plant. The income from music printing was very helpful during the early years, while the plant was in course of transition from a general printery to a publication plant.

It was in magazines and publications, however, that the plant had its largest patronage and steady increase. Mr. Francis had the faculty of interesting substantial houses, concerns that handled their business rightly, and so grew and prospered, and their publishers not only were in the habit of continually increasing their monthly orders in volume of circulation, but thickened the issues with more advertising. Some publishers also bought other periodicals or started new ones that prospered, so that the plant grew with the growth of its customers' business. Each of these publications brought a certain quantity of general printing, which they preferred to handle through the same printery, and this added to the total of trade.

One of these successful publications is *Motor Boat*, which came to the Francis Press at its inception in

1901. Its inauguration was very modest, and probably neither proprietors nor printer ever dreamed that it would prove the money earner into which it developed. The Prial Brothers, who had published a periodical called *The Wheel*, finding that their business had drifted away with the decline of the bicycle industry, decided to try the motor boat field. Interested with them was Dr. Louis Newman. The three invested $1000 each and came to Mr. Francis, asking if he was willing to extend a little credit, as they doubted their capital being sufficient for all their plans.

Their choice of a printer was wise for more reasons than one. Mr. Francis was always a good sailor, boating being his most loved sport, hence he knew the tastes and dispositions of the aquatic fraternity. The proprietors of *Motor Boat* thus secured a most competent advisor as to business policies and development. It turned out also that they needed the financial assistance which the house was strong enough to give them, for in those early days they sometimes ran four months behind in their printing bill. But prosperity was not long deferred, and after a few years the check for *Motor Boat* used to be one of the first to come in, the habit of the proprietors being to pay it very promptly and adjust any differences afterward. Since then two fortunes have been made out of this popular monthly, and the third proprietor is making his pile.

Public Opinion came to the Francis printery while under the ownership of Alva G. Cuppy. This was not a large job of printing, but Mr. Cuppy proved the most enthusiastic and pleased customer any printer could wish for. He used to say to other publishers: "How

do you like the way your printing is handled? You ought to see the way they do things for me at the Charles Francis Press. They get things right and get them in, and nothing is too much trouble." On three different occasions he telegraphed Mr. Francis of such talks on a train or at a convention, with the intimation that the party in question would be home about such a date, and ought to be seen.

By such liberal boosting Mr. Cuppy brought the Charles Francis Press so much trade that when his own publication weakened, and the circulation was absorbed by the *Literary Digest,* the work was not missed from the printing office, and it was also able to stand the financial shock of having to accept a 20 per cent settlement of a $12,500 bill. It is due to Mr. Cuppy to note here that this bad settlement was not of his making, but accomplished by the management of others who got "in at the death" and juggled the assets.

Clifford & Lawton were patrons of the plant for a number of years, *The Upholsterer* and others of their publications coming from Francis presses until they demanded more space for their own composing room, which was not available, when they transferred their business. Their patronage was a valued factor, however, in developing the plant.

When *Field and Stream* was in the market for a printer, the new proprietor, E. S. Warner, decided to place it with the Francis Press, and as his own business grew and more and successful publications were added to his list, they came to Mr. Francis, and when the plant located finally in the magnificent Printing Crafts

Building, Mr. Warner came there too, in order that his several publishing companies and his editors might be convenient to the printing plant. For many years five Warner publications were printed on Francis presses.

Printers' Ink, on leaving the original Rowell plant, chose the Francis printery, apparently largely because of its splendid service, which had now become widely known. Their work demanded keeping open forms to the last minute, followed by especially quick printing and binding. Communication was facilitated by establishing direct telephone wires between the publishing offices and the printing plant. Special wires were also laid for the *Review of Reviews*, which joined the Francis list in 1913, and grew steadily in circulation and patronage. A $20,000 Hoe web press was installed in 1916, mainly to carry this increased bulk of circulation, two Cottrell web presses having been previously installed.

These publications are typical of the trade of the Charles Francis Press, but there has also been developed a business in manufacturers' trade catalogs and long runs of presswork, which became more important as the years rolled on. Many beautiful specimens of the printer's art came out of the Francis establishment and their record for quick production of large jobs of high grade ranks with the first in the land.

With increase of publications came a demand for color printing, for covers and inserts. As everyone knows, the magazines increase their sales on the newsstands by having artistic and attractive colored covers. They spend large sums with artists and engravers

to secure the most striking effects, but when it comes to printing a hundred thousand or more they require both low cost and close imitation of the original paintings. The manufacturers have also raised the standard of their trade catalogs and call for a grade of cylinder presswork in colors formerly unknown.

The Charles Francis Press was one of the first of the larger printeries in New York City to cater to these demands, and to install presses particularly adapted to the work, that would handle long runs while maintaining the quality of the output. Only those who passed through this period of development of color printing on a large commercial scale know what a task it was to handle large forms, maintain register and avoid offset. But with intelligence in the pressroom, and the active cooperation of both inkmaker and pressbuilder, it was finally accomplished, and rapid color printing of a very high quality was executed without ruinous cost. In this development the Francis Press can be truly said to have been one of the foremost.

The 13th street building was a substantial structure of brick, of the type of loft building constructed in the sixties and seventies, and was strengthened and reinforced at various times to carry the loads incident to the growth of the Francis plant. As a fire risk it was far from up to date, and along about 1910 Mr. Francis became concerned about the danger of a blaze and his responsibility for the safety of a hundred and fifty or more people then employed. He called in Fire Chief Croker for advice, and had the premises studied, improved the exits, located extinguishers and sprinklers, and instituted rigid rules regarding careful handling

of waste paper and oils. Just before the fatal Triangle fire, plans were perfected for regular fire drills, and it was found possible to empty the building within 95 seconds, while never more than two minutes were required to get all the workers to the sidewalk.

On one occasion there was a real alarm, and the employees were removed on the double quick, except those who had been organized in a fire brigade, who extinguished the waste paper blaze so easily and promptly that no demand was ever made on the underwriters for fire loss. The complete equipment for fire prevention resulted in a reduction of insurance rates from $2.20 to .79 per $1000.

By 1910 the trade of the plant was well over $200,000, passing the quarter million mark the next year, and exceeding $300,000 in 1912, climbing to $400,000 in 1914. Then it became apparent that the 13th street building was going to be inadequate, and plans were laid for further development. But these can best be told in another chapter.

A Great Business Structure

ALL human creations originate in thought. If the printer Charles Francis had been satisfied with an ordinary, every-day print shop, the Charles Francis Press never could have grown to its present proportions. But because he dreamed of a great modern magazine printing plant, its development became a possibility; and because he persisted in the thought and planned and worked, and because he had faith in himself, Charles Francis created the mammoth plant that bears his name, located in the Printing Crafts Building, and took his place with other great captains of industry.

He builded well, from the ground up. He knew that, first of all he must do good printing; secondly, deliver it on time; thirdly, secure a reputation for both of these things. And he knew that no bluff, no jollying talk, no clever financing could take the place of these fundamentals of success. He saw to it that the little things were done well, and that the plant, the machinery and appliances were bettered every year. Probably his devotion to detail, his insistence on having every little fraction of the work correctly performed, was the most important factor in his success. He made it his business to know that his men neglected nothing, and held them to a system of accuracy and promptness that grew up with the plant; so that when $5000 or $10,000 worth of work had to be done in a month, it was as well and promptly done as when

there was only $500 worth of work to be finished every 30 days.

As a result of this care, the annual total of the Francis business increased every year, with a single exception in 1913, that year of great financial stress. Right through the hard and trying years of 1907 to 1911, when business was unqualifiedly bad, the Charles Francis Press grew, and on attaining its twentieth anniversary in 1914, it became apparent that the long-time home in 13th street would have to be abandoned.

It was then that the project of the great Printing Crafts building loomed up, and Charles Francis was among the first to recognize its possibilities, and to realize that here was a place in which the Charles Francis Press might expand indefinitely So long before the first spadeful of earth was turned, he contracted with Brett & Goode, the builders, for the largest space of any one tenant, leasing the sixth and seventh floors, with a total floor space of 56,500 square feet, or a little more than forty-five ordinary lofts, 60 x 20.

It is questionable whether the Printing Crafts Building ever would have been built but for Mr. Francis' cooperation. Certainly he gave at least twice the material assistance of any other printer, and made it possible for Brett & Goode, who had a record for financing and constructing buildings for printers, to complete the finest structure ever erected for the use of the printing trade.

Recognizing the serious and destructive jar made by heavy reciprocating press-beds, and the effect this had on the average building, engineers and architects

combined to design a construction that should absorb and withstand these strains, just as the steamships of the Atlantic are designed to withstand the strains of the mammoth ocean rollers, that would break a weak vessel to fragments.

Triangular braces of immense strength were placed at the junctions of the upright columns with the floor-beams, so that every one of the twenty-two floors feels as solid as a concrete basement foundation lying on bed-rock. All tendency to swaying is stopped at the outset. The building positively resists side vibrations quite as certainly as it supports the immense weights on its beams. The strains were known in advance, and the designers put in beams and braces strong enough to stop double the vibrations ever likely to occur, thus insuring safety in case of overloading, liable to happen in course of time.

The ceilings were made fourteen feet high, in order that the light of the large windows might reach to the most distant interior points. A temperature of 80 degrees is guaranteed in the pressrooms all the year around. The floors are filled with conduits, so that electrical connections of all sorts can be made with machinery in any position and any location. The individual motors of the machines are thus supplied with power through absolutely fireproof conduits, the walls, floors and ceilings being left unmarred. The concrete partitions and metal doors shut in every room or set of rooms, separating them so that a fire may burn away with great energy in any room without danger of communicating to another room. Each room may be compared to a firebox or an oven, in which a fire

may be built safely and burn itself out without setting anything else ablaze.

The danger of water damage in case of a fire is eliminated by giving a minute slope to the floors, and providing guttering to carry off any water that may be thrown on to quench the flames, and lead it outside of the building. There are large standpipes with plenty of water to drown out any blaze that could occur, and thus the fire risk is limited so far as humanly possible. The danger of fire communicating from the quarters of another tenant appears to be wholly eliminated. Of course there are automatic sprinklers in the stockrooms and pressrooms, binderies and all places where the accumulations of paper, etc., furnish a supply of combustibles.

With fourteen elevators, and day and night service, light, power and heat and all modern conveniences always available, conditions are ideal for a large printing business. It would seem that nothing short of an earthquake could ever wholly cripple the establishment or interfere with its regular production.

Into this home moved the Charles Francis Press in June, 1916. It cost $20,000 to move the plant from 13th street, a distance of two miles. Fully $120,000 worth of new machinery and equipment was purchased about the time of the move, so that it was possible to keep two plants moving at the same time that a lot of machinery was in transit on the trucks. Not a single publication missed a mail during the moving.

An entirely new linotype plant was purchased and set up in the new quarters, and the presses were moved in groups of two or three so that it became pos-

sible to transfer certain large jobs bodily, between issues, from the old plant to the new one. After the plant in the Printing Crafts Building was started, it took on one or two more publications every week until all the work was transferred. A magnificent new Hoe magazine web press, of 96 pages capacity, costing $20,000, was one of the first machines erected, and the *Review of Reviews,* with its enormous circulation, was run off on this without hitch the first time it was tested. The other web presses were moved singly, so that at all times during the moving two of them were in commission.

The magnificent Juengst gathering and binding machine plant being doubled, it was possible to have one complete section operating in the new building before the second unit was taken down for shipment. By such methods as these was it possible to maintain the production of one magazine every business day during the moving process, without a delay anywhere along the line. Probably this is the severest test that could be put upon any printing plant, to keep up its reputation for never missing a date for any magazine during such a large moving.

This was only possible because of the superb, army-like training of the corps of workers under Vice-President Augustin F. Oakes in the Charles Francis Press. Every man knew his work and just what was expected of him and every man did his duty. The system of checks and prods for keeping every job moving was found to work satisfactorily under the trying conditions of tearing down and removing every machine and type in the place.

Never a strike (except 1919), fire nor moving ever caused any serious interference with a customer's business intrusted to the Charles Francis Press. Like a twentieth century express that must be always on time without excuses, or like the ceaseless outpouring of one of the Carnegie blast furnaces, the production goes on and on, day in and day out, week after week and month after month, with the regularity of one of those famed temperature clocks that run forever, being kept wound by the changes from heat to cold and vice versa.

The moving occupied ten weeks. During that time an automobile express was kept running between the old and the new plant on a 15 minute schedule, so that both were always in touch and everything needed at the new place could always be had from the old within a half hour. Four automobile trucks, having a capacity of about ten horse-drawn trucks, handle the deliveries for the plant. More would be required were it not that the majority of the deliveries are to the post office in the adjoining block. This proximity was one of the reasons for locating in the Printing Crafts Building.

When entirely moved, with all the new automatic machinery installed, this magnificent plant had a producing capacity of $125,000 a month excluding the value of the paper stock handled. The equipment for rapid magazine work is remarkably complete from every point of view. The linotype plant and force is accustomed to handle large batches of copy, of which the proofs are demanded within a few hours, so that editors can deliver their copy at five o'clock one day

and find the revised proofs on their desks at nine the next morning.

Individual telephone wires are run directly from the editorial rooms of the larger customers to the printing plant, so that they never have the experience of calling up the printer and being told that the "line is busy." The printer is always on the wire, and messages are sent back and forth without loss of time. There is a system of inside calls at the Charles Francis Press that will locate any head of any department anywhere in the plant. This is operated somewhat on the principle by which a police headquarters keeps in touch with patrolmen on their beats. If a customer calls up the Francis Press and asks for Mr. Smith, and Mr. Smith is in the bindery instead of at his usual post in the composing room, the telephone operator does not have to tell the customer "Hold the wire, and I will see if I can find him." She simply sounds 2-3, or whatever is Mr. Smith's call, and this is sounded at every one of the twenty-odd stations in the plant. Mr. Smith hears it, wherever he is, and stepping to the nearest station, at once replies: "This is Mr. Smith. What can I do for you?" Thus Mr. Smith or any other department head can usually be secured within a few seconds, and the customer's valuable time is saved.

The above is illustrative of the efficient way in which all things are done at the Charles Francis Press. Every man in the place is imbued with the slogan, "Give the customer what he wants when he wants it." The most perfect system permeates the entire establishment. "Last minute" ads are got in without delaying the issue. Probably there is not a month's issue

of any of the larger publications but what some valuable ad is saved to the publisher by the rapidity of production possible in this progressive printery. The quick-change magazine linotype machines are the salvation of the printer in the matter of rapid handling of late corrections. Without these it would be impossible to do so many things in the last hour when the forms are open. It is a common occurrence in the Charles Francis Press to handle fifty galleys of heavily corrected matter, revise and page it, and have it in the foundry within three hours. It is truly amazing to the average printer to see the rapidity with which forms are handled here. The stone room is no greater than in many offices handling less than a fourth of the work, but there is an enormous amount of up-to-date galley and cabinet storage, which makes it possible, after a job is "o.k.ed," to lock it up and send it to the foundry on the "double quick," to use a phrase once common among the old soldiers of the U. S. Civil War.

In the pressrooms, the great webs, the giant Miehles, the extension two-color machines, and the line of smaller cylinders and jobbers are all arranged to receive good light from the numerous large windows, so that the best daylight production is possible on all machines. When run at night, as is often necessary, the multiplicity of small incandescent globes makes any part of the presses almost as easy of observation as in the daytime. The great trucks of paper, handling often several tons at a load, are moved about the pressrooms without fuss or confusion, or blocking of the passageways.

Automatic feeders are used for most of the cylinders and for the folding machines, so that they operate continuously and independently, and when set going require only competent supervision. There is practical automatic machinery operation for both pressrooms and bindery. To walk down the rows of these great machines, and see so many delivering the highest grade of printing, with sheets going in untouched by hands and coming out perfected, often folded, stacked and counted, the attendant workers being simply there to start them, and keep all up to the highest notch of production and excellence of output, is indeed an enthusing spectacle.

One of the larger printers in a mid-Western city, an ex-president of the United Typothetae, now gone to his rest, who himself operated an enormous plant of the old-style hand-fed machines, and executed certain large specialties with profit and success, took four of his office force to an exhibit of moving pictures of the Francis plant, shown in his city, and said to them: "I brought you here to show you the uselessness of your always wanting to estimate on large magazines and trade catalogs. What chance have we against such automatic machinery as this? These big two-color machines print just four to our one; that two-sheet press is doing the work of five of our ordinary cylinders, and these webs—Oh, just use your eyes, boys!"

The boys used them, and then they understood why it was that an establishment with only 300 employees could equal the product of an old-style equipment plant with a thousand workers. It is the high-priced

automatic machinery, often run both day and night, that makes such production possible.

In the bindery, the automatic magazine-binding machines can do everything but talk. The girls—yes, many of them pretty girls and all of them with contented expressions—just pile on the different sections as they come in stacks from the web presses. Then one of the gathering and binding machines is started up, and wholly automatically brings together the different sections of sixteen, eight or four pages, with any colored or other inserts, wirestitches them, glues on the colored covers, and delivers counted in stacks of five. This machine is perhaps sixty feet long and wholly automatic, being the last word in binding, for it leaves nothing to be desired, performing eight different operations formerly done by groups of hand-workers. It just picks up sheets from the press and delivers them as completed magazines, with unerring accuracy and marvelous speed. Notwithstanding their high cost, there are two of them in the Charles Francis Press, so that one magazine never has to wait on the progress of another to arrive at completion.

The finished magazines go next to the automatic magazine trimmers, to have the leaves cut, or trimmed, as it is termed. Here the three open edges of the magazines are trimmed off by double knives, so working that the hands of the operators can never be under the knives. A 192-page magazine is thus made in practically two operations — the web perfector throwing out 96 printed pages at a time, and folding and stacking the sections automatically, so that they are ready for the automatic gatherer and binder that

puts together the work of the presses. These beautifully made and artistic magazines are completed in an incredibly short space of time by the hundred thousand, each an exact duplicate of the others, and each a complete book, such as formerly sold for $2, and was worth it, now sold for 15 to 25 cents, and worth more than that, as the advertisers pay half the cost of production.

The successful operation of this large printing factory requires the perfection of system. Each human unit must know his place and fill it, for the whole chain of results may be thrown out by an inefficient link. It is the business of certain men throughout the plant each to overlook the work of some large job in their department. Such men, equivalent to the English "clickers," are usually in direct touch with the employees of the customers from whom the directions come. It is their part to see that their particular jobs move on at a time schedule, and are not only well done, but done at the time requisite for the operation to follow.

Over these men are the foremen of the several departments, men who have risen by ability and experience to guide the work done by others, who direct affairs in the composing room, linotyping department, proofroom, job, cylinder and web pressrooms, stockroom, bindery, etc.; and to a certain degree the composing room foreman guides the other departments, because the work originates in his department, giving him a wider knowledge of what is demanded for each large job of printing.

Over all these is the general superintendent, a part

of whose work it is to circulate in the plant every day, and keep in touch with the larger affairs of operation, meet emergencies, arrange for and purchase new machinery, providing conditions for such rearrangements as are continually necessary where there is a growing trade. In short he must generally exercise a real oversight over the affairs of the establishment, and keep up efficiency wherever it appears to slacken. For many years Mr. A. F. Oakes filled this responsible position in the Charles Francis Press, starting with the house as errand boy, and working up by ability, hard work, and applied good sense. He grew with the place and gravitated to the top because he learned every day, and put his knowledge into practical operation.

Supplementing all these is the office force, including the salesmen, each of whom keeps an eye on the progress of the work he handles, and who receive the orders, discuss things with customers, make prices, manage business details, keep the accounts and collect the money, and supply the work for the factory as a whole.

Above all is the guiding hand of the man who built up this efficient combination of men and machinery, Charles Francis. His active brain, operating with the precision of judgment developed by long experience, and the faculty of governing himself, and adhering to what he knew to be wise rules, has built up this marvel of modern industry, selected the men who control its varied details, noted their respective capacities, and assigned to each the part for which he was best fitted, and so unified the whole that it became a wondrously efficient co-acting machine. So when this great

business structure was once brought to a high state of efficiency, it tended to improve rather than decay, because the elements were harmonious, this harmony being the true secret of upward progress or evolution.

The workmen in the Francis printery like each other and adore the man at the top, who, while holding them to their best, always has a smile and cheerful word for the humblest, and whose ready sympathy can see the embryo god shining through the human form of one of the floorsweepers, just as well as in the glittering eyes of some inspired teacher of the race.

Such is the great Francis printing plant, at this writing in its 30th year, the creation of one mind, that planned well, and did things rightly, securing good customers and keeping them. The customers thus became the salesmen, recommending others, so that the trade grew and grew, and is still expanding. Thousands of dollars' worth of new machines are added every year, the policy being always to have the best and most up-to-date, without questioning the cost. The older machines are ruthlessly scrapped when newer and faster ones appear on the market. The expression "scrapped" is not figurative. Mr. Francis will not sell a worn machine for re-use; he always insists on disposing of them to be broken up. The figures he pays regularly for new machinery make many printers gasp, for the total would set up a large printery every year, and he always pays cash for them. The expenditures look frightful, in recent years averaging over $2000 a week for new machinery and tools, but Mr. Francis insists that it pays, and the proof that he is right is in the wonderful plant—always growing.

Knowledge of the Printing Art

IT has been the writer's fortune to know more or less intimately a large number of the more important employing printers of the United States during the closing years of the nineteenth and the opening years of the twentieth century. No reflection is cast upon any of them by saying that Mr. Francis' personal knowledge of the details of the printing trade was as great or greater than that of any of them. This was due, first, to his living through as long or a longer period of activity than any other great printer; second, to the great variety of his experiences in different localities; third, to his ever giving personal attention and supervision to production, rather than trusting it to others; fourth, to the facility with which he learned from others; and fifth, to his unusual powers of observation, absorbing and utilizing that which he saw others do.

He began in the period of the hand press, and so learned to make rollers and roller composition, to make lye, mix ink, build printing office furniture, and to do a score of things that printers never dream of doing these days. Obviously, the man who knows how to make these things is better fitted to buy them. In those early days the printers also took apart and put together their own presses, and did odd jobs of repairing, so that they became half machinists, another valuable acquisition, training a man to know how to keep his machinery in order. There are probably

only a few dozen men now actively engaged in printing who went through these experiences more than a half century ago, and so are able today to utilize the knowledge thus acquired.

Working on three continents, and in three of the world's largest cities—London, New York and Chicago—as well as a number of smaller cities and towns, afforded Mr. Francis an insight into differences of methods and practices that very few others have had. This included practical experience in both the allied arts and lithography and engraving, and extended to both the newspaper and job printing branches, as well as law work, stationers' work, poster printing, druggists' specialties, label work, color printing, magazine and periodical printing, book work, music printing, varieties of embossing and binding, and numerous minor specialties.

I never met any other printer who was so thoroughly familiar and experienced in all the branches of the art. All good printers get some smattering of the various specialties of the trade and allied arts, but Mr. Francis *knew* them. His was no smattering half-knowledge. He had lived with each one of these specialties, and seen them come into being, grow and develop. As a superintendent he had a most varied and complete experience in different sorts of printing under both usual and unusual conditions. He had handled state printing contracts, got out both daily and Sunday newspapers, railway timetables, all sorts of catalogs, including the very highest grade as developed at the Chasmar plant, small trade work, big edition work, all sorts of pictorial publications, etc., and

in all of these he had not only to handle the mechanical production but to look after the business management as well.

If there is a thing that will go on a printing press, from a visiting card to a board sign or cloth poster, a book-back or a colored lithograph, depend upon it Charles Francis has some time or other done it himself, or had it tried out under his supervision, so that he knows just what the work is. And not only is he conversant with every kind of printing done on a press or machine, but he has operated a number of binderies, for both cloth and pamphlet work, a machine repair-shop, a photo-engraving shop, electrotyping department, type-casting department, stereotyping department, and all these allied trades, so that he knows them from alpha to omega.

In volume of work handled, his experience also runs unusually high. A man might work at printing for sixty years in a small shop, and if but $5,000 or $10,000 worth of work annually went through the place, he would see and handle less printing than is now going through the Francis shop every twelve months. As a boy, Mr. Francis worked in a shop having fifty hand presses, probably the largest of its kind in that part of the world. In succeeding years he was employed in very many large concerns, though none quite so extensive as the plant he has built up, and which bears his name. It would require considerable figuring to estimate how many million dollars' worth of printing have passed under his care and guidance, but whatever the figure is, few have excelled it, and of those men who have been responsible for great

volumes of work, it is seldom one of them looks after details as closely as Charles Francis. He still watches everything, and has his eye on the multitudinous operations in his large plant, and guides everything with a firm hand.

Printers of sixty years' experience are scarce, all-around printers are scarce, men experienced in twenty cities are scarce, men who have handled a score of printing specialties are scarce, and men really familiar with the allied trades are scarce. Yet Charles Francis is all of these, combines all of this experience in one.

It is probable, therefore, that there is no other printer of this age or any other who has handled such a variety of printing, in so many different cities, under such widely varying circumstances, and in such tremendous volume, as Mr. Francis, and for this reason alone he is qualified as the most experienced man in the printing trade of the world.

During the period from about 1880 to 1900, the printing trade underwent an almost total revolution in methods and processes. Modern printers know only the modern methods. Those few who lived and practiced printing before, during and after these revolutionary changes, accumulated a fund of knowledge not to be had in any other way. For every change in method there was a reason, and those who know these reasons and conditions always were better equipped than the mere copyists who did printing in the way they were taught, knowing no other ways or processes.

Before 1880 most printing was done on dampened

paper, taking up ink on the absorption or blotting paper principle. Dry paper printing was influenced from several different viewpoints, but the leading reason for its use was the fine half-tone engraving, which printed best on hard-surfaced coated stock. This involved new papers, new presses, and new inks. Following this radical series of changes, came composing machines, which permitted the accumulation of standing type matter as never before. On top of these came rotary and special printing machines, and paper feeding and automatic binding machinery, so that almost every process in printing was changed.

And yet the old was not wholly displaced by the new, and this is just where the old-timers, like Mr. Francis, had an advantage over modern printers. Some of the old processes persist, because they are the best under certain conditions, and the printer who knows most of the conditions becomes the best fitted to handle correctly every sort of printing problem presented to him.

The "all-around" printer becomes more rare every day, and the fewer there are the more valuable is their knowledge, for such knowledge constitutes the connecting links that bind together the whole printing trade. The workmen of today are mostly specialists, each doing his own fraction of the general product, but few knowing much of the part that others take to produce the total or final output. Just because Mr. Francis has exceptionally wide knowledge of all departments of printing and of the allied arts, he is in an exceptionally favored position for managing a large printing business. He knows, without

having to judge, what lines of work it is best for his plant to execute; also just how such work is to be obtained, and how it is to be held. Without any dependence on superintendents or foremen, he is in a position to decide important policies without conferences or leaning on reports. He knows already the best ways of getting out every variety of product under exceptional as well as ordinary circumstances, and he has made a special study of doing things in a way to suit customers, adapting the methods of the printing office to the circumstances of the customer's desires and his business demands.

It is the completeness of his knowledge of all the conditions involved, coupled with good judgment, correct reasoning, and a fine business sense, that has enabled him to build up one of the world's finest printing plants within the short space of thirty years. Broad knowledge is a great factor in business. It enables a man to quickly recognize knowledge in others, and so employ men who know how to do their work to the best advantage. It quickly impresses customers, who, while they may not know much of printing themselves, are quick to discover who knows his own trade, and gives them what they want, without making excuses.

There are other reasons why Charles Francis' knowledge of printing and printing problems is so full and complete. He has probably given as much time to trade organizations as any other living printer. I can think of only one other employer in the trade who has given as much of his time to organization work as has Mr. Francis. This sort of experience

broadens a man's knowledge of the trade, as well as of business methods and policies. Let a man have a good working knowledge of printing, and go into committee work with other men managing printing plants, and immediately there comes about an exchange of knowledge and experiences of the most instructive sort. They go to school to each other, so to speak, and swap stories of how they met this and that condition, so that there comes an accumulation of knowledge not to be had in any other way.

Mr. Francis was active first in the Typographical Union, then in the Typothetæ, then in the Franklin Clubs and the Printers' League, coming into intimate relations with the members of these four great bodies of printers during a period of fifty-odd years. The accessions of knowledge coming from such a course are limited only by a man's capacity for receiving from others. Some men fail to gather knowledge from others, because they are too busy trying to display what they themselves know. Mr. Francis never bragged of what he knew or tried to show off. He was ever receptive, ever more disposed to ask questions than to orate of his own experiences.

He knew that progress never stopped, and that he was as likely to pick up a new kink by asking a feeder some question, as he was by querying of some printer in his own class. He has been a reader too, and many old books on printing are upon his shelves; but it is the trade press that he follows up most carefully. He has taken all the leading trade journals almost from their inception, and he has read them and contributed to their columns. By such exchange of ideas and sug-

gestions, and gathering from the minds of others, Mr. Francis has become a compendium of knowledge on printing and allied subjects, such as is probably without a parallel in the trade.

This estimate of Mr. Francis is not confined to myself; I have heard such an experienced printer as Joseph Gantz, who worked his way from the compositor's case to the top of one of the most prosperous printing houses in America, and who then had himself nearly fifty years' experience, admit that Mr. Francis had more knowledge of the trade than any of his competitors. My own experience in printing and allied trades covers at this time 59 years of activity, and I may be excused for thinking I know something about the business, having followed it in eight different towns and cities, and having been secretary of two of the largest organizations of employing printers in America; yet I say frankly that when circumstances threw me into intimate contact with Charles Francis I was simply amazed at the completeness of his knowledge on all points touched upon, whether as to the mechanical or business side of printing. At times he made me feel like an apprentice.

Having grown up and lived through the development of the art, and having been active through two full generations, he seemingly knew every invention, every process that ever came along. Every step of the development of typesetting and typecasting machines was familiar to him. He had seen the cylinder grow from the old English Napier to the modern two-color and two-cylinder machines, of marvelous utility and perfection. Every development in hard

packing, make-ready and automatic feeding took place under his observation. When some fellow would exhibit a new invention, just as like as not Charles Francis would be able to tell him that that was tried before he was born.

One who reads his book "Printing for Profit" is likely to be impressed with his knowledge and the wide variety of his information. But it is when details of some printing problem come up for personal discussion that one most realizes Mr. Francis' complete learning of all factors bearing on the matter in hand. From whatever angle a printing topic is approached, he makes you realize that he knows, and speaks from first-hand information. Is it paper-making, or the varieties and conditions of its use? He is as full of information as a manufacturer who has specialized on the sorts under discussion. Is it the constitution of metal for typecasting or slugs, or for making leads? He is equally conversant with conditions. Is it proportion and effect in display color printing? He knows the rules of color effects, and has an eye educated for harmonious tints and shades. Is it a question of the best way of binding a peculiar job? He has done such a job before, and knows all the intricacies and combinations of folding, and what can and what cannot be done to advantage. Is it a matter of finding a suitable ink for working under unusual and trying conditions? Ten to one he has met the same problem before, and remembers just how it was solved then. Is it a matter of calculation and bookkeeping to determine cost on work that is seemingly hopelessly entangled with other production so as to

defy time-keeping? Probably he will tell you how he found out such costs before you entered the arithmetic class at high school. Is it a matter of handling customers so as to avoid friction and disputes? With a broad smile he will show you how easy that is, and that the sure way to every man's confidence is to always tell him the simple truth. Is it a problem in economical arrangement of drawings to secure both good engraving and keep down cost? He knows every stunt in the picture business. Is it a question of getting results out of a battery of composing machines? He will not have to study it long before the solution is apparent.

So it is with the entire list of problems that assail the printer. Having met and solved most of them many times, and not being obliged to depend on the knowledge or guessing of others, Mr. Francis is equipped to save a deal of the money that is wasted in the average printery, in unwise effort and handling things without due foresight. Genius may accomplish many interesting things, but when it comes to manufacturing printing, nothing goes quite so far as a long line of experience, backed by plain common sense.

Printing is a business of infinite detail, and for economical production a job often has to pass through the hands of twenty or thirty men, each a specialist in some one thing. To move this human machine harmoniously and advantageously requires knowledge of the work of every one of these specialists, and that Charles Francis has, and this unusual versatility has contributed in no small degree to his wonderful success.

The Key to Success

SUCCESS or failure in life is not a matter of chance. All of Nature's laws are as positive as gravity, though not all of them operate as quickly. If we do things wisely or reasonably she rewards; if we do things irrationally and foolishly she punishes. It is the things we do, and the way in which we do them, as well as the way we omit doing things, that determine our experiences and our future. Emerson was right when he declared that the Law of Compensation pervaded all Nature, and was inescapable, for a result must always follow a cause. The Scriptures express the idea in the well-known verse, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

And so it is demonstrable that luck played no part in the career of Charles Francis. He got his wealth, position and friends because he earned and deserved them. He made right rules for governing himself, and he lived them. He became what he is because he pictured a future as a great printer, and labored to make this picture real. In his mind's eye, while he was yet a small printer, he saw himself conducting one of the world's greatest printeries. He never could have built up his great big business without previously picturing it in his mind long before it came true. The power to put the thought into life, and make it a real thing was his. He had the imagination to conceive, the ability to plan, the patience to handle the slow detail of circumstances leading to that end.

About 1902 one day Mr. Francis walked into the New York Printers' Board of Trade rooms, remarking "In a couple of months you will have to move me into Class A. I have ordered my fourteenth cylinder." At that time fourteen cylinder presses, or their equivalent, was the arbitrary limit in Board of Trade measurement that separated the "big" printing offices from the medium-sized concerns. Since coming into the recognized class of large plants the Charles Francis Press has doubled and nearly doubled again its annual production. All this was possible only because Mr. Francis planned rightly and built on a firm foundation. For many years his average additions to machinery were $500 a week in value; then they grew to $1000, and by 1918 they were running over $2000 a week.

Think of it! The equivalent of one small printing office bought for cash and added to the plant every week. Obviously an achievement such as this is not obtained by any chance or luck, but only by well-laid plans carefully worked out.

As a prelude to such success Mr. Francis had to draw about him and build up a force of intelligent and effective workers. Mostly they had to be trained, for never is it possible to find the best men, ready made to the work of a large printery. All the office heads grew up in the business. The department heads had good previous experience and developed under Mr. Francis' training and discipline. Having developed in himself the faculty of doing all detail work rightly, he instinctively educated his men. As the printing office grew, and he had to trust more and more to other men

to carry out his ideas, he selected them with care, gave broad general instructions and left them to carry out the details in their own way, demanding simply results.

He took no chances with his workmen, but made it his business to know what they did, as long as he had to pay for it. He seldom took anything for granted, but insisted on proof that all steps of the work in hand were correctly executed before the next step was taken. No bluffer ever lasted long in the office of the Charles Francis Press. Every man had to earn at least $1 a week above his pay for the establishment or quit; as a matter of fact they had to earn $2 or $3 a week on the average to pay ten per cent returns.

Mr. Francis established a system of bookkeeping that informed him every morning just where he stood. If things had eased up anywhere he went after the leak to stop it; he never let any wrong condition get ahead of him. He knew what every workman could do, and he built up a system of providing the necessary work, and seeing that it was attended to with more than ordinary care and accuracy. What this meant can be fully understood only by one who has done the same thing.

It meant that he had to find and tie up several scores of large customers, and several hundred small customers, binding them so tight to the establishment that they would feel that the only really satisfactory place to buy printing was at the Charles Francis Press.

It meant that these several hundred customers

should each and all receive such good, prompt service, together with fine printing comparatively free from errors, that they would voluntarily choose to patronize Charles Francis regardless of the drove of salesmen always hanging around them trying to pick up orders.

It meant that somebody must always keep in mind the work of each and every customer, and see that it moved along smoothly, and was executed correctly and on time. It is the neglect of these things that causes most printing offices to remain small; it was the insistence on these that caused the Francis Press business to grow, notwithstanding that growing costs obliged the concern to slowly but steadily increase its prices through the years of its history.

Anybody can buy a splendid outfit of printing machinery if he has the money, but it will not make a successful printery without a selected crew of competent men, each fitting in his place. There must be the men behind the mechanism just as the men must be behind the guns in a battleship to fight effectively. Charles Francis had to find the money and train the men, and he did both in twenty years, and had enough spare time to work more effectively for the printing trade as a whole than any other man that can be named.

When Charles Francis hired a man he first found out what he could do well, what he was good for, and put him on work suited to his ability. If a man did not fit the work, he shifted him if possible, or kindly invited him to move on, perhaps suggesting to him what he thought he could do to advantage. He could

not tolerate an incompetent workman, but was kindness itself to those who had not had the chance to learn, and gave all possible opportunity to men to develop in his place. He never was satisfied with the lack of system in the trade which produced a great army of half-trained men unfit to earn their livings, but gave his time, money and efforts to the development of proper schools of instruction for apprentices.

When the Francis business grew beyond the point where he could hire his own help, he had his department heads trained according to his own proven methods, so that the performance of every man was known every day and each one was impressed with his personal responsibility. New men coming in either quickly learned to fall in with the system, and become useful gears in the machine, or else were promptly dropped out. Thus his own methods of accurate work permeated the establishment. He managed so that the little things were sure to be done right, and the big results were bound to follow.

The difference between a smart or clever man and a great man lies mainly in the better "balance" of the latter. We all know men who impress us with their talk, who work hard, are cheerful and friendly, honest and energetic, but who never get beyond an average position because somewhere they lack balance. Every great man has this quality of equilibrium. He never goes to extremes; he requires no more of his help than they can do; he makes allowances for human weaknesses; he never does things in a hurry; he knows that the essential thing is to do everything right, and that

consideration and care and not hurry bring about the real accomplishment. Charles Francis was emphatically well balanced. He took care of his health, always had a clear head, made friends wherever he went, established a reputation for telling the exact truth, did good work all the time, and tried in every way to please customers. He never allowed any little weakness to get ahead of him. He seldom over-trusted people, nor was he suspicious of them. By using others well he secured good treatment from them. If he did not know a thing, he was never too proud to ask some one who did know, and the next time the point came up the knowledge was his. These are the things that "balance" accomplishes, being that quality that prevents a man from going too far in any given direction, from becoming notional or a faddist. In all business problems he sought the simple common-sense solution, and he usually found it.

Everything that Charles Francis undertook to do at all he would do well. He would keep an appointment with a "nobody" just as sacredly as with his best customer. If a big job of printing did not fit his place he had the courage to turn it away. If a job was underestimated and likely to show a loss, he insisted on its being done exactly as well as if it was a big money-earner for the plant; but when he was through he informed the customer that the work could not be repeated at the price. He never leaned on an assistant or department head until the man was proved out. Only when such a man demonstrated that he always could and would produce on time did Mr. Francis trust him fully. Himself the most orderly

and systematic of men, he imbued system and order in all his subordinates. His desk was always neat and accumulations of papers cleared up every day, and this example was followed throughout the place. His knowledge of small details was marvelous. As an instance, once when communication was needed with a customer on a holiday, it transpired that Mr. Francis was the only one who had taken down his home phone, and could thus arrange communication with him.

By such alertness did he keep his men up to their best efforts. If they fell down anywhere he seemed sure to know it, and so their performances became exceptional.

The self-control which Charles Francis exhibited on all occasions was remarkable. It seemed that nothing could occur to upset his calmness. When a press broke down, or a customer was angry and excited, or a walking delegate was particularly unreasonable—on such occasions he was as cool and even-tempered and collected as among his friends in his own drawing room. Always serene, always placid, regardless of whether others were upset and excited, no storm seemed capable of disturbing him; he had solved the problem of avoiding worry.

A competing printer once remarked, "Francis always represents everything as going well—business is always good, prices satisfactory, customers paying their bills—never anything wrong or disquieting. I don't believe it is always sunshiny with him. He just wants us to think his business is good." This printer did not really know Charles Francis, or understand that he would not allow things to disturb him, but

always looked at the sunny side of the way. He secured pleasing conditions around him because he always expected them and always deserved them. Had he been careless in selecting his workmen, or slack in observing their performance, or too easy with slow-paying customers, he would have had things to worry about; but just because he made a specialty of doing all the little things right, and thought before he acted, he escaped the annoyances and worries that tear the soul of the average printer.

A past master in the College of Friendship could not give Charles Francis any pointers on making friends. He cultivated every customer and studied him, and if his trade was worth the effort he would give his own time to winning that man's friendship, or appoint one of his subordinates to keep in touch with him, and secure such friendly relations that the man would want to patronize the Charles Francis Press. He practiced none of the vulgar salesmen's notions of getting close to a customer, never handed out cigars or offered to treat, or fell over a man with false politeness. His way was to treat every man as a gentleman, to find out what he wanted in a business way, to take an interest in his business problems, to give an exceptionally prompt service, to see that the customer's every want was cheerfully served, to make him feel that his patronage was valued, to give good measure in all things; if there was a dispute, to grant everything the customer wanted, so as to disarm him, and not leave a shade of irritation; to have each customer waited on by a man with whom he was personally harmonious, and by such means to win the respect

and confidence, and thus the friendship of every customer.

And friend-making was not confined to customers by any means. Employees, casual acquaintances, neighbors, competitors, all were apt to fall under the spell of his charm of manner and invariable courtesy and kindness. By never entertaining any bitter or harsh thoughts in his own mind of any, Charles Francis invited the kind and friendly thought of all with whom he came in contact. And this is the simple formula for making friends which all of us can follow if we will.

Many who know Charles Francis have wondered how he could give so much time to the Board of Trade, Typothetæ, and especially to the Printers' League, and not allow his own business to suffer from lost time and attention. Such people do not realize that there is in Nature a Law of Compensation, of balance in receiving and giving. He who gives much has much returned to him. By arduous labor for the stoppage of trade war, by time given to building up the Printers' League, and developing the Hudson Guild school for apprentices, Mr. Francis did indeed invest thousands of dollars' worth of time, losing it from his more immediate printing business—but he did so much for others that this came back to him.

Competitors openly recommended him to publishers, and sent him orders they could not handle. All sorts of associates freely advertised his plant and service. Tips as to good work came from all directions. Competitors seldom canvassed Francis' customers, not desiring to win trade from one who was

working for them in the associations. Large customers, finding that so many printers spoke well of Francis, took their cue, and trade flowed to his establishment. Thus was the law fulfilled, that by giving much he received much.

Francis, Financier

WORKING with type, press and ink seems only to lead men away from financial problems. Few printers have the knowledge of banking and finance that has come to Charles Francis. When asked where he learned banking, he replied:

"In Louisville, Ky., I took my first real lesson in banking and finance. Within three years I was called upon to pull two printing and publishing propositions out of deep holes, and it taught me the absolute necessity of viewing printing from a standpoint of dollars and cents — how to put myself in a banker's place, and perceive how he considers loans to printers and printing houses."

In the chapter on "Twenty Years in Western Printeries," is told the story of C. C. Cline & Co., whose treasury Charles Francis found some $12,000 to the bad, and which he built up into the Guide Publishing Co., and left as a prosperous $100,000 concern. The Argus proposition, which is told in the same chapter, was worse, for here the debts exceeded the assets by sixty times. To run the Argus plant, he had to have money, and believing that half a bank's business was loaning, he went to a banker to get it. The average printer would not have done this, for he argues that banks loan only to prosperous concerns and that when assets are away below par, no bank will consider them.

Mr. Francis induced a house which had considerable to lose if the Argus Company went under, to indorse accommodation notes for them, and then called on a nearby banker, telling him frankly what a "rotten" financial condition the house was in, and asked if he would discount for them. The banker was impressed by the fact that he told the entire truth and kept nothing back, making no effort to swell the assets of the Argus Company nor to hide any bad conditions. Thus, he secured his first point with the bank, winning the official's confidence and securing an arrangement for the regular discounting of similar accommodation notes, which supplied the Argus concern with cash during the remainder of its checkered career. Up to the day of its final demise, the Argus Company could borrow money of the bank, which never lost a cent by the transaction, although the company did eventually close up, paying 40 cents on the dollar, all of which percentage was practically earned and saved by the good management of Mr. Francis.

This is referred to here as illustrating the point that no business can be run without cash capital, and that insufficiency of cash being a growing and common evil in the printing trade, the obvious remedy is to borrow; and in order to borrow the printer must establish confidential relations with a bank. Every printer should make it his business to cultivate a banker, so that the bank, which loans money, may come to look upon him as a possible customer for money.

The small printer is apt to go to some banker whom he does not know, and with whom there is no affinity.

Without friendship, or at least business acquaintance, he gets nowhere, for his proffered business is too small to interest the banker, who cannot afford to go to the cost of investigating for the small possible return. It is therefore a foregone conclusion that the banker who does not know him will turn down any request for discounting a note. This is to be expected. But with a little care and circumspection, the printer who who is honest and capable, and does a safe business, can get all the accommodations he needs.

When a banker knows you, and comes to look upon you as a safe and steady business man, you may be able to borrow as you need, if you know and observe the rules of the game. But he is apt to be a little shy at first. An incident will serve to illustrate how borrowing relations are sometimes established with bankers. When the Charles Francis Press was a young concern, with a big mortgage and just getting along, a customer wanted to open his account with a $900 note for ninety days. The Press needed both the business and the money, so the note was accepted and taken to the bank that carried their modest account. New York bankers rather sniff at small loans as a rule, but this bank president said:

"This note is too large for us to discount for you. If it were smaller I would take it." So Mr. Francis took the note back to his customer and got it split into two notes for $450 each. Taking one of these to the banker, the latter, without hesitation, placed it to the credit of the Charles Francis Press. But the other $450 was wanted. He asked a friendly customer for an introduction to his banker and got one of those

real, good friendly introductions, that mean something because they show faith in the one introduced. The second banker agreed to discount the other $450, to remain with them as an account, which proved good policy for the bank.

At the present writing, the Charles Francis Press has accounts in five banks, the largest account being in the bank which it has preferred to use, and the other ones serving not only to distribute the funds, but also to separate the cash for specific purposes and maintain accounts upon which certain officers of the company can conveniently draw, without interfering with the large accounts. Houses of this standing no longer solicit loans of the banks; the banks ask for the privilege of loaning them money, just as other lines of trade ask for the custom of good people.

In the youthful days of a printing house, when its financial foundation is not so secure, it is very apt to rely on the machinery manufacturer and the paper house to carry its financial indebtedness. This is a way, but not the best way, for the machinery manufacturers and the paper houses have to charge for this intermediary service. They borrow at the banks, giving up the printer's paper as security, and they charge the printer 6 per cent per annum and often get the money for 5 per cent per annum and also they get a full 5 per cent higher price in the case of machinery, and 2 or 3 per cent on monthly paper bills, which means 24 to 36 per cent per annum.

As soon as a printer acquires any financial standing, it is incumbent on him to discount his paper bills to save the 2 or 3 per cent monthly. But not all

printers know enough to establish conditions by which they can borrow at the bank at 6 per cent, and so have the cash to discount monthly bills which, because of the method, involve much higher interest if not discounted.

When it is borne in mind, that about one-fifth of a printer's money goes to buy new machinery and supplies, and that he can save 5 per cent. of this by paying cash, it is obvious that this is equivalent to 1 per cent. of his entire expenses, and as printing is a 10 per cent. business, this means that buying machinery and supplies for cash may make a difference of one-tenth of the printer's annual profit. Looked at in this light, it becomes vastly more important to save this cash discount, than it would appear as ordinarily figured.

As soon as the Charles Francis Press was strong enough, Mr. Francis took advantage of the banking conditions which have been suggested here, and bought wholly for cash. This strengthened his position in the financial world, and some years later when it became desirable to purchase about $70,000 worth of machinery within a few months, he borrowed $20,000 from a bank without asking for it, so as to make entire cash payments. At this time he considered an extra issue of stock or of bonds to meet the large purchase; but when he mentioned the matter to a banker friend, the latter advised him against either, saying:

"We are in business to loan money; we like to loan to people like you who do business right. Take $20,000 from us, and the longer you keep it the better we shall be pleased."

When Mr. Francis located his summer home in Nyack, N. Y., he was soon invited to take a place in the directory of a local trust company, which position he has held about ten years, at this writing. This experience as a director, proved very valuable, giving an insight into banking, from the point of view of the lender. Perhaps before this book reaches the publisher, he may be president of a New York bank, as I am informed that he has been offered this position, but hesitated to accept any more responsibilities.

Mr. Francis says that men of broad business experience make the best bank directors. It is desirable to have men actively engaged in different enterprises. One lawyer on a directory is very useful, but it proves a mistake to fill up a board largely with legal talent. The lawyer's experience in the business world is one-sided, as he usually has to deal with things that are abnormal. He is a sort of undertaker in the business world, being called in when there are difficulties and things are going wrong. His experience with constructive matters is slight. The solid men, who have built up businesses of their own, are the safest men to run a bank and vote as to its loans. Some one or more officers of a bank, as a cashier or secretary, should be in a position to mix with the customers and know them. This is especially important in large cities, for in the smaller cities most business men get to know most of the others. While it is true that bankers have most excellent systems of reporting on credits, they cannot know too much of the habits of people whose money they handle, or to whom they make loans. They have to know more than many people think, and many a

merchant who indulges in private escapades and small speculations on the side, would be surprised to know how regularly these things are reported to his bank.

Very large loans are divided up by banks, and offered to corresponding banks. Some very large and responsible banking house handles the loan, and writes to other banks that they can have so many thousands of this loan, on such terms, if they wish. Since the propositions are always safe, they are seriously considered everywhere, and those banks having idle money, are very apt to accept their proportion, and the directors vote to put so much into the loan, which thus goes out of the town and locality. This appears both easier and safer than making small loans to local parties of small means, and it is no wonder that local borrowers are not encouraged for small amounts.

Referring again to Nyack, this town furnishes an illustration of what local competition in banks can accomplish. When there was one bank only in the town, there were no safe deposit vaults. Ten years later, with one National Bank, and one live Trust Company, both had handsome buildings, and fine vaults, and the National Bank carried over $2,500,000 deposits while the Trust Company had about $2,000,000. Within a decade the local deposits increased nearly ten times. It is reasonable to infer that this was largely a matter of bringing back to Nyack money which its citizens had on deposit elsewhere, probably mostly in New York City. Such a condition is of course better for the town, keeping the money in the place, and making it much easier for local merchants to borrow,

because they are known at the bank which has their money.

Mr. Francis advises not only employing printers, but all business men, to make some study of banking, because it is becoming essential to the carrying on of every large enterprise. It used to be considered a mistake to borrow. Now large commercial transactions are usually handled on borrowed capital. The use of money at certain times is bought just as one buys the use of a freight car or of an electrotype foundry. Money has come to have an established value of 5 to 6 per cent, and should earn this all the time; but as few concerns find it practicable to keep large amounts continually employed, borrowing has become the recognized and reasonable remedy to provide extra cash at the times when it is needed.

The larger the business house is, the more it has to borrow; small concerns require to borrow in proportion, but cannot do this unless the proprietors study financial methods and proceed according to the accepted rules, which will earn them the confidence of the banks.

Bank officials have come to place more reliance on a man's known character and habits of prompt payment, than on his high rating. A man rated at $10,000 and as A-1 in prompt payments can borrow more than one rated at $30,000 and regarded as slow pay or speculative and erratic.

There are no end of details of financial transactions, a knowledge of which enables one to improve the conditions of his business. A good instance of this is observable in the manner in which Mr. Francis rescued

a dining club in New York from a poor financial condition and placed it upon a highly prosperous basis. He was asked to take the position of club treasurer just because the club was in a bad way, and some good business man was needed to help it out. He found the club doing a business of about $200,000 a year, but $35,000 in debt and four months behind in its ordinary bills, besides going behind about $9,000 a year. The membership totaled about 600 and was falling off. The only remedy proposed had been to reduce the floor space rented by resigning some of the space to the landlord.

Inside of six months Mr. Francis had changed this proposition and put the club on a paying basis, this remarkable achievement being accomplished by the following wise business moves:

1. He had the initiation fee of $50 restored, it having been suspended with the idea of bringing in new members more rapidly. Mr. Francis felt that this only invited an undesirable class of members and that the club needed the initiation money to get new members. He further hunted up a company that made a business of building up memberships and arranged to pay them one-half the initiation fees to get in new members. Within six months they had 100 new members.

2. He went to the landlord and said: "We are a club of gentlemen, carrying on this club largely for your benefit. We make no money, and do not try to; the larger part of our income goes to you. We cannot pay the present rent, but if you want to keep us on the basis of a rental proportioned to our receipts from dues, we can stay, and when we work up to 800 mem-

bers and over, you will be getting full rent again. Thus it will be worth your while to help us increase the membership, because this means more rent for you." This the landlord, like a sensible man, agreed to, substantially.

3. There was a high class restaurant on a lower floor of the building where the club was, which had complained that the club interfered with its business by selling meals at a lower price. Mr. Francis visited the proprietor, asked for a discussion of conditions, learning that they were a branch of a large hotel concern which bought foodstuffs at the lowest rates. He then agreed to keep with them in prices for meals, if they would buy the large items of food for the dining club, giving it the advantage of their discounts through being large buyers. The deal went through, saving the dining club about $2000 a year.

4. In order to clear off the $35,000 debt, Mr. Francis issued 7-year debenture coupon bonds of a very favorable character, which members could purchase, getting 5 per cent interest, and using the coupons to make payments to the club. The coupons were so arranged that they included payments on the principal, so that when the coupons were all used up, at the end of seven years, the principal was also paid. The bonds sold rapidly to the club members, and thus the debt was lifted, and a simple means provided for wiping it out eventually.

As a result of these four sensible moves, the club was transformed from a losing institution, which would probably have gone to pieces, and was made a profitable concern, its debt absorbed, and various par-

ties were interested in systematically continuing the building up of the membership so as to keep the club in good financial condition. At the end of three years the debts had been wiped out and $25,000 handed over to the incoming treasurer.

On another occasion Mr. Francis did a similar work for a boating club which was eight or ten thousand dollars in debt, wiping out the loss, and placing it again on a solid foundation.

These are the sort of things that a knowledge of finance and the methods of handling money enable a wise business man to accomplish. Good bankers know how to do it, while good printers, as a rule, do not. This chapter may serve to suggest to some printers the advisability of actually studying banking methods for their own good, in order that the means for securing and managing money may become familiar to them.

Miscellaneous Activities and Incidents

THERE are a host of interesting things in the life of every active man, and many of those connected with the career of Charles Francis have been gathered together here, not seeming to find appropriate places in other chapters.

In the winter when the Kingston, West India, earthquake startled the world, and the city of Kingston, Jamaica, was almost wiped off the map, Charles Francis and family were within forty miles of the center of the disaster, having left ill-fated Kingston only two days before the terrific upheaval which devastated the immediate surroundings. On the fateful Monday afternoon in question, Mr. Francis, his son Reginald, and daughter, Mrs. Lillian M. Fitch, were at Port Antonio, a shore resort some forty miles north of Kingston.

The bath houses of the Hotel Titchfield, where they stopped, were about a half mile off shore, where there was a boardwalk on a sandbar, and communication was had with the shore by small boats. Mrs. Fitch was on the boardwalk and Mr. Francis and Reginald were in bathing when the first earthquake shock came. The first intimation the bathers had of anything wrong was seeing a colored attendant running out along the dock, followed by Mrs. Fitch, the colored boy yelling "Run out! Run out!" Then the bath house commenced to rock. Mr. Francis ran to the side of his daughter. They first observed that the water had

become riley; the next sign of alarm was when a young native ran out of a bath house partly dressed and jumped into the water, yelling "Earthquake!" It was later learned that his experience covered sixteen similar disturbances. He seemed to be familiar with such occurrences, and to know the proper thing to do, but they did not feel like following him.

Soon a new fear assailed them, however, in remembering that a tidal wave is very apt to follow a seismic disturbance. As a matter of fact there was such a wave, but it came from a direction that did not affect that shore of the island on which they were, but swept the coast some ten miles west. A party of about fifteen bathers waited at the bath docks about an hour before a boat came and took them ashore.

On arriving at the hotel, Mr. Francis went straight to the clerk, and asked whether there was an extra charge for the earthquake show, and being answered in the negative, was requested to look in the ladies' writing room, which was completely denuded of plaster. The dining room was also partially wrecked, while the upper floors were very little injured. The whole affair was not considered very serious at that time.

On the second day a much heavier shock occurred. Mr. Francis was in a drug store at the time, and reported that he never before saw glassware dance and smash the way it did there. The bottles and jars started dancing on the shelves, and falling in all directions. Everybody rushed to the streets. The vibrations were terrific. The wall of the court house fell out; nothing seemed stable. Everybody was ex-

cited and nervous. As Mr. Francis came tumbling out of the drug store in hot haste, he fell flat in a collision with a colored woman. Neither was hurt, and with the others they rushed away from the buildings. Some ran around and wrung their hands, others got down on their knees and prayed, in fact some of the groups gathered in open spaces resembled out-of-door camp meetings, very like an old-fashioned revival.

Mr. Francis and his son moved toward their hotel, looking for his daughter. She was soon found, and reported seeing one man jump excitedly over the rail of a balcony to the ground, and then, observing that the hotel was not tumbling, vault quickly back again to where he and his wife had been playing cards. Few were rational and self-possessed. This second shake-up was worse than the first, and unnerved a good many because of the possibility of more and worse shocks to come. The local railway was broken down, but automobiles had started across the island, and after a time vague reports of a great disaster began to come in. Many autos started for Kingston, from which dire reports were reaching Port Antonio, but found the roads so blocked they came back. On the third day a steamer came around from Kingston, and then they had the first real news of the extent and frightfulness of the calamity. Refugees came ashore, some in a state bordering on insanity, filled with tales of the horrors left behind, and the dead and maimed they had seen.

Few slept that awful night. Some of the travelers found each other, and related what they had seen and heard, including some of their own narrow escapes

from falling buildings. One gentleman saw a party of eight tourists caught and killed under a falling wall. One lady was lying down, and the side of the building fell out, part of the floor giving way, and her bed was left hanging over an abyss. Her husband rushed up and rescued her, as she was too frightened to move, fearing a motion would precipitate her support.

The local government seemed totally unable to cope with the situation, probably because of the breaking down of telegraph and telephone communication, and the fleeing from their posts of many of those engaged in ordinary service; the workers in the stricken territory had largely disappeared. Many of the people on the island slept outdoors, hanging on to their small valuables.

Starvation would have followed, but that help began to come in from outside. The Francis family felt that the best thing they could do was to come away at the first opportunity, leaving so many less to feed, and with a company of 180 they embarked on the fruit steamer *Admiral Sampson.* As they steamed out they met and cheered several American battleships, coming in to relieve the stricken inhabitants.

* * * * * *

The Printers' Board of Trade of New York was organized in 1900 under the style of the Ben Franklin Club. Charles Francis was chosen on the first board of managers, being one of the organizers of the movement. For many years he was active in the organization, and did pioneer work in developing friendly relations between competitors in the printing trade. There were social gatherings as well as business, and at one

of these in 1902, he enlivened the occasion by presenting the following poem, which created much amusement at the time:

THE PRINTERS' HALL OF FAME

1

A man named Wm. Brewster
To New York City came
In the year of 1900
To start a little game
To interest the printers
To raise their prices up
And keep the red-flag salesmen
From filling up their cup.

He ought to have a tablet
In the Hall of Fame;
There should be something there
In honor of his name.
Alas, men of this kind
You'll rarely ever find,
And he ought to have a tablet
In the Hall of Fame.

2

First President R. W. Smith
Was of the Franklin Club,
And well sustained his great repute
As coming from the Hub;
Marshalled well his motley host
Of forty printers rare
And raised them up to the front place
With most assiduous care.

He ought to have a tablet
In the Hall of Fame;
There should be something there
In honor of his name.
Of noble heroes bold
He knocks them all quite cold,
And he ought to have a tablet
In the Hall of Fame.

3

Manager John H. Williams,
The man of greatest guff,
He kept the movement going well
And made of the right stuff,
Landed next the President
Of a Trust Company.
The boys gave him a send-off
With compliments a many.

He ought to have a tablet
In the Hall of Fame;
There should be something there
In honor of his name.
The "rag" he cannot write,
But he chews it out of sight,
And he ought to have a tablet
In the Hall of Fame.

4

Our President, William Green,
Of executive fame,
Has shown the printers that he's
Not so green as his name.

His wife has often asked him
If he resides at home;
Promised when he's through with this
He never more will roam.

He ought to have a tablet
In the Hall of Fame;
There should be something there
In honor of his name.
His birthdays are not rare,
Oh! he has them everywhere,
And he ought to have a tablet
In the Hall of Fame.

5

Our Manager, M. L. Griswold,
A quiet man is he;
He thinks a lot before he speaks,
And fosters unity.
He has made it near a hundred
Of printers good and rare,
And the binders he has put right
While sitting in his chair.

He ought to have a window
In the Hall of Fame;
There should be something there
In honor of his name.
He'll see you after lunch
If you want to join the bunch,
And he ought to have a window
In the Hall of Fame.

William B. Brewster, mentioned in the above, was the originator of the Franklin Club movement in America. In its inception it was styled the Minneapolis plan, from Mr. Brewster's home city, where the first club was formed and made a success. Chicago and Buffalo and a few smaller cities fell into line, and then Mr. Brewster came to New York. Employers in the printing trade of the big city were inclined to be dubious, but when they learned that the plan was actually working in Chicago they began to take interest, and finally 37 charter members were signed up, and the Franklin Club of New York became a living fact, continuing for a dozen years, becoming later the Printers' Board of Trade.

Mr. Francis was one of the 37, and besides being a member of the first board of managers, was active in committee work. After the New York city organization had proved a success, Mr. Francis took a summer vacation to the land of his birth, and visited in old London. There he was asked to address a gathering of the larger London printers on "American Methods in Printing." They were very much interested in what he told them of the movement in America, and their influence in checking destructive competition, and Mr. McCorquodale, who conducted one of the largest printeries in the world, sent Mr. Francis an invitation for a further talk before other printers, but he was unable to give the matter more time.

He gave them Mr. Brewster's address, however, and it was not long before they got together and sent him an invitation to come over and organize the printers of Great Britain. As a result, during the fol-

lowing two years the larger printing houses in all the large cities of England were organized by Mr. Brewster. Hazell, Watson & Viney, McCorquodale, Spottiswood & Co., Waterlow Brothers, and practically all the larger printers of London came into the movement, and after the metropolitan body was working well, similar clubs were formed in Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Belfast, Glasgow, Newcastle, etc. As the name Franklin Club was scarcely appropriate in England, these boards of trade, as they really were, came to be known as Abbey Clubs. The cities of England being in such close proximity, it became practicable to exchange information between them, in a way that was impossible in the United States, because of the greater distances here. A nation-wide organization of the British poster printers was also formed, operating on principles first worked out in America.

It was not long before a demand came from the Parisian printers to learn the methods of the new movement. They sent for Mr. Brewster and financed a trip for him to come to Paris and explain to them through an interpreter the workings of the plan, of which they promptly approved, and adopted with local modifications.

Later, Mr. Brewster explained the workings of the printers' clubs to a prominent Australian printer, and the plan was taken to the Antipodes. Mr. Brewster frankly credits Mr. Francis with opening the way for this international extension of the Franklin Club idea, which has so much modified the rigors of competition in the printing trade.

The Franklin Club movement extended to many American cities, and in their early history they were run as clubs, the members being employing printers in competition, who desired to bring about systematic estimating, and to stop ruinous competition. In some larger cities these Franklin Clubs developed into Boards of Trade, and became adjuncts of the Typothetæ. In other cities, after the failure of the Typothetæ to win against the 1906 strike, the local printers dropped out of the Typothetæ in many instances, so that a number of its branches lapsed. In many such cases the local employers maintained a Franklin Club organization, and through this handled any business they deemed convenient.

Thus, after a time, the condition came about that there was a much weakened United Typothetæ, and a lot of unorganized and disconnected Franklin Clubs. About 1912 there was a gathering in Denver of representatives of Franklin Clubs, at which Mr. Francis presided. The subject of consideration was some feasible means of cooperating with the Typothetæ, and a vote was taken to bring the matter to the attention of the United Typothetæ for action. The proposition as made at that time to the Typothetæ, was turned down by that body, mainly because those who made the proposal were unorganized, and therefore unable to deliver the Franklin Clubs to the Typothetæ for amalgamation.

Mr. Francis then suggested that the Franklin Clubs organize as a national body, and see what could be done to work with the Typothetæ rather than outside of it, as the older organization had by this time

devoted most of its energies to cost finding, with the hope of bettering price conditions through the country. A meeting was therefore called in Chicago in 1912, and the Ben Franklin Clubs of America established, W. J. Hartman being the first president and Charles Francis the first vice-president. The Franklin Clubs lasted a little more than a year, and then amalgamated with the United Typothetæ, under the somewhat clumsy title of the United Typothetæ and Franklin Clubs of America. Thus again Mr. Francis put "another feather in his cap" by being largely instrumental in pointing out the way in which these two important bodies in the printing trade might work together in unity.

* * * * * *

Every strong man makes opponents because of the things that he does, and Charles Francis has been no exception. When he organized the Printers' League some of the malcontents were sure his main purpose was to ruin the older organization, the Typothetæ, and when he secured the interest of Joseph J. Little, ex-Congressman, ex-President of the N. Y. Typothetæ and ex-leader in the United Typothetæ, and induced him to accept office in the League, some were quite sure that Mr. Little and Mr. Francis had sold out to the Unions, and were about to disrupt the trade. They could not understand employers having amicable relations with their supposed enemies, the trade unions.

It is therefore interesting, in this connection, to tell the story, now put in print for the first time, of how Mr. Francis persuaded Mr. Little to throw the weight of his influence with the Printers' League, which was

then an infant organization. He had worked with Mr. Little off and on for a year, without success, but finally landed him with this argument:

Mr. Francis—"Has the Typothetæ ever really accomplished anything with the Unions—that is anything of permanent value?"

Mr. Little—"I can't say that it has."

Mr. Francis—"Let me put it stronger. Have not the Typothetæ methods of handling union matters been rank failures, leaving the employers' organization bankrupt?"

Mr. Little—"I shall have to concede that also. We have accomplished just nothing."

Mr. Francis—"Then why not try my plan of consultation and conciliation? Let us harmonize with them instead of fighting them. Instead of allowing them to make all the rules, and we accepting them after strikes, let us have an organization by which we work together on shop rules and conditions, and arrive at agreements." (And more to the same effect.)

Mr. Little—"I think you are right. I'll come with you, and give the new method a thorough trial."

And he did. This man of wonderful abilities joined the League and remained in it, and worked with it until he died, lending a powerful influence to the League methods of cooperation with the unions. Though then well advanced in years, he was one of the most valuable assistants Mr. Francis had in establishing League principles in the printing trade of America.

Mixing in Outside Enterprises

EVERY man who builds up a great business has his experiences in other and outside lines of trade or speculation — in excursions made into other avenues of activity not connected with the one main line in which success has been achieved. We all acquire knowledge to some degree by experimenting, and we like variety, so it seems to be universally true that every man in his time tries many things. Furthermore, as a rule, these side ventures prove unremunerative if not losing propositions. One man will make a great success as a publisher, and fail in his printing propositions; another can always make good in operating a print shop, but loses all he puts into publications. A magazine publisher who was notably successful in publishing story magazines, and also operating with Wall Street cliques tried buying newspapers half a dozen times, and lost money on every one he touched.

Charles Francis never was what might be called a speculator; his methods always were of the safe and sure kind; yet he has had his experiences in other things besides printing, and his life record in these outside businesses is not different from that of other prominent captains of industry. He is modest enough to admit that he never was able to make money in side ventures, or when dabbling in lines to which he had not been trained, and that pretty much all the losses written on the wrong side of his individual

ledger have been due to embarking in things of which he was less informed than printing.

He makes no claim to having had that magic trace of genius that turned into gold everything he touched, far from it, his experience points to results obtained by patient plodding and a careful regard to all the small details which go to make perfection, or as near perfection as human beings can hope to attain.

With the exception of his first boyish loss in a New Zealand printery, where he dropped the money he earned in sculling, he never failed to make money in operating a printing office. Here he was on firm ground, knowing the conditions and doing the safe and sure things; while any investments in other lines were always of necessity based largely on the views or opinions of others, or on information that was not wholly complete or verifiable. Mr. Francis talks quite freely of the matters in which he took chances and gained his experience in the wisdom of sticking to printing as a means of making money. On one occasion he gave the writer most of an afternoon telling of what he had done—or perhaps it should be expressed as what he had not done—in other fields. He was as willing to talk of his non-successes as of his successful investments and enterprises, appreciating the point that such a history as this would be incomplete without a chapter on these incidents. He has no false pride to prevent him from telling of those things which point the moral to every young man—that business success is achieved by sticking to the things one knows, and not by following the inclinations.

Outside enterprises are most alluring at times, apt

to look better than they are because one sees the possibilities of income, while—through lack of knowledge of the business—not seeing the costly and expensive detail essential to making such a goal. This appears to be why so few men even of talent attain large results in a new or foreign occupation, and why men of very average abilities often do well by sticking to the thing they have learned and know.

At one time or another Mr. Francis has bought and sold real estate of considerable value, but admits that until recent years he never made any money in that way. As a rule he was not trying to make money by his realty transactions. He has occasionally bought building lots, and when a young man in Minneapolis held a few that cost him $100 each. After a few years, seeing no signs of increased valuation, he tired of the investment, and let them go at the same price he paid. A large department store now stands on the ground he once owned, and his entire investment would not now buy a foot frontage there. Had he hung on, his hundreds would have grown to thousands without effort on his part.

When living in Chicago, he bought a cottage in the suburb of Englewood, for $3,000, on long time. He was obliged to quit this as a residence when he went to Little Rock. On returning to Chicago a few years later, the natural thing was to reside in his own house, but the neighborhood had so depreciated through the location of a nearby freight terminal, that Mrs. Francis promptly declined to consider it, and as the rental was small and uncertain, he was forced to dispose of the house at a considerable loss. He bought and sold

other property on a few occasions, but with neither material gain or loss.

At Nyack, N. Y., Mr. Francis purchased and developed some realty for his own pleasure, his daughter laying out one of the most beautiful suburban residences in the town, on the famous River Drive, south of Hook Mountain, and overlooking Tappan Zee Bay. The ground is exquisitely terraced, and laid out in flower beds, one great bank of phlox-subulata being visible clear across the Hudson. But this property was never intended to be a money maker, being an investment for a summer home, and for the entertainment of his friends.

Just north of this residence property is the Nyack shipyard, in which Mr. Francis at one time had invested a total of about $12,000. This shipyard was developed by other parties, for the building of motor boats, which proved to be a growing industry. Being interested in motor boating, Mr. Francis naturally took a theoretical interest in seeing the shipyard make progress, and had some knowledge of its affairs. At length he put $5,000 into it, to help out a man who had been employed to operate his own motor boat. Shortly thereafter it seemed the right thing to put this man in charge of the shipyard. Then it developed that though he was a good mechanic, operating the business of a shipyard was entirely beyond his capacity, and soon Mr. Francis found that in order to save his $5,000 he had to take over the entire yard, becoming responsible for a total of $35,000. He put his adopted son, William G. Toland, in charge, and gave a good deal of his own time, and so managed to save the invest-

ment, doing a business of $30,000, for the one year which he owned it.

While it became apparent that shipbuilding was not a bad business, and that he could make it go, yet it involved taking so much time from his printing business, which was far more valuable, that he saw it was a mistake to continue, and when there was a favorable opportunity, he disposed of the yard. Later this yard was utilized for building submarine chasers and small wooden craft for the Government, and considerable money was made.

Only on one occasion did Mr. Francis cut loose altogether from the printing business, and devote all his time, money and energy to a totally different vocation, outside of the field in which he had been trained by so many years of practical experience. He became interested in a Block, Switch and Frog Company, when he came to New York. This concern was based upon an invention of a radical and ingenious character, that was designed to automatically prevent collisions, by stopping both of the opposed trains when they came dangerously near. It attracted the attention of many prominent mechanical engineers and railway people, and was endorsed by men of high standing and wide experience. One of these was C. C. Martin, chief engineer and manager for many years of the Brooklyn Bridge, who introduced it on that structure.

The system was also applied to a section of railway near Joliet, Ill., and on the Staten Island Rapid Transit Ry. Mr. Francis got into the Company early, and bought quite a block of the stock on what appeared most favorable terms. He was so interested that he

gave up other business, accepted an official position with the Company, and gave his time to it for two years.

The sample installations worked beautifully, and after a time they received a tentative offer from the Pennsylvania Railway interests for its use for $300,000 but accompanied with some conditions looking to control of the invention. Mr. Francis was in favor of accepting this offer, believing that the Railway people had gone as far as they felt justified at the time, and that it was a good plan to accept this chance for all parties to make a handsome profit. But the official board of the Block, Switch and Frog Company were not business men in the ordinary sense, being made up of the ones who had happened to be the largest investors. The instant they heard of $300,000 they wanted a million, and decided that the Pennsylvania people would pay one figure as quickly as another, and so they held out for the larger sum—and never got it.

In the course of time the patent had a very decided setback. It was learned that the railways objected to the cost of installation—about $1,000 a mile, as interfering with their paying dividends; the invention made operation safer, but brought in no money, and most of them thought their stockholders would not approve of it. Next it appeared that the severe conditions of expansion and contraction in this strenuous northern climate, where frogs and switches are subjected to extreme differences of temperature of 140 degrees in the course of a year, rendered the device uncertain in periods of excessive heat or great cold.

This condition could not be overcome, and in the course of time the entire proposition went to pieces.

No money was made by anybody. As the years rolled on the patents expired and became public property. Then a few roads took it up, and today it is in use in certain parts of the Elevated system in New York City.

In this speculation Mr. Francis dropped nearly all of his accumulation up to that time, representing the savings of a number of years of hustling in printing. He had expected to reap a comfortable fortune, and at the time he went in, the proposition looked as safe as any other business, for the invention had been thoroughly tested, as it was supposed, and the patent had been demonstrated to be sound. Yet it was a total loss, which he pocketed philosophically, without a murmur and went back to printing, where, within a few years he found the gold mine that he could not locate in the world of invention. This experience taught him that his knowledge of printing details, and how to handle the operation of a printing office, was worth more than all the finespun theories of inventors, showing apparently quick methods to money-making.

It is believed that almost every man who ever had spare money during the past sixty years, and who lived within convenient distance of a stock market, has at some time bought stocks on margin—and lost. The writer remembers a gathering of some of the more prosperous printers of New York, at which eleven men were present, and one gentleman referred to what he had dropped in the Street. Some one expressed curiosity to know how many of the company had tried

it and been bitten, so the word was passed around for mutual confession. Every man of the eleven admitted that he had tried buying stocks on margin and been stuck, and some admitted trying it two or three times before they were cured. This elicited the opinion that no man, in New York or other large city, with money in his pocket, can be expected to always resist the temptation to take a try at the Wall Street game, despite the known failures of groups of lambs extending over a period of years.

It is admitted by Mr. Francis that he was no exception to the rule, though his experience was confined to his younger days, and to amounts which he could afford to lose. When in Louisville, on the advice of a financial editor, whom it was believed knew, he and a number of the associates and chums of the editor took his tip and bought cotton at 12½ cts. that was "sure to go up." In fact it did go up—like smoke, into nothingness. Mr. Francis margined on it the second time and then let it go. At another time he bought some Southern Railways stock, and the broker proved unreliable and skipped with $500 of his money, it appearing very doubtful if he ever purchased the stock at all as agreed. Since then Mr. Francis has bought stocks only outright, as a matter of investment, when he had idle money, and thought they were cheap. He holds stock in a number of industrial corporations that are regarded as of the most substantial character.

In various publishing propositions Mr. Francis has at times invested money, because in connection with printing it seemed advisable. This seems more or less essential to carrying on a large printing business.

When it is known that a printer has money and a high rating, certain publishing naturally drifts to him because it needs to be "carried" by a well-to-do printer. It is often safe and wise to assist such concerns to a certain degree, on the same principle that large paper houses often assist printing houses with long credits. In either case it is a part of the business, and if handled within certain rules, that have been found to be safe, is a legitimate and non-speculative part of commercialism. But to take a direct gamble on a publication is a different matter, and this Mr. Francis has consistently refused to do.

He has at times backed advertising schemes for high-grade solicitors, men of known character and ability, because he deemed it a fair gamble to secure a considerable volume of printing. In these things he regarded the small sums advanced or lent, or the credits given, largely as he would so much advertising. A man has to undertake some things to get new business, and it becomes a matter of experience and judgment what are the wise ways of spending money to procure new trade. Mr. Francis never plunged heavily in such matters. If he liked the methods of a solicitor, and considered that he had a good advertising scheme, he would always refuse to make a partnership deal, or to gamble an indefinite amount, but would be apt to offer to print his dummies and prospectuses to a given amount, to give him a chance to try it out, with the agreement that he was to have the printing at such prices, if the scheme worked. In this way he has nursed and assisted considerable profitable custom.

Once he helped a publishing friend with $500, and the man after a period of apparent success, "went broke teetotally," and after a short time disappeared. Some years later, after Mr. Francis had been bitten on the block, switch and frog invention, this friend heard of it and wrote him: "I've got money now. How much do you want?" In such manner does bread cast upon the waters sometimes return after many days.

The advice which Mr. Francis offers to all young business men is therefore the sane and sage wisdom that comes from the lips of all successful men, when they arrive at the stage where people enquire, "How did you do it? How can I do it too?" It is: Don't go into things you do not fully understand; don't speculate. Learn a business or trade and stick to it. Then the chances are all in your favor. Almost any man with fair capacity and balance, industry and honesty, can build up a living business for himself. The failures—which are nine out of ten according to commercial statistics—come almost all from neglecting the plain and simple well-known rules for success.

No doubt it is a good deal harder to start and operate a small business than it was fifty years ago, because so much business tends to centralize in large plants. Still the way is yet open for those who will study the rules that go to make prosperity. The man who tries to make half a dozen things go, may make some progress, but never yet did he do as well as the man who concentrated on one thing, and directed all his thought, energy and capacity to developing that one line to its utmost.

"One-pointedness" is the thing advised by the de-

votees of one of the world's oldest religions—Buddhism, and it is as true today as it was 2500 years ago, that aiming to do one thing well is a full man's job, and no fellow is so clever that he can do two or three things as well as he can do one. It is all very well to have a fad or pastime for amusement and relaxation, but this should not be allowed to develop into a competitor for one's chosen vocation.

John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie are the instances most often cited of men who made their financial success off one single common thing developed into a great industrial combination. But is not this the central history of the careers of all captains of industry? James J. Hill was great because he stuck to railroading; J. P. Morgan because he followed banking, the business he was born to and knew; J. Ogden Armour, because he stayed with meat packing; Charles M. Schwab, because he clung to steel; W. H. Havemeyer, because he knew sugar and knew enough to cling to it; Henry Ford, because he believed in a low-priced car; H. J. Heinz because he was satisfied to lead in pickles.

Charles Francis might have made a great banker, a great merchantman, or a great publisher. He has exhibited qualities that should have won out in any of these lines. But he elected to be a great printer, and gave only casual thought to side issues. And this is one of the reasons why he has inscribed his name on the top rung of the Ladder of Success, and become a leader in the third great industry in America.

The Many-Sided Francis

SOME men have only one side, they excel in one thing only; in this one thing they may have no superiors and few equals. Such is the average man who is conspicuous above the crowd for some accomplishment. But here and there are "many-sided" men, who shine in several fields of endeavor, and who thus show to us that their success in life would have been just as great in some other direction had their energies pointed some other way. Most people knew Charles Francis as a printer, and it is his success in this field that has won him preeminence. Yet it is a fact that he is a man of many sides, a man who would have made his mark in almost any field of mundane usefulness. He is a natural organizer, builder and leader.

Only his closer intimates, only those who were privileged to see and know him in various places of activity, understood or appreciated thoroughly this many-sidedness of his character. Most of his acquaintances would estimate him as being a good printer and a good business man, of exceptional balance and capacity for detail, and let it go at that; but such never fully knew or comprehended him. His many sides are worth more than casual comment, just as the characteristics of all men who rise above their fellows are worthy of study and emulation.

Fundamentally and first, Charles Francis built up a body of exceptional strength and perfection. As a

young man he became an athlete, and kept up his physical condition by right living, ever having surplus strength for the tasks before him. At 75 I have seen him get up in a train and give his seat to a young working-girl, with the comment, "She needs it more than I do." And this was no vain boast, for he was as well able to stand as any young fellow in the car. All his days he has been an athlete in training, with the physical strength of two average men. He had no unrestrained appetites, but ate what was good, never went to excesses, taking the same care of himself that is demanded of the men who run races and engage in competitions of strength. When a young man, he made his mile at the oar in private practice in a little less than the world's record.

Apparent to all it has been that he had a splendid physique, and a large, evenly developed, powerful frame; on occasion he was observed to exhibit great physical strength, but because he was a printer and a business man few ever thought of him as an athlete, or that he might have taken world's records and made good money with his muscle and speed had not his aims been higher. He never entered any public contest after he was nineteen, yet throughout a long life he continued to practice those simple habits of right living and steady exercise which gave him ever a clear brain and a strong hand to do whatever seemed to him to be the duty or task of the hour.

He did what no other athlete of modern times was able to do, with the exception of the famous wrestler, William J. Muldoon—he kept his strength by following the laws of health, and he had it with him when-

ever wanted. He never abused his physical powers by any form of excess. Forming correct habits of living in his youth, and finding that strength was a blessing, he knew enough to keep it. At 70, a physician who examined him remarked "You have the blood pressure of a man of 30, and being absolutely sound, you should live to be 100."

Washington, Blaine, Cleveland, Garfield, Roosevelt, and others of America's great men had splendid physiques like Mr. Francis, but he surpassed all of them in the way he husbanded his strength and retained it in his old age. The result is that even now, in his 79th year, we do not look upon him as old. It is commonly remarked that he is the youngest old man ever seen anywhere.

Quite as conspicuous a characteristic of Charles Francis as his perennial youth, is his invariable courtesy and good manners, resulting in his ability to make friends. If he ever lost his temper it must have been a long while before I knew him, for on the most trying and exacting occasions he was always calm, dignified and collected. He never swore, never indulged in questionable stories, never abused people, and was not given to undue criticism of those with whom he differed. He was the courteous Christian gentleman on all occasions.

He overlooked brutality and discourtesy in others—he could afford to ignore it; he left such as displayed these qualities, and ever declined to return discourtesy. In the home, in the club, in business, in public affairs, he was ever the same self-controlled, quiet, unobtrusive example of Christian manhood. While

always mingling in the best society, there was not a trace of snobbism in his nature. He would attend the picnics of his employees, and join in their sports, even mingling in their dances on numerous occasions. He was just as polite to the humblest girl working in his bindery as to the wealthiest dame he met in the upper social crust.

This invariable courtesy arose from a kindly nature, and a conviction that while he was as good as anybody he met, so were the people he met quite as much entitled to consideration as himself. Because he was able to maintain self control under all circumstances he did not expect to find this quality in all others, and discredit them if they failed to live up to his standard. Insisting on his full rights with the strong, he was tolerant and liberal with the weak. He treated all about him well because he felt friendly toward them, and this asset of invariable courtesy won him hosts of admirers and friends, and often disarmed that opposition which all at times encounter.

Had Charles Francis lived before the era of printing he surely would have been the commander of a trading vessel, and sought supremacy in commerce on the water. As it was, he kept boating and sailing as his most prized recreation, and when he lived near the water was never without a boat for pleasure and exercise. His young days were spent in countries where boats were the principal means of travel, and his later years in New York, also an island, afforded opportunity for all sorts of boating. He was one of the first to become interested in motor boats, and it was doubtless his familiarity with this sport that brought the print-

ing of *Motor Boat* to his establishment. His early years in the metropolis were so occupied with business that he had little time for outings on the water. However, when he was able to take more recreation, the motor boat came into being. He was one of the early devotees of the new sport, and purchased a seventeen foot boat, which could make about eight miles an hour, and was regarded as very swift at that period. It yielded a lot of fun for him and his family, and a few friends; but as motor boats improved, it was declared both too small and too slow, so he bought a cabin cruiser with sleeping accommodations for six persons, and used to take out parties of friends, sometimes as many as twenty-five people. On several occasions he traveled in this boat to Montreal, via Erie Canal and Lake Champlain, one of the most delightful water routes on the globe. His son, Reginald, inherited his father's fondness for water sports, and added thereto a great ability in managing motors, whether in boats, autos or the print shop; he shared his father's devotion to the printing art and was rapidly climbing after him when he was suddenly called to the Better Land.

Mr. Francis was one of the first members of the Motor Boat Club of America, and for many years the treasurer of the organization. He took an active interest in the sport, and knew and was known by everybody in the Motor Boat world. For a time he owned the club's crack boat, No. 999.

As a worker in organizations, Charles Francis has had few equals. He joined every sort of business association in the printing trade, and was a long-time

member of the Merchants' Association of New York. He belonged to several clubs, always regularly attended church, and was interested in various societies for the public welfare. At one time he maintained a membership in four printing trade associations in New York. His activities in the Printers' League are the subject of another chapter, and to this he gave fully ten thousand dollars' worth of his time within a few years. At one period he counted up nine organizations to which he belonged, and in at least half of them he was quite active. How he ever found the time to attend to so many associations and societies, and to do good work in them is a mystery; but that he did, the record shows. He accepted office in many trade organizations, and if he undertook any particular line of work for an organization would always see it through and do it right. He was dependable on committees, and if he accepted a place, attended all meetings and did the work assigned him.

In his younger days he did active work among the unions to which he belonged. As an employer he became prominent in the Typothetæ and the Printers' Board of Trade; he was one of the first of the larger firms to join the New York Master Printers' Association; he was the most conspicuous figure in the Printers' League, both locally and nationally. A well known organizer said of him "Mr. Francis joins everything."

In his later years Charles Francis took to lecturing, and was heard on many platforms, of which line of activities more may be gleaned from the chapter on "Lecturing Experiences." He also contributed many articles and much correspondence to the trade press,

and occasionally to the daily newspapers, and in 1917 he came out with a book, "Printing for Profit," in which he tells how money is to be made in his chosen calling.

Though ever modest of his ability with his pen, yet Charles Francis was able to put into words much good sound sense, in readable and easily understood phraseology. He had something to write about as a basis for his book, and a profound knowledge of his subject—printing. It is to be hoped that before his desire for hard work fades he will write a companion book on the technicalities of the art, in which he is so thoroughly versed.

And so it appears that Charles Francis, while standing first as a printer, based his great work on the constitution of an athlete; that he was notable as a good business man, and more than ordinarily equipped as a financier; that he shone in all circles because of his notable courtesy and consideration for his fellows, especially those less fortunate than himself; that he was as good a sailor as he was a printer; that as an organization man his work was notable, culminating in his being recognized as the man who produced new and better conditions between employers and employed in the world's third largest industry; that he had ability as a lecturer and writer; and that through these many qualities the writer is justified in referring to him as "the many-sided Francis."

The Printers' League Movement

IN the latter part of 1906 four men met in New York City to consider the formation of a new organization among employers in the book, job and periodical printing trade, an organization that should work with the trades unions and not against or in opposition to them. Charles Francis issued the call, and the other men present at this historic gathering were Frank Meany, Henry W. Cherouny and B. F. Willett. Mr. Francis had very definite ideas as to what he wanted to do, and he found the others in full sympathy with him.

For years the Typothetæ had been fighting the Unions, and war had brought only disaster. The employers herding in one organization had grown so one-sided that they felt the unions to be their bitter enemies; the unions, constantly opposed by the Typothetæ, felt that that organization stood for systematic tyranny. Each crowd got together at times and discussed the "wrongs" forced upon them by the other side. Mr. Francis saw that this state of affairs was all wrong, and he found that outside of the belligerent Typothetæ were many employers of the same opinion, who believed that there was no more reason in continually disputing with unions about wages than there would be in continually fighting with the manufacturers of paper or machinery, or with landlords or government officials.

A. Beverly Smith, at the close of several years'

service as a paid official of the New York Printers and Binders Board of Trade, voiced this opinion (quoting from memory): "The unions and the employers in the printing trade should occupy the same offices, and do business in harmony, and not in opposition. They both get their living from the same public, and they cannot afford to quarrel over the division of the receipts."

But such views were high treason in Typothetæ circles at the close of 1906, and the only way to bring them to fruition was to create a new organization. Of those who recognized this, Charles Francis was the one man to act. The attendance of but four at the first call was surely disappointing, and many would have abandoned the work there; but Mr. Francis knew he was right, and having made up his mind, went straight ahead and called more meetings.

To the second call twenty-one employers responded, and here was laid the foundation of a structure that has utterly changed the conditions between employers and employed in the commercial printing houses of America. The world moves, and from time to time new and better methods come to the front, and certain men have the inspiration and the energy to exploit them, and push right ideas to fruition. Charles Francis chose for himself the task of bringing together the opposed elements in the unions and the employers organizations in the printing trade. The original group of twenty-one arranged for a canvass of the employers who were thought to be favorable to trade peace, and by them the Printers' League was devel-

oped on the sound principles of "consultation, conciliation and arbitration."

In February, 1907, the new body formulated its "Objects" which were subsequently slightly amended, as follows:

"Section 1. *General Object.*—The purpose of this League is to abolish in the printing and allied trades the system of making individual labor contracts and to introduce the more equitable system of forming collective labor contracts.

"Sec. 2. *Special Object.* — It is also the object of this League to establish, in conjunction with the representatives of the employees' Unions, the necessary organisms for collective negotiations, and to defend the common interests of the printing trade as well as the special interests of the Employers' Branch thereof; furthermore, to nominate representatives of the employers in the National and District Joint Commissions of the Printers' League of America, and finally, to do whatsoever is possible to establish local and National Common Trade Courts for the adjustment of points in dispute under existing collective contracts.

"Sec. 3. To prevent by mutual consultation and conciliation all strikes or strife between employer and employee, and as a means thereto, to use the methods embodied in Sections 1 and 2, and to make agreements that, if impossible to harmonize any matter, it shall be arbitrated by an expert or experts in the business, who is or are not at the time interested; such arbitration to be recognized by all parties thereto.

"Sec. 4. To formulate and to put into action a

Council of Adjustment and Redress for the equitable and intelligent settlement of all grievances of whatsoever nature arising between employers and employees, or between employers only, who are members of the Printers' League. Such Council to be known as a Trade Court and Court of Honor. The manner of formation to be determined by the body itself at a regular or special meeting, who will appoint a committee to confer with the employees' Unions who are parties to any agreements made, and that committee to be given power toward such formation, their acts to be sanctioned by the respective organizations to which the committees belong, and to be recognized as binding by such organization."

Is it not remarkable with what clear precision these first members of the Printers' League saw the principles that were to prove productive of trade peace? On the rock of plain understanding and fairness they planted their standard, and under wise leadership attained their ends, and ultimately overturned the methods of doing business between employers and employed in the printing trade of America.

When the Printers' League in New York became definitely organized its most important work was to frame an acceptable agreement with Typographical Union No. 6, popularly called "Big Six." After numerous consultations an agreement was framed and acceded to by the committees of both bodies. It was then accepted by the Printers' League as a whole. The next step was to secure its adoption and passage by the membership of No. 6 by direct vote of the individuals.

This was a new and novel proceeding, and was suggested and accomplished by Mr. Francis' untiring efforts. He felt that if this was done the conditions of the agreement would last indefinitely, and never be questioned, and he wanted an agreement that would serve as a working basis for all time. When the time came for the vote, a gathering of nearly 2000 members of the Union was present to consider ratifying the agreement. A few objectors were there in the Union ranks, who loudly opposed every feature they deemed at all favorable to the employers. But Mr. Francis and six other members of the League were on the platform and made addresses, so clearly demonstrating the fairness of all the propositions that the agreement was passed complete without a dissenting voice.

This was hailed as a great victory for the principles of the League. It proved a satisfactory working basis, though subject to some later amendment. The object sought was attained—the cessation of strikes and lockouts. Previously an agreement was made with the pressmen, and as subsequently developed and accepted by both the Printers' League of America and the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union this agreement is here quoted, to place on record what is regarded as the perfected form of contract for preventing strikes, all of which was developed through the constructive work of Charles Francis.

"Section 1. In consideration of the Printers' League of America agreeing to employ none but members of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, to do work that comes under the jurisdiction of

said International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, the Printers' League of America (and its branches) shall have the following guarantees:

"(a) All members of the Printers' League shall be protected under this contract by the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union against walkouts, strikes, boycotts, or any other form of concerted interference with the peaceful operation of the departments over which the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union exercises jurisdiction.

"(b) All disputes arising over scale provisions, wages, hours and working conditions or renewing or extending contracts shall be subject to local arbitration under the provisions of the agreement, if such disputes cannot be adjusted through conciliation.

"(c) The International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union shall at all times furnish sufficient competent help for the needs of the members of the Printers' League of America, but should it fail to do so, then, and then only, until such time as the help required by the member or members of the Printers' League of America shall be furnished by the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, said member or members of the Printers' League of America shall be privileged to seek the necessary help elsewhere; provided, that the prevailing scale of wages is paid.

"(d) The International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union further agrees that in cities where branches of the League are formed it will not permit its members to do the same class of work in non-union shops except by mutual consent. Nor will it allow its

members to work for a less wage scale or for longer hours than the scale and hours accepted by the branch league.

"Sec. 2. If conciliation between a local union fails, then an appeal to a local board of arbitration may be had as provided in the form of local contract recommended and attached hereto, and its decision shall be final unless appealed to the National Board of Arbitration, as also provided in said local form of contract.

"Sec. 3. The National Board of Arbitration shall consist of the President of the Printers' League of America, or his proxy, and the president of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, or his proxy. In the event of failure of the above board as constituted to agree upon an adjustment, they are then empowered to agree upon a disinterested person who shall act as a member of the board. This board shall then proceed to render a decision as quickly as circumstances will permit, and the decision so rendered shall in all cases be final and binding upon both parties to the controversy.

"Sec. 4. The National Board of Arbitration shall be under no obligation to take evidence, but do so at its option, but both parties to the controversy may appear personally or may submit records and briefs and may make oral or written arguments in support of their several contentions. They may submit an agreed statement of facts or a transcript of testimony, properly certified to before a notary public by the stenographer taking the original evidence or depositions.

"Sec. 5. Pending final decision, work shall be continued in the office of the member of the Printers'

League, party to the case, and all conditions obtaining before the initiation of the dispute shall remain in effect, and the award of the National Board of Arbitration shall in all cases include a determination of the issues involved, covering the period, between the raising of the issues and their final settlement; and any change or changes in the wage scale of employees may, at the discretion of the board, be made effective from the date the issues were first made.

"Sec. 6. The National Board of Arbitration must act, when its services are desired, by either party to an appeal as above, and shall proceed with all possible dispatch in rendering such services.

"Sec. 7. All expenses attendant upon the settlement of any appeal or hearing before the board shall be adjusted in each case in accordance with the direction of the National Board of Arbitration.

"Sec. 8. The rules and regulations, in addition to the provisions above quoted shall be identical with those found in the recommendation for the form of local contract for the proper method of procedure and numbered therein under Sec. 2, as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.

"Sec. 9. In the event of either party to the dispute refusing to accept and comply with the decision of the National Board of Arbitration, all aid and support to the firm or employer, or member or members of the Union refusing acceptance or compliance, shall be withdrawn by both parties to this agreement. The acts of such employer or member of the Union shall be publicly disavowed, and the aggrieved party to this agreement shall be furnished by the other party thereto with an official document relating to such facts."

Within three years from its inception the Printers' League in New York included 69 firms and corporations in its membership, many of these being very large houses, so that the total of employees affected was probably 10,000. The satisfactory character of the agreements that were worked out with the Unions began to be noised abroad, and a demand arose for branches of the League in other cities. Whenever a strike situation developed there was apt to be a hurry call for Mr. Francis to run over and show them how to settle things. He would advise the formation of a branch of the League, which meant an automatic arrangement for disposing of difficulties without strike, on the lines of the pressmen's agreement quoted.

This proved so easy for both sides that they were very apt to fall in line. As soon as the employers formed a branch League the Unions readily granted them the same contract as New York, and all differences were thereafter handled automatically by the system laid down.

Cincinnati followed, this branch being largely organized through the volunteer work of members of the local Pressmen's Union, who solicited the employers to come together as a branch of the Printers' League, that they might utilize their form of agreement. Chicago, Spokane, St. Louis, Toledo, Louisville and Cleveland formed branches in the order named, while Columbus utilized the contract but never joined. The first national gathering of the League, under the style of the Printers' League of America, was held in September, 1909, in New York City.

Charles Francis naturally was made president.

At this convention in New York, Mr. Francis made a speech on the development and policies of the League, which is quoted below, in somewhat condensed form:

"The inception of the Printers' League was largely due to a conversation taking place between one of the employers and one of the Union representatives in the Fall of 1906. There had been a conflict of forces between the employers and employees for an eight-hour day. Those who gave the shorter day and followed the lines which the Union laid out, felt a great deal the burden of carrying the great reduction from nine to eight hours, and the Union representatives were appealed to that they ought to assist those employers who had given them the eight-hour day which they asked for. It was stated at that conversation that if there were an organization, members would be glad to do what they could toward alleviating the situation. Shortly after that a call was issued and four printers met together. On the second call we had a dinner—printers are very fond of eating—and with 21 present it became possible to form a local New York organization, which started off with 17 members.

"Since that time the League has grown until today (1909) it has 55 members in the original organization, and has combined with the Electrotypers' League, which was brought forth by the original League, and the Bookbinders' League, they numbering 14, making a total membership of 69 employing firms and about 10,000 employees.

"The first accomplishment was the making of a contract between the feeders' organization, No. 23, and the League. That was followed by a contract

between the pressmen's organization and the League, and finally by a contract between Typographical Union No. 6 and the League.

"In all those contracts, instead of closing them (as had been the previous usage between the officers of the various organizations representing their respective bodies), they held an open meeting together and discussed the situation, and the body of the Union had a chance to say what they desired in regard to the conclusion of the contract. This gave a soundness to the contract which had not been previously obtained, as every one had a chance to be heard. Under the old plan of formulating agreements with Unions, which were finally closed by some officials, there were always some members of their organizations who thought there must be something crooked in the deal. Under the new plan any objector can come to the final ratification meeting, and interpose his kicks, and when he is voted down he can see he is in a minority, and that nothing is crooked. The result of those contracts has been in the main satisfactory.

"Through this Convention we hope to attain widespread organization that shall stand for trade peace. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and he that soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind, but he that soweth peace shall of that seed reap prosperity and loving kindness.

"For centuries mankind has had a tendency to take advantage one of the other, and a selfish spirit has greatly governed our actions. A certain kind of selfishness is not to be deprecated, but there is a selfishness which is despicable and should not be tolerated.

It is this latter spirit which has from time immemorial sought to create an aristocracy to rule by force, contrary to the interests of any individual community or nation. It has been capital against labor or employer against employee, and the countries throughout the civilized world have sought a remedy for existing evils with more or less satisfactory results—usually less.

"Some hundred years or more since, with the development of manufacturing, began the present antagonistic relations between employer and employed, and they have come to look upon one another as natural enemies. The employer sought to extract from the employee the utmost amount of labor of which he was capable, with as small a remuneration as was possible, and this resulted in a dissatisfied workman, who in turn endeavored to give as little as he could for the wages paid, and subsequently led to the combination of the workers, ostensibly for mutual advancement, and to care for their sick and needy. This movement developed for the advancement of labor, and was consequently fought at every turn by the employer, so much so that strikes and lockouts became a constant source of trouble and affliction to both parties, costing this nation alone about a billion dollars during the twenty years from 1880 to 1900.

"Many efforts were made to check this disastrous warfare, especially in England, Germany, New Zealand and Australia. Germany and New Zealand succeeded the best, establishing systems which avoided strikes, by different methods reaching the same ends.

"Of the movement in New Zealand the speaker is personally familiar, knowing the causes which led up

to the only government that has had the temerity to come out on the compulsory arbitration proposition to settle all differences arising between employer and employee.

"In regard to the present movement for peace in the printing trade the unions were found ready and willing to cooperate in a peaceful solution of the warfare that had raged with unceasing fierceness for nearly five decades, and which resulted in losses to our business alone in the strike of 1906 of between fifteen and twenty million dollars.

"For these reasons a few of the employing printers met together in the latter part of 1906. Our plan of action has been to form a coalition with the Unions for the purpose of maintaining peace. We take into the fold any union that can control the supply of labor and protect the employer from unjust competition of unorganized employees, and it is understood that the exigencies of the business must be taken into consideration so that the customer may be treated with fairness and not have to pay the onerous expenses of strikes and lockouts.

"The main thing underlying the whole structure we have built up is 'justice to all,' and while it is reasonable to suppose there will be changes in our methods as time goes on, yet we feel that we have done the right thing in discarding old and unsatisfactory methods, and that we are building up a new era for peace in printing and the allied trades."

As an illustration of the effectiveness of Printers' League methods, it is of interest to note their first experience with the Franklin Association, No. 23, com-

monly called the Pressfeeders' Union. In 1907 the members of No. 23 made up their minds that they wanted more pay, and that the way to get it was to strike. There was just one man in that Union, the President, John P. Mines, who understood the methods of the new Printers' League, and saw that a strike was unnecessary. The feeders had just voted, by 611 to 1, to declare a general strike in New York city, the one vote in opposition being cast by Mr. Mines.

He arose and faced the crowd, and told them of the conciliatory attitude of the Printers' League, and asked for a conference with them before striking. He carried the matter by 612 votes, and the Printers' League was invited to attend the next meeting of the Union in a body. As a consequence, a group of leaders, headed by Charles Francis, went down to the Union rooms, and got the chance to explain their position fully to the men, making them see that there were things they could, and things they could not grant. The Union partially receded from its position, and ultimately a fair working contract was established between the Printers' League and the Franklin Association of Pressfeeders, quite similar to the Pressmen's agreement, which has been quoted, and providing for a continued peace between the organizations, all moot points going to arbitration.

Another illustration of the success of the League policies and methods is taken from the testimony of George L. Berry, president of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, before a Congressional Committee of inquiry into labor conditions. Mr. Berry said, "In every instance where controversies

have arisen between locals of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union and locals of the Printers' League of America, amicable adjustments have been the result." Could a more sweeping tribute be paid to the efficiency of the League plan of "consultation, conciliation and arbitration," as worked out by Mr. Francis and his associates?

Many strikes were prevented in their incipiency, and I recall one at the time of the amalgamation of the Franklin Associations with the United Typothetæ of America. Mr. Francis had arrived in Chicago for a conference, and at once William Hartman informed him, "You are wanted in Toledo; a strike is pending there with the pressman." It was Thursday, and the strike was expected Monday. He telegraphed the Toledo employers, "Can be at your service if you wish Saturday next." Both sides waited for him, and in four hours he satisfied all that by granting a Printers' League charter to the Toledo employers, settlement could be had under League methods, which provided for "conference, conciliation and arbitration." They got together with understanding and settled their own difference.

The specific accomplishments of the League may be summarized under three important heads: (1) They did away with the principal cause of misunderstanding between employers and employed. (2) In cases of difference they secured as arbitrators men who knew the business and the conditions. (3) Contracts were ratified by the entire membership of Unions, preventing any suspicion that officers had sold out. These were all proceedings of the soundest com-

mon sense, yet none of them had ever been developed in Typothetæ negotiations. They are largely the creation of one man, Charles Francis, ably assisted by a corps of harmonious employers whom he drew about him. Let us analyze briefly these three achievements:

(1) Recognizing that trouble with a Union usually grew out of the activities of the business agent, a way was sought to curb and rationalize his energies, so as to prevent rows—substituting reasonable discussion of differences for threats and reprisals. Under the old methods, a business agent, being hired by his Union, to look for violations of its rulings, would wander about among the offices, never asking permission where he entered. Every little while he would run against some fellow who was sore over some condition in the place he worked. The words of the "sore" man fell on willing ears, and without any effort to find out the other side of the case, the business agent would usually walk into the front office, and shout at the proprietor something like this: "You are violating Rule No. 000 in your shop by allowing a feeder to handle rollers for another feeder; they can't work on but one press at a time—See? Quit it, or I'll call them out."

The employer would be very apt to get hot under the collar, and inform the business agent that he was paying the feeders to do what he told them, and that he didn't care a blank about those fool rules. Often small strikes occurred, absolutely without real or reasonable cause, arising from this arbitrary, unreasoning, irrational system of acting without consultation. To meet this difficulty, the Printers' League

placed in their contracts that a business agent should not go through their workrooms except with the proprietor's consent; that when the agent found anything he believed contrary to the rules, that his procedure should be to go to the Union rooms and write out a complaint, addressing it to the executive committee of the local Printers' League. If this Committee granted the grievance just, their finding was binding on the Printers' League member, but if they did not, it became a matter for conference between three representatives of the employers and three representatives of the employed. If these could not agree, an arbitration followed.

(2) The success achieved with arbitrations grew largely from the policy of selecting as the third or odd man in the arbitrating body one who knew the business, and understood conditions. In eleven years of experience with four Unions, the Printers' League of New York was able to settle every difference amicably, resorting to arbitration in but two instances. The right to appeal from an arbitration to the national bodies for a revision of a local arbitration was never taken, as both parties were in each case satisfied with the finding of the local arbitrator, as being reasonable and just.

(3) In the old days, whenever agreements were arrived at between committees of the Typothetæ and the Unions, the members of the Union committees were sure to be more or less reviled in their own organizations, and accused of having sold out, if they conceded anything at all to the employers, which was usually necessary. This made it "mighty uncom-

fortable" for a union official to serve on such committees, and caused such union committeemen to be very unwilling to concede even reasonable clauses. This difficulty was wholly done away with by Mr. Francis' plan, of taking an agreement as thrashed out between committees of the two bodies, down to the Union rooms, where all would be discussed in open meeting, and the reason for certain clauses be explained by the members of the committee, both employers and employed.

Such an open discussion always resulted in the majority of the Union's membership taking the same view as their own committee, and voting the agreement through, thus relieving all members of the committee of charges of "selling out."

For years Mr. Francis was continually subject to emergency calls to settle some misunderstanding in the trade. Mr. Stephen G. Kelley, of the *City Record* of New York, reminded the writer of how Mr. Francis saved the trade from a bad strike in the Fall of 1918. The War Board had just rendered a decision regarding an increase of wages for the pressmen and feeders. They had mentally reversed the relative standing of the organizations, thinking the feeders were the seniors, for they awarded the feeders of No. 23 an increase of $6 weekly, and the pressmen only $3.60, these allowances being to meet the increased cost of living.

The pressmen of No. 51 held an indignation meeting, and Mr. Kelley telephoned to Mr. Francis: "If you don't get down here and do something right away, all the men will be on the street in the morning." A meeting of the Printers' League was in session at the

time, and Secretary C. E. Hawkes, Max Rosette and Mr. Francis promptly taxied down to the pressmen's rooms.

Mr. Francis was given the platform, but there was such noisy excitement that it was fully ten minutes before he could be heard. When he got their attention he put over substantially this message: "You think the employers engineered this small increase for you. It is not so; we do not like this decision any more than you do. So let us proceed in a reasonable, calm way, and both organizations send committees with us back to the War Board and explain things. They do not want to add to our difficulties. If we are patient for a few days, we can surely get this award changed in a reasonable way."

The well-known fairness and high standing of Mr. Francis had weight with the excited men, and his proposition was finally carried. Committees went down to Washington the very next day, headed by Mr. Francis, and they succeeded in changing the award so that both pressmen and feeders got the same increase.

The above is only one of many instances in which Mr. Francis kept the trade out of war, through smoothing over situations that threatened a strike. He was influential in the disturbances with the feeders' union in New York during the war period. In 1916 there was agitation among the pressfeeders of New York to reopen consideration of their contract with the Printers' League. They announced their intention to strike for more pay, regardless that their contract had not expired. Many employers were ready to resist, holding that "a contract is a contract and cannot

be changed," but Mr. Francis threw his influence for an increase for the men, in common fairness, as living costs had increased seriously, and they finally got several advances. But to avoid future contests over contracts, thereafter Mr. Francis saw to it that local contracts were underwritten by the International Union.

It was by such simple, commonsense procedure that the Printers' League of America accomplished in a few years what the Typothetæ had failed to do in a generation, providing a simple and satisfactory means of settling or arbitrating all differences, without recourse to lockouts or strikes.

This wonderful achievement is largely due to the untiring and intelligent work of one man, Charles Francis, who has given uncounted hours of his time to building up and working out the problems here outlined. This is the work that made him great, and which caused his contemporaries to give him the title of Dean of the Printing Industry.

He was also permanently honored by the League, as appears by this extract from their minutes:

"Meeting Printers' League Section, Association of Employing Printers, held Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1920. It was moved by Mr. Eilert and seconded by Mr. Wilder that a vote of appreciation be tendered to the retiring president, Mr. Charles Francis, for his services throughout so many years to the Printers' League. It was also moved by Mr. Wm. H. Van Wart and seconded that Mr. Francis be elected President Emeritus of the Printers' League.

"Voted unanimously by a rising vote."

Relations with Capital and Labor

THE thing which Charles Francis specifically stands for in the printing trade is unity and harmony of action, reciprocity between labor and capital. As the founder of the Printers' League of America and the first to secure a collective contract between the book and magazine printers and the labor unions, with an arbitration clause, he stands as the father or sponsor of the principle of "consultation, conciliation and arbitration."

It is both interesting and edifying to review the history that brought about these desirable ends. Away back in his young days in New Zealand, Charles Francis became imbued with the principles of unionism. To him they signified the universal brotherhood, the unity of spirit, the oneness of action, the acme of democracy. He grew to manhood in an atmosphere surcharged with the principles of a square deal for all, and government by the governed.

When he landed in London in 1869, and received a working card from the Society of Compositors, he was the staunchest of union men, believing then in the right of the workingmen to have an equal say with the employers or capitalists as to the conditions under which they should work. On coming to the United States, three years later, almost his first step was to apply for a union card, and in 1872 he was treasurer of the local Typographical Union in Dubuque, Iowa, while in 1877 we find him the financial

secretary of the Little Rock (Ark.) Typographical Union. Though still a young man, and working at a salary, and an ardent believer in unionism, he was locally conspicuous on one occasion by making a speech against radical action, in which he called attention to the rights of the employers, and to the impossibility of getting from them more than they had in their power to give. In other words, at this early period in his career, Charles Francis was able to take a judicial position as to the rights of both employees and employers, and to forecast what could and what could not be done, with a pre-vision that was almost uncanny.

It was during his term of office in Dubuque that the question was first broached in the local body of demanding an eight-hour day. Everybody else spoke in favor of the resolution; it looked good to them. Charles Francis alone saw how impossible it was at that time. He made a speech against it in the Union meeting, remarking on the prevalent conditions. He pointed out that going from ten to eight hours meant increased labor cost of 20 per cent. Nobody believed that any of the employers in their city were making 20 per cent., therefore it was obvious that they could not pay it without raising their prices by that percentage. It was obviously impossible to get all the printers of the country to raise their prices together, hence the eight-hour movement, attempted locally, must fail.

Mr. Francis suggested, however, that the eight-hour day might be attained by asking the employers for fifteen minutes reduction of time and pay; then a year later asking for a resumption of the former full

rate of pay for nine and three-quarters hours' time. By repeating this strategy, in about twenty years the eight-hour day might be attained without great sacrifice by anybody, or interference with conditions.

In the light of subsequent history, it is apparent how much wiser was the course he suggested than that which was ultimately taken. More than thirty years of time and over 25,000,000 of dollars, and no end of hard and bitter feelings, were expended before the shorter workday was fully accomplished. Is it not remarkable that so young a man should have sized up the situation so accurately, and recognized what could be done, undoubtedly the simplest and cheapest way to the end, where so many older and more experienced men failed to find the best solution of the problem!

So long as he was an employee Mr. Francis remained in the Union, and participated in its councils. He even "walked out" with the boys on three occasions. When he became an employer in Chicago, through having an interest in the management of one of the printing houses, he participated in the Typothetæ meetings there, and relates with some humor the eloquence he heard at times leveled at the "gross injustice" of the demands of the labor unions. When he founded the Charles Francis Press in New York, one of his first acts was to join the New York Typothetæ. Here his influence was always cast for the peaceful settlement of differences. He was not in sympathy with his fellow Typotheters in refusing to discuss demands made by the Unions. He believed in always giving them a hearing. He was also heartily

in favor of the agreement made in 1898 for the gradual acceptance of the nine-hour day.

It was when the eight-hour demand of the Unions assumed proportions and had to be met, that Charles Francis loomed up as a man of forceful convictions and strong personality, who could think for himself, and who saw further than most of the printers of that era. For several years the Unions had been levying assessments and accumulating a fund for the enforcement of the eight-hour day. The International Typographical Union had been especially energetic and systematic and had resources in seven figures before the issue was forced.

On the other hand the Typothetæ, which at that time was mainly dominated by a few large New York printers, was in a fighting mood, and the national president was also a good fighter. Though they had less than $100,000 in their defense fund, the membership became imbued with the idea that they could accomplish almost anything, and they declared for open shops and a continuance of the nine-hour day.

As an active member of the New York Typothetæ, Mr. Francis was also a member of the United Typothetæ of America. He was a large contributor in dues, having paid in a percentage of his payroll for several years. He did what the organization demanded, though the proposition to fight eight hours never appealed to him. While desiring to be loyal to his organization, the employers' union, his strong sympathy with the men inclined him to be willing to pay the full wage for eight hours' work, in other words to concede the demands of the Union. He felt that

the men ought to have fewer hours if it could be arranged; he felt also that many of the large publishers would rather pay the additional cost than fight the issue, and that if publishers failed to back the struggle with practical unanimity it was useless. It was apparent further that the Typothetæ was in no financial position to engage in a conflict, the Unions having accumulated such a preponderance of money.

So when the issue was imminent, and the day arrived for a general strike unless the demand were conceded for one hour less per day at the old pay, he had already decided that his duty to his employees and to his customers was greater than his duty to the majority vote of the Typothetæ, his union. Therefore, he gave his men the shorter day, while continuing to contribute to the funds of the Typothetæ by nominally retaining his membership and paying all dues and assessments.

Of course, when his position became understood, it aroused a storm of protest from those who had declared for the open shop, and who announced they were going to run nine hours till doomsday. Still he gave fair and frank notice to his competitors of his position and fulfilled all his obligations to the Typothetæ, from which he later resigned as its policies became so contrary to his own. In the destructive fight between capital and labor the Typothetæ lost, and vast sums of money were wasted, and some New York employers have been so illogical as to blame Mr. Francis for this. The truth is that he was simply wiser and more farsighted than his confreres of the Typothetæ. His knowledge of unionism and his sympathy with the workers led him to recognize that the eight-hour day

was right, that it had got to come, and that while it would involve hardships on employers it was better to meet the issue and be through with it.

History has justified the wisdom of his position, though it has been very hard for those employers who bore the brunt of the fight against the shorter workday to admit that they were their own worst enemies, and would have been vastly better off had they followed Mr. Francis' lead, and done exactly what he did. The Typothetæ was so badly beaten in this fight in 1906-7, that it almost destroyed the organization, and its ranks were thoroughly depleted, as one after another of the employers gracefully or ungracefully gave in to the inevitable.

The unions, on the other hand, have been appreciative of the breadth of view of Mr. Francis, recognizing that his decision to concede the eight-hour day was arrived at largely through his desire to make things as easy as possible for the workers, and to give them all he could, because they were virtually partners in the business.

Real courage was required to make the choice that Mr. Francis did—both financial and moral courage; he had to get the same work out of his machines in eight hours that he used to in nine, and he had to meet the harsh criticism of his fellows of the Typothetæ, who thought he ought to stand with the organization. He stood the financial strain, and was nobly helped by his hard-working crew of faithful men; and he bore the abuse from other employers without reply, waiting for time to demonstrate to them who was right.

And time has abundantly proved that Charles

Francis, Joseph J. Little and a few others who stood with them, were right in their handling of the situation, and when the Printers' League was established, at great expenditure of time and effort on the part of Mr. Francis, and the move for cooperation of employers and employees was shaped, very many large concerns flocked around him, and followed his leadership, while the League methods of handling differences between capital and labor became generally accepted, finally by the Typothetæ itself.

The right of the worker to be heard, and to have a voice in business and legislation, has been a prominent factor in the development of civilization. It is the struggle of the masses against the classes, of the populace against the forces of Greed, that try to enslave the workers. This was the fundamental problem underlying the great European war, recognized under the terms autocracy and democracy. The same problem is at the back of all trades unionism and so-called socialistic movements. As a student of labor problems and economics, Mr. Francis was and is the peer of any employing printer. His education on three continents, and his long membership in various unions before he became an employer, gave him a wider horizon, a broader viewpoint, than the great majority of his competitors. When the lowering cloud of the eight-hour fight was seen on the horizon, he became very active in urging Sherman's doctrine that "War is Hell," adding that "Strikes are War." He spent his time and money too in circulating a pamphlet on this subject, but because the Typothetæ had raised money for a war, and because a few strong men among the employers

were combative, and preferred a good fight to the wiser program of conciliation, the contest had to come.

The writer was an official of the New York Typothetæ at the time the cloud was lowering, and was very glad to be in a position to resign and get from under before the storm burst; but for this reason I know whereof I speak. These views as to Mr. Francis' action in this most critical period are not second-hand. I know the conditions because I lived through them.

The date of issue on the eight-hour day question was January 1, 1906, but the Typothetæ Convention at Niagara Falls in September, 1905, was so full of fight that some Typothetæ offices could not wait, but at once declared themselves open shops. They utterly mistook the ability of the Unions, and deliberately and exultantly entered a contest that was bound to be a losing one. Seldom have a group of men in the printing trade been so completely misled and unable to read the signs of the times. The Typographical Union had $15 to the Typothetæ's $1, and the former had the American Federation of Labor behind it, and a power of assessment that ran up into the millions. The publishers had little disposition to back the employing printers, and the sympathy of the great public was mainly with the men. Other leading trades had gone to eight hours, and it was recognized as the proper and fair day of labor. Yet many members of the Typothetæ were deluded with the notion that the Unions could not stand the strain over six or eight weeks.

The strength of the Typographical Union, and its ability to carry out its plans, is shown by the fact that

on June 1, 1906, they had 40,000 of their members working on the eight-hour basis. By September 11, 1906, only 4700 men remained on strike, and October 1, 1906, the Union began to reduce its assessments, and by March, 1907, the assessments to support the strike were down to two per cent., and shortly thereafter disappeared.

The battle in the printing world was therefore decisively won for the shorter workday of eight hours, a conclusion that might have been foreseen by any Typotheter had he taken the pains to inform himself of conditions as fully as had Mr. Francis.

The struggle being practically over, Mr. Francis was again the first to see the need of an organization for dealing with the Unions. To this end he called the first meeting of what later became the Printers' League, in New York City, late in 1906, and within a few months the new organization was well under way, being developed almost wholly by his individual efforts and perseverance, as related in another chapter.

Talks To and About Employees

THERE is no other employer in the printing trade of America who has expressed as much solicitude and interest in the employees, the workers of the trade, as Charles Francis. This statement is not rashly made. Though sweeping, it is literally true, and as a writer on printing topics for twenty-nine years, perhaps my utterance will be accepted as authority. No other employer of printers has approached Mr. Francis in exhibiting public and private interest in the workers in the trade, with the single exception of George W. Childs, whose gift laid the foundation for the Printers' Home at Colorado Springs.

In the trade press, at gatherings of the unions, at outings, on the floor of the Typothetæ, before assemblies of master printers, as an official of the Printers' League, in public halls, in the daily papers, and on all sorts of occasions, the voice of Charles Francis has been uplifted in urging the interests and welfare of the workers, chiefly the union workers, for he has ever been a strong advocate of the necessity and advantages of organized labor.

As an employee he was early in the union ranks; as a foreman and superintendent he was uniformly fair and kind; as an employer he hired union men, and kept them well satisfied. Not content with paying the best wages, he on frequent occasions claimed the men as partners in the business, and treated them as such.

He never forgot the years he served at the case and the press, and when he became a prosperous employer was ever prone to donate something back to the men who did the work; in him they had a real friend and a wise counselor.

Some of the views he was fond of urging are set forth in the following quotations from various trade journals.

At a dinner at the Aldine Club, he was reported as saying:

"I believe that employers and employees of a printing business are really partners, the latter because they take the first half of that which comes in.

"As employers we are responsible for the employee, and for his family.

"If there has been any success worth mentioning that the Charles Francis Press has made in the business I want to give credit to the employees of the house, for they have given loyal and intelligent cooperation in the production of the work coming from it.

"If an employee does not feel that he is being treated right he will not work right. We must work together.

"The employees' wives and families must be kept in a decent and respectable manner. Considering this, I have not objected to raises in wages when they were reasonable. When I came to this country you could buy things for half the amount that is possible now. Wages have been increased lately, but that was necessary because money would buy less. I had the relative purchasing value of money brought home to me when I came to this country, and I found that with the wages of $18 a week here I could not buy as much

as with the $9 a week which was the union scale in London.

"The unity of the workmen is being commented upon. That unity should also be the unity of the employers. We are making a great effort in New York to improve conditions by perfecting such unity, for conditions here need improvement badly. I want to say to my brethren of the unions that such unity of the employers will be beneficial to them."

The *New York Union Printer,* in February, 1915, contained these re-statements from Mr. Francis' pen:

"Little by little wages have been raised and hours shortened in all directions, and as a consequence the prices of living commodities and rent have also had to rise. It is inevitable that when the workmen bakers decrease hours and raise wages that the price of bread must go up, and this is the case with every other commodity, so that instead of really making more money, the worker gets more dollars but his dollars buy less bread and less of everything. In fact, it is commercialism that rules, and troubles arise from inequalities in the regulation of prices and wages.

"These matters are very much better arranged by mutual consultation and conciliation, and very little trouble need arise in this way, but the rock upon which the employee and employer are wrecked is the imposition by the workmen of shop rules which are obnoxious and of very little real use to the employee. The establishment of shop rules should be by consultation, as any shop rule that is not for mutual benefit is a bad rule, and many of them have so proved themselves.

"Again, there is the question of enforcing unionism

upon the employer through the label. This course immediately causes all employers to consider the label only as a necessity, and it is never looked upon with favor, whereas the effort should be made to popularize the label with all classes.

"Probably the best way in which to popularize the label would be to invite at least the co-operation of one employer, selected from some organization of employers, to confer with the Council; in fact, to become a member of the Council. This would mean conciliation in place of the use now made of the label as a club.

"Without doubt the employer and employee will get along better, earn more and consequently be in position to pay more working under friendly relations than they will when expecting to receive a blow from one another as opportunity arrives.

"We hope the day is not far distant when the necessary partnership with the employee will become more and more friendly until they pull together as a unit."

At a session of the International Typographical Union in Cleveland, in 1912, Mr. Francis was reported as saying:

"I would like to say just a few words about your own organization. I am a pretty close reader of *The Typographical Journal.* Perhaps some of you may think that the employer ought not to read *The Typographical Journal;* I think there has been that kind of a feeling sometimes, and yet if our interests are identical, why shouldn't we look into what one another are doing?

"Now, regarding the progress of the International Typographical Union, I find that the earnings per member from 1909 to 1912 have increased from $897

to $974, an increase of 10 per cent., or a total of $3,600,000 per year, and that the membership has increased 20 per cent. in that time. Now, that is a very roseate view for your own organization, and I want again to congratulate you upon this assurance of your members that you are doing a work that is necessary for them.

"Now, in *The Typographical Journal* I also noticed a little paragraph by your president; since making these remarks I find that one of my confreres is going to talk upon the same subject, but perhaps he won't talk the same as I do. Your president says: 'One association of commercial printers will mean much for the industry, if advancement is with the unions and not against them.' I might interpolate there that if the advancement is against the unions it will also be against the employer, because the majority of the employees means the unions; they must work together. Printing trades unions working under agreement with such an association can be of immense assistance in placing the book and job industry on a profitable basis. That the unions are ready to assist in this way is indisputable. All that they desire is fair treatment under a working agreement, and they will carry their share of the load.

"Now, under the agreements made by the Printers' League I want to say to you here that I have found that to be the absolute fact. We have received a great deal of assistance from the unions themselves whenever we could show reason for that assistance, and there are some times when the unions don't exactly catch the thought that would come if they get it from the

employer, but as a rule the International Typographical Union has seemed to catch that thought."

In 1913, at the annual session of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, Mr. Francis was asked to speak, and was reported, in part, by the *American Pressman,* as follows:

"It is a fact that the growth of unionism has been wonderful in the time I have been in it. Take the present organization — take this beautiful place you have here—and I have to congratulate you on that—it would not have been thought of twenty years ago, and twenty-five years ago you were not in existence as a separate organization. Twenty-five years ago you were in existence in connection with the Typographical Union, and you could not even have imagined you would have such a beautiful place as you have today. Last Sunday night I was at dinner in Shanley's, New York, and we had several flings about compositors being able to stop at Shanley's, when a few years ago they were glad to have a ten-cent bite at Childs'. It shows we have improved and are growing.

"There is necessity for cohesion. Cohesion, first of all, in your ranks; secondly, cohesion in our ranks; and then cohesion between the two. As I said, there are two sides to the fence, and the difficulty is to get you people to see over on our side of the fence and to get our people to see on your side. There is a great deal of difficulty about it, as I find out in trying to get this proposition through since we started the Printers' League. The principal trouble we have is a misunderstanding of each other. We came up to the start

of this proposition with the idea that the employee was the natural enemy of the employer, and that the employer was the natural enemy of the employee, and whenever we saw an employer on the street we were ready to stick our fists up and go for him straight. I am glad there is a change coming over the spirit of the land in that respect, especially in our own industry. It is not entirely eliminated yet. Some of you will say, 'Yes, that is all very well where you are, but you ought to see it up our way.' That is true, I know, but you cannot take a child and educate him in one term in school; you have to take him through several terms before he is properly educated.

"The one thing we have to get together to eliminate is the selfishness and personal ambition of some people. We are all selfish—there is no getting away from that. We all want to make the most dollars we can. The only way I know of to make the most dollars we can for both of us is to pull together. A team that does not pull together does not amount to much. It is not a question of whether we want to get together or anything of that kind, but if you want to make the most you can we have got to get together."

Before the Order of Owls, a downtown New York City printers' club, in 1917, Mr. Francis spoke as follows, as reported by the *N. Y. Union Printer:*

"When I became a master printer or employer, I joined employers' associations, so you see I have always been a union man, and I can look at printers' problems from both points of view—the employer's and employee's.

"We need to get together. We have got to be friends

whether we want to or not, though we certainly all prefer to work in harmony. It must be admitted that the employers have not always worked with the employees, but the Printers' League was started with this express idea of getting together. We wanted to get away from strike conditions. Some of you may have seen my booklet 'Strikes Are War, and War Is Hell.'

"I learned the printing trade in a very strong labor union country, New Zealand. If a non-union man came to town there, he had his choice of three things—to join the union, get out of town, or get hurt. That was carrying it pretty far. But the unions were so strong down there that they have made it an employees' government. In recent years I understand that there is no friction there between employers and employed. Though the latter govern, they have broadened out, got a new viewpoint, and misunderstandings are avoided.

"The employer vs. employee problem is one that before long will engross attention in this country and that has got to be met. And who can settle it any better than we in the printing trade? We are one of the three largest industries in the United States, and surely we have the most intelligent workingmen of any industry. Why can't we solve this problem for this whole country? The solution of getting together in one trade will be right for other trades.

"I worked out some figures once showing that all the cash money capital would not pay the wages of the country for more than six or eight weeks. That shows the close margin between employer and employee, and that it is only a constant turnover of money that makes

things go. Since the employee must get his share out of it, he is vitally interested in making things go. That he knows how to get his share is evidenced by the way wages have advanced here. The unions are to be congratulated on the development of their scale.

"It would be a wonderful thing if we could get together hand in hand, heart to heart, and work together fairly and squarely. We are one of the greatest industries. Why can't we get together on this wonderful proposition? The way to do it is to get away from the little things, leave them to committees. We have too much red tape. To work on the large details of getting together we must work on broad lines and forget the little things.

"I would like to see a greater spirit of unity—first, between the employees; second, between the employers; and third, between employers and employees.

"As an employer, I don't want everything. I would be ready for this: Standard prices, standard wages, standard profits, and everything over to be divided with the boys. And I think ten per cent. is what the employers' profits should be limited to—the rest to be divided with the workers."

At the twentieth anniversary dinner tendered him by the employees of the Charles Francis Press, Mr. Francis included in his remarks the following as to unity:

"This is our twentieth birthday. In one year we shall be old enough to vote. It is with a great deal of pleasure that tonight I look into the faces of those who have helped to make the Charles Francis Press what it is. Often we have met together in your outings and

dances, but this is the first time when all of us have come together for a good time and I hope you will enjoy yourselves tonight, and that this occasion may be the precursor of many more such occasions. There are some lessons I would like you to take away with you. Part of you may have heard what I may say, but many have not. All business is a co-partnership and not the least of that co-partnership is the employee. In remembering this it is well, also, to recollect that what is called capital is the accumulation of the earnings of the employees, but all the capital of this great country would not pay the wages of the employees for six weeks unless these employees should keep on creating more capital by their labors. It is therefore seen that you are not only labor but capital, and in order to obtain the very best results it is necessary for us to work together and go 'forward in unity' as friends. The employer's position is that of an agent between the employee and the customer, and there is a correlation all the way through."

At a gathering of Chicago printers, Mr. Francis urged the following in regard to "getting together":

"There are wonderful things before this country. It can be made twenty times better than it ever has been, and it is now twenty times better than some of the old countries. The whole thing is in getting together. The employers should get together to get standard prices and the employees should get together to get standard wages.

"I will tell you one thing plainly. I know there have been some even in this room who have been very much opposed to me, but I have not a single ill feeling in

my heart toward those who opposed me. I do not see why I should have. Differ in opinion we will, but why should we quarrel with one another because we differ in opinion? If we didn't differ in opinion we would all want to marry the same woman—and we cannot do that, you know.

"The organization is coming along, but it is coming along slower than I want it to for the benefit of both of us. If we will have a little patience with each other and endeavor to keep peace in both families and keep peace between the families we will have an era of peace and prosperity.

"Now I wish for you a convention filled with good things and a stride forward toward the new era of peace, prosperity and justice to all."

He further urged the "get-together" idea in the *Printing Trade News* of May 28, 1912, as follows:

"The Printers' League of America can work with both the Typothetæ and the Ben Franklin Club on the union labor question side by side and make collective contracts the basis of all our labor matters. It is certainly possible, and is earnestly to be desired, that national, as well as local, contracts shall be made, and recent events show that when such contracts are made in the open, before the unions and with the members given every chance to participate, that they will stand by these contracts even though they may only be 'moral' contracts.

"Employee and employer alike are seeking a reasonable way in which to work harmoniously together on a 'live-and-let-live' basis, and the result of 'Printers' League principles' must prevail with those who em-

ploy union labor. We strongly hope that strikes and lockouts are a thing of the past and that we may all draw closer together in our consideration one of the other in the near future.

"The argument advanced by some employers is that unions will not keep contracts, and this has been refuted by their actions.

"Now, one thing must be done and that is to join the employers of union labor together in one national body and draw support for this proposition from those employing union labor inside of both organizations, and this will be welcomed by the unions, who see the fallacy of the war system.

"Your suggestion that the Printers' League (national) should meet once a year in consultation with the national unions must be, if the ultimate success of the 'peace plan' is to predominate. That the League also, must be the contracting body and that all its members must be obligated to maintain the contracts made goes without saying.

"The advantages resulting from this combination should be most satisfactory, for those who joined the League for its valuable assistance in the labor world would become interested in the insurance, cost and other matters taken up by the other bodies, and in this the independent plant could find something which would interest the proprietors as a gain over present conditions.

"The employers of this country must 'get together' and act like sane men in taking care collectively of *all* the interests that the employing printer finds in the business, no matter whether small or large, competi-

tive or non-competitive, and take a hand collectively in the material interests of the business."

Mr. Francis took a fling at selfishness in business, in a communication to the *Printing Trade News,* in 1915:

IS THIS A FREE COUNTRY?

"If so, is a free country worth living in? When the writer was in the South thirty years ago he often heard the negro pine for the days of slavery, for said he, 'I was then taken as much care of as the amount the master paid for me represented, but now I have to hustle for a bare living, and if sick and want a doctor have difficulty in getting one at all and hard work to pay him after recovering.' Now, the slaveholders of this free country seem to vary in the commercial life from employee to employer. If the employer has the upper hand he will drain the last dollar out of the employee with rare exceptions. While, should the employee be able to assert his authority, the same proposition is carried out, and the employer's earnest and hard work to provide a competency is swept away and neither employer nor employee is benefited thereby.

"What is the reason for this morbid condition of affairs? Just plain *'selfishness.'* This 'selfishness' seems to be inherent in the human family, and seldom is it embued with 'common sense,' and cannot see further than tomorrow, or the next day at the furthest. It has just one thought, *Get!* GET! GET!

"We boast about our great improvement in civilization, and yet this great strife is kept up from day to day. Where is the remedy? Congress does not

dare to touch it because it is not the will of the people that it should be touched, and if legislators, either state or national, showed any sign of interfering with our inherent right to fight one another as dogs do over a bone, they would be relegated at once to obscurity, and probably suffer for their heroic action. Therefore, until it is the will of the people we cannot come out of the state of barbarism existing since the world began. We have improved in education, we can read and write and even think better than we did last century, and yet we are still divided in classes and masses fighting one another."

These illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been here quoted to demonstrate the main ideas in regard to employees and workers in the trade, and the position of the unions, and their relations to the employers, continuously advocated by Charles Francis. These were not mere spasmodic utterances. He was ever insistently ringing the changes on the necessity of working with the men and not against them, of developing harmony and unity of action. This was the one great dominant idea in all his work in printing trade organizations. He aimed to destroy the old idea of forcing concessions to employees by strikes, and to substitute the new idea of consultation, conciliation and arbitration.

Interest in Trade Education

THE earning power of a man is limited by what he knows; hard work ineffectively applied accomplishes little. Mr. Francis had not been long in America before he noticed the difference in the training of the workmen here and in London and Australia. The English printer almost invariably served a full seven years apprenticeship, and was taught the details of his calling. He did not have to depend wholly on his own observation in picking up the trade, or upon his luck in falling into jobs where he could learn. There was a sense of responsibility for his education felt by both employers and older workmen.

The lack of a proper apprenticeship system in America was one of the first things that impressed itself on Mr. Francis when he engaged in work on this continent. It resulted in bringing into the trade a vast number of half-informed workmen, who were of little use except on some simple routine to which they had been accustomed. As a member of the Typographical Union, which at that time embraced all branches of the business, his voice was often raised in favor of some systematic method of training workmen, some way of teaching the trade, so that the term union printer should be synonymous with a thoroughly trained printer. On more than one occasion he advocated that some examination be held as to a man's proficiency before he was taken in as a member, and turned loose to work at a journeyman's full wage.

The conditions tended to bring the incompetents into the union, whereas the fully competent men could afford to stay out, being sure of satisfactory work at good wages without any union back of them. Most men had to pick up what education they got in either composition or presswork. The method, or rather lack of method, was usually about like this:

The small city and country printing offices every little while would advertise for "a boy to learn the printing trade." This was considered a good bait, though not one time in one hundred had the employer any idea of giving any time or effort, much less expense, to training the boy or teaching him the trade. But it sounded well to the boy's parents, and was an inducement to him to accept work at a low rate of pay.

Such boys in the old days were set to work sweeping the floor, making fires, running errands, washing rollers, folding papers, and generally doing chores and waiting on others. If they had any spare time they were allowed to set a little type or feed a job press. Instruction in typesetting was mainly a farce, confined to telling the boy to learn the boxes, not to sit on a stool, to turn the nicks out, to ask somebody how to divide words, and to let a "comp." empty his stick when full. When the boy tried to empty his own stick and pied the type there was a general guffaw at his awkwardness, with little attempt to show him the principle of handling type matter. Later, this same boy probably was alternately cussed and ridiculed for setting a dirty proof, his criticizers being seemingly unaware that it was their business to give him the hints and training essential to setting a clean proof.

After a year or so as chore boy or "devil" another boy would be hired, also "to learn the business," and the "apprentice," as he was now sometimes styled, would be allowed to spend most of his time setting reprint or feeding press, at an advance of $1 or $2 a week. Then he would think he was really learning the trade; but after a few years of sticking type with no advancement, a realization would come to him that about $5 or $6 was the limit he would ever earn in such a shop, and he was apt to drift off to the city and take a job as a "two-thirder." If there ever was a custom totally reprehensible in the printing trade it was this "two-thirder" humbug. For the benefit of the non-technical reader it should be explained that a "two-thirder" is one who works for two-thirds of the journeyman's wage, or thereabouts, on the assumption that he has not completed his trade; and is still learning, and in a year or two will be advanced to a full journeyman's pay. As used by the union, the term is perfectly legitimate; but as a matter of fact, really good printing offices seldom hire two-thirders. They are advertised for and picked up by non-union or "open" shops, that try to make a profit by underpaying their men, and where there is not only no effort to teach them anything by way of completing their trade, but where good printing cannot be learned because only cheap and poor work is done in the shop.

A two-thirder who is particularly industrious and apt to pick up knowledge may advance himself a dollar or two, but to get full pay commonly he has to get out and find a position in a shop where the two-thirder is unknown. Thus the average non-union two-

thirder drifts from shop to shop, never completing his trade, and not being worth full pay, because of lack of instruction in the things which differentiate a good workman from a poor one, remains a damage to himself and to his trade.

That things are better now, and the two-third error disappearing, is due to the efforts of a few men, here and there, like Mr. Francis, who saw the obvious remedy, and did more than their share toward applying it.

In his own shop Mr. Francis saw to it that apprentices had real training and an opportunity to advance as they learned. While working as a foreman and afterwards as superintendent, he consistently recognized a duty toward the boys who were learning, and tried to arrange to give them the chance to advance in their work. A boy under him who showed ability found himself rapidly introduced to better and better work. The Vice-President of the Charles Francis Press at this writing started in the place as an office boy and worked himself up through all the subordinate positions, becoming one of the most competent men in the trade.

At various times Mr. Francis urged upon the associations of employers the need of apprentice schools, and some regular means of training efficient workmen, instead of depending upon chance for their development. He trained his own men in his own shop, but there his ability to improve conditions seemed to stop until he fell in with the School of Printers' Apprentices for New York, at the Hudson Guild.

This school was started in a small way in the Fall of 1911, and shortly thereafter attracted Mr. Francis'

attention. Observing the suitable conditions of its inception, and the competency of the director, A. L. Blue, he interested the Printers' League to take an active part in its advancement, and through his instrumentality the League raised and presented the School with $1,000, while four of the League officials, Messrs. Francis, Van Wart, Goldmann and McCoy, were appointed a committee to cooperate with the School.

Later a tripartite agreement was made for conducting the School, involving a directorate composed of four employing printers, four members of the Typographical Union, and four representatives of the Hudson Guild. Mr. Francis was chairman of the directory for some years, and both he and Charles Scribner were most active in pushing the work of the School, and providing funds for carrying on the instruction.

At this writing the membership of the School approximates 560, constituting the largest school of printing apprentices in the country. Instruction is absolutely free; the apprentices are now paying a small fee and are represented on the Board of Management, and this is done at the surprisingly low annual cost of about $17 per pupil. This cost is about evenly borne by the Employing Printers, the Typographical Union, and the Hudson Guild, though material assistance has come by contributions of type, cases, stands and other equipment and by voluntary membership fees of leading printers and publishers.

The School holds afternoon classes from 3:30 to 5:30, the shops presenting their apprentices with the

time one afternoon a week. These same students must take one evening lesson a week, so that they secure four hours a week in the School, by giving up only one evening a week of their own time. The arrangement is such, however, that the apprentices may take either five or ten hours a week instruction, though it is preferred to have them take only the full time.

All apprentices are registered by the Typographical Union, and on attaining a certain degree of efficiency, apprentice students are granted cards, being advanced in pay year by year for five years, and when graduated as journeymen they automatically secure journeymen's cards in the union, and receive full pay.

Early in the history of the School it was found necessary to confine instruction to apprentices actually employed, who had worked one year at the trade, and thus proved their intention of continuing in the business. It was found to be a serious waste of effort to instruct green boys, a majority of whom would conclude later that they preferred some other trade or vocation, and dropping printing, would thus waste their own time and that of their instructors. Hand compositors only are educated at this School, whose equipment consists of the appliances and conveniences of a composing room. Machine operators are considered as being taken care of efficiently by the several very good linotype and monotype schools, and the hope is entertained that reliable schools for presswork will spring up in imitation of the institution at the Pressmen's Home, in Tennessee.

In addition to graduating competent compositors, of a known degree of efficiency, the school is doing an

excellent work in examining candidates for admission to the union, testing their competency. Only 43 per cent. of these outside applicants for working cards are able to pass the examination, and they are refused admission to the union as journeymen until they acquire greater efficiency. Of the student apprentices taking the examination, about 85 per cent. pass. Those failing to pass get an extension of time in which to qualify.

A Charles Francis medal is given every year for general proficiency.

The tests for competency in this School include not only proficiency in setting and handling type, both plain and display, but the fundaments of make-up and imposition, familiar stock sizes, correct spelling and punctuation, and a fair working knowledge of English grammar. To test a pupil in spelling, punctuation and grammar the following blank is used:

E b. *Mark errors in spelling, punctuation, grammar, division, etc.*

At 830 the comittee finaly apeared.

It was not posible at the time to apreciate the conveinence that the sugestion offered.

In sevaral instences seperate planing was recomended.

No referance was made to the suprise aranged for them untill the Presidant come.

The dealers in the following streets viz Catharine, Cherry, and the Bowery have acquiesed in the movement. The clerks do not recognize coersive measures said one of the prime

movers in the aggitation. Their was oposition to night shoping and the salesmen urged that the stores be closed not latter than 8 oclock, p m.

Hardly had a setlement been affected before a wholy unexpected elament of dischord spread that threatened the anihillation of the organization. Better judgement prevailled however and matters was ammicably ajusted.

The grasping buisness man is a vastly diferent type from the fair buisness man, the grasping man begins his day with a prayer that he may not loose no time or opportunity in his battle for sucess.

Some men are borne rich others acheive riches and others work for Henry Ford.

When a cow is laying down which end gits up first.

A hand was forced between his acheing body and the floor and the voice said why my dear little chap you mustnt cry like that whats the matter.

Gracious—Mrs. Terrill rarely made use of such exclamations but the exigency of the ocasion rung it from her lips.

The law is infinate it transends every individual it is irresistable. Stop fussing in your mental labratory over the analisis. Your life is jeweled with atributes and forces.

Name .....

Another successful school is that of the United Typothetæ and Franklin Clubs of America, at Indian-

apolis. This institution, though having fewer scholars than the School for Printers' Apprentices of New York, and about the same financial income, has the advantage of much the most costly equipment of any similar school for instruction in printing in the United States. There is a large outfit of type and composing machinery, together with some composing machines, job presses, etc. Manufacturers have assisted by loaning a variety of machines, asking only that the School keep them insured. This School has an alliance with the City of Indianapolis, by which it gives instruction in printing classes in the Technical High School, and receives some financial assistance in return. It is operated as a trade school, designed to produce better workmen, and increase efficiency in all departments of printing.

The International Pressmen and Assistants' Union maintain a school at Pressmen's Home, Tennessee, for instruction in presswork. The work here is most practical and thorough, including teaching of the process of offset printing, and instruction by mail. It has elicited the close attention and approval of Mr. Francis, who has urged the duplication of their work in several of the larger cities, to supply the need for more of the best class of artistic and color pressmen.

A School of Printing was established at the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh in 1915. This operates as a sort of college, giving a higher training in printing as an art, and including such subjects as design, color, and chemistry and physics in their relations to printing. Night classes are maintained for the benefit of local apprentices.

At Harvard University printing and publishing classes were established in 1915, under the Business Administration Department, and are meeting with some success. The School of Printing and the Graphic Arts at Wentworth Institute, Boston, in 1916 completed an arrangement for taking over the Boston Typothetæ's school at the North End Union, and is giving instruction in both printing and all the closely allied industries, viz.: Hand and machine composition, platen and cylinder presswork, electrotyping, photo-engraving, color process work, lithography and book-binding. They have both day and evening classes.

The *Inland Printer* and the International Typographical Union also have an alliance for the conducting of a correspondence school of printing, which has served a very useful purpose in assisting those apprentices in small towns and cities who have not access to one of the day or evening schools that have been cited.

This brief outline of apprenticeship schools has been included here to place on record their progress in America at this writing, and round out the subject more completely.

Mr. Francis' own interest in his apprentices is illustrated by an incident that occurred at the time he wished his son, Reginald, to work through the departments of the Charles Francis Press, in order to fit him later for the management of the business. When he wished to enter him as an apprentice he was told by the Union officials that he was not entitled to another apprentice under their rules, that to make a place for his son he should discharge an apprentice. This Mr. Francis refused to do, deeming it distinctly unfair, as

all his apprentices were making satisfactory progress. But he pushed the matter up to the Union officers so effectively that they finally yielded the point, and Reginald Francis received his training under Union jurisdiction without discharging any apprentice to make a place for him.

From first to last a large number of apprentices have been educated in the Charles Francis Press, an ideal shop for learning modern methods, where there has ever been a willingness to recognize capacity and promote the deserving.

Lecturing Experiences

THE evolution of Charles Francis as a public speaker was a gradual one. Like all capable men, he was ever able to stand before an audience with collected mind and convey to them some message; yet his method of address, and his ability to say that which his hearers could appreciate, improved with the years. It was the writer's fortune to hear him deliver a lecture on the same subject before four different audiences, and on each occasion he modified or expanded his utterances as he judged most edifying to the people before him, and so made himself understood and appreciated by widely different intelligences.

Not until he was along in middle life, and began to take an active interest in trade associations, did he have much call for speaking in public. On printing subjects he felt sure of his ground, had the courage of his convictions, and in company where at first he was seldom heard from, he gradually warmed up to conditions, and became a voluble talker at gatherings of the trade.

The solid sense of his remarks, and the fund of practical knowledge on which he drew, brought him more and more into demand, and as the president, first of the Printers' League of New York and later of the Printers' League of America, and as first Vice-President of the National Ben Franklin Association, he began to be called on for many adresses. When the time came for incorporating the Ben Franklin Clubs of

the U. S., with the United Typothetæ of America, he was conspicuous on a number of occasions as a speaker, and the unions were always sending for him, or producing conditions which demanded that he go and talk at their meetings.

Probably he has addressed more than a hundred sessions of employing printers, and several hundred gatherings of employees and union organizations, besides speaking at trade picnics and summer outings. In Sunday School and Y. M. C. A. circles he has also been known as a ready talker, having something to say on almost every topic, and being able to add helpful and cheerful words whenever needed.

In 1916 he came out as a full-fledged lecturer, preparing an exhaustive discourse, titled "Fifty Years in Printing." This was originally delivered as an off-hand after-dinner speech in Cincinnati, and took so well that he elaborated it into a full evening lecture. Some fifty lantern-slide pictures were prepared to illustrate this talk, many of them historical subjects, reproductions of typical jobs of printing, with machines of various epochs, and union cards of different periods, one of the latter being card No. 1 of the New York Union, signed by Horace Greeley in 1850.

But Mr. Francis was not satisfied with these routine illustrations, and decided to secure a film of moving pictures which should portray the layout and progress of a job of printing through a modern shop. A film concern was called in, and set to taking "movies" from every possible angle in the great Charles Francis Press plant in the Printing Crafts Building. Owing to the high ceiling, exceptional light and perfect arrange-

ment of the new plant it was found possible to take the best collection of moving pictures of printing that had ever been produced up to that time, and after a great deal of picturing, planning, cutting, rearranging and insertion of titles, a set of two reels of films was produced at a cost of over $1200, which adequately represented what the title called for—"A Modern Printing Plant."

After some preliminary exhibitions of the pictures, to insure their smooth running, and the cutting out and altering of portions criticized by particular printers, they were finally pronounced perfect, and the first lecture and exhibit was arranged for under the auspices of the Club of Printing House Craftsmen of New York, at the Hotel Navarre.

And here begin a series of amusing occurrences which describe the difficulties of handling illustrated lectures. There were no conveniences at the hotel for a moving picture exhibit, and all had to be provided. First, information was received that a police license would be required, and after three visits to a neighboring police station, a man was sent to the Bureau of Licenses, and it became necessary to go through all the red tape of procuring a license, the same as for a moving picture theatre.

On the day of the lecture and exhibit, three different sets of inspectors appeared on the scene. A fireproof booth and a moving picture machine were already rented and installed, and inspector No. 1 looked them over with a very grave face and said, "Ye can't give this show unless ye put a piece of zinc in front of that booth atop of that bit of carpet." Inspector No.

2 next hove in sight, and finding the electric cable for supplying an arc current was not yet joined up, said, "I can't pass this, and I've got no time to come back later and look at it. You can't show." With a good deal of persuasion, and the payment of a dollar to a messenger to see him later and swear the connection was made, that difficulty was overcome.

No. 3 inspector held up his hands in holy horror: "The law calls for red 'Exit' lights, and yours are white. You'll get no license." So he had to be placated while somebody hustled out and got some red electric bulbs to give the legal color of light.

Then it appeared that there was no sheet or screen for the exhibit, and a hasty rush had to be made to purchase a white screen on which to throw the pictures. Casually it was enquired whether the operator of the moving picture machine would be on hand early, and he remarked, "They won't let me show the pictures; I have no license." So a hurried search was made for a licensed operator, and finally one was found, and promised to show up early, in case any more difficulties occurred.

In the meantime the license had been held up, and a man went down to the Bureau of Licenses, about a half hour before its closing, tendered the fee, and asked for the license for exhibiting the pictures. "The gas, water and electricity inspector has not reported," he was told. "We can't issue any license." After a certain amount of argument and cajoling, and explaining, the official finally unbent, and rather than have the city lose a $5 fee on a technicality, the license was issued.

Returning to the hotel with the license, Mr. Francis' representative found that the licensed operator who had been engaged had not shown up, that nobody knew his address, or whether he was likely to appear. So the telephone was worked to several "movie" people, and finally another licensed operator was found, and it looked as if all might go smoothly.

The lecture was laid out so that Mr. Francis might call for the lantern slides in regular rotation as he came to the appropriate subject, but the picture operator was undrilled and unfamiliar with the subject, and some curious individual got a chance at the box of slides, pulled out and examined a few and returned them out of order, so that after a nice start, Mr. Francis found himself saying "This is a picture of the old Fraser typesetting machine," just as the operator threw on the screen a representation of a Working Card of the Little Rock Union. With a few other little mix-ups of that sort and four breaks of the reels of movies, the first lecture passed off very well.

Another time this lecture "Fifty Years in Printing," was arranged for before the Murray Hill Evening Trade School. There were more difficulties here with the mechanical presentation of the picture. A non-licensed exhibiting machine was on the premises, and a fireproof booth was hired and set up in the lecture hall, but when the inspectors came from the several city departments to pass upon it for a license no operator was in evidence, and nobody with any authority. The lecture and exhibit were under the auspices of an evening school, and the principal was out of town, and the day-school officials who were in charge of the

premises disclaimed any responsibility. With considerable effort it was found that a few boys in the trade school were able to equip and connect the machine, and these were paid to put it in working order, and an inspection then was obtained just in time to prevent the disappointment of the spectators.

When Mr. Francis got before this audience he found it composed partly of trade school students, many of them somewhat informed as to printing, and partly of miscellaneous residents of the locality, probably with very slight knowledge of printing. So he found it necessary, without preparation, to modify his somewhat technically prepared discourse, and bring it down to the average comprehension of his audience, at the same time giving enough technical description to assist the trade-school students who were taking instruction in printing.

The picture operator in this case was an instructor in the trade school, and had a class in moving-picture operating. Every member of this class attended, and gathered around the moving picture booth to see and assist as much as possible, and obtain actual knowledge as to how the reels were handled. The portable fireproof booth used was a great box of galvanized sheet iron, and every time anyone stepped on its floor or leaned against it, it rattled like the thunder-making machine in a theatre. There were about twenty boys hanging about this booth and trying to help, obstructing the door, and continually jostling it. The result was an intermittent rattling like artillery, which divided the attention of the audience with the display of pictures on the screen. When Mr. Francis would

try to say something descriptive of a point in the pictures, a thunder-sound would invariably break in and prevent his remarks being heard in full. He finally had to give it up and let the impromptu artillery supply an accompaniment to the remainder of the pictures.

On various occasions there were narrow escapes of making a complete exhibition of the pictures with the lecture. There were sometimes anxious waitings, wondering if the reels, the lantern slides and all the necessary "fixings" would actually all get together on time; but there never was a real disappointment of an audience. Once the clicker with which he signalled the picture man was missing at the last moment, but another signalling device was found.

Once Mr. Francis found himself facing his audience without his manuscript. This was at about the fourth delivery of the lecture, and he was uncertain how able he was to give it satisfactorily without the manuscript to fall back on. But he was equal to the occasion, and improvised where he did not remember, and substituted a good deal of non-technical popular description for the more careful statements in the original speech. It took very well, and a gentleman present who had heard him before, lecturing from the manuscript, reported, "You have changed this lecture for the better, I think."

In one public school, a graft-seeking janitor tried to hold up the entire performance by his unwillingness to move a few chairs. He directed that the moving picture booth be placed in the aisle, and of course the fire inspector refused to approve the exhibit with the

principal entrance thus blocked. When asked to move some chairs to make a place for the booth, the janitor refused, saying he had no authority to move them without the written permission of some functionary, who proved to be out of town.

After consulting with some fourteen different officials and slipping a bill into the janitor's hands, it was discovered possible to get the chairs moved, though a reinspection of the premises had to be made by the fire department, and the Bureau of Licenses had to keep open beyond hours to issue the license.

Many very appreciative audiences were found, especially among practical printers, members of the Craftsmen's associations, etc. In Philadelphia the lecture was announced as follows:

The THROUGH ROUTE TO SUCCESS

Via a visit to the Monthly Meeting and Dinner of the Philadelphia Club of Printing House Craftsmen Thursday evening, April 12, 1917, at 6 o'clock,

New Bingham Hotel

Roof Garden, Market and Eleventh Streets

"Fifty Years in Printing," an Illustrated Moving Picture and Stereopticon Slide Lecture by Mr. Charles Francis, of the Charles Francis Press, New York

Hear this most successful of successful printers. The lecture and pictures are indeed an educational revelation at this age when the average man seldom hears or sees the master mind in reality. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity.

When it became generally known that Mr. Francis was delivering this lecture free of charge, and furnishing $1200 worth of up-to-date moving pictures illustrative of printing, he was overcrowded with requests, many of an impossible character. One teacher invited him to take a 12-mile trip, and exhibit before his graduating class, utterly oblivious of the fact that an expense of $40 in cash had to be met to give the exhibit in his school and meet the fire-protection laws, and that thus it would cost about $1.25 per pupil besides the gift of Mr. Francis' time. His class was given an invitation to attend the lecture given nearest them.

Others appeared and wanted to borrow a part or all of the pictures for various purposes, and on one occasion he did loan the entire series, but most of the requests were impracticable, or tended to interfere with scheduled dates for the lectures.

An interesting feature of some of the New York city presentations of the pictures was the avidity with which the workmen and workwomen who appeared in the pictures came and brought their friends to see how they looked in the "movies." It was a great treat to many, and sometimes stage whispers would be heard "Look at Mollie." "Isn't the blond girl sweet?" "That's Jimmy!" "Hello Tim!" "Get on to Bill's chest," and the like.

Though making no pretensions to oratory, or flights of imagery and eloquence, Mr. Francis ever had the faculty of recognizing the character of an audience, and appreciating the sort of thing that would entertain and hold them. He could think while on his feet, and was never wholly dependent on his manuscript or notes.

He could calmly consider what the people before him would probably care to hear rather than what he enjoyed talking about, and ever pleased his audiences by thus aiming his remarks at the things calculated to interest them.

When delivering his lecture "Fifty Years in Printing" in a church in Nyack, N. Y., the forces of a dozen country printing offices were present, some from considerable distances. Owing to the miscellaneous character of the audience, he abandoned his set speech and gave a wholly extemporaneous talk, in which he referred to the ancient custom of allowing printers to wear swords. He was rewarded by a unanimous vote of the audience that he be permitted to wear a sword whenever he appeared in Nyack.

As a presiding officer Mr. Francis was often in demand, especially at conventions and business gatherings. Notably clear-headed and fair in his decisions, he was usually able to satisfy all factions and his methods of controlling debate were as commendable as his own speeches when in controversy. When feeling strongly on a question, he would sometimes leave the chair to urge his views, but he never undertook to browbeat an opponent, listening as respectfully to antagonistic views as to those harmonious with his own concepts.

In Sunday School and Church work also, Mr. Francis was in considerable demand as a speaker, especially in his later years. Maintaining the youthful viewpoint, he inculcated many a moral principle in the minds of the young, while holding their attention through connecting it with their active and virile

imaginations. He was able to remember the feelings of his own boyhood, and to appeal to the impulsive and ever changing minds of the young with stories and illustrations which amused as well as instructed.

Ideal Home Life

IT is the man of unblemished life, who has lived true to his ideals, who secures those happy and harmonious home surroundings which are the natural reward of right living, and of love freely given and generously returned. Many people think a perfect home life is well-nigh impossible, and a matter of rare good fortune. It is really the natural result of a right choice in marriage, followed by the carrying into one's daily life of the principles taught by our Savior, well known but practiced by too few. The true home where love encompasses is made, not found, and the founder and support of such a home derives such inspiration therefrom that he is enabled to face every situation in life with calmness and serenity, unperturbed by the storms that may assail him in his public career.

Losing his father at an early age and being an only son, Charles Francis was distinctly a mother's boy. She was his confidante and adviser until his manhood ripened, and to her care and guidance he owed the foundation for the sterling principles that became fixed in his character. At her knee he learned the simple prayers and acquired the childlike faith in a Higher Power which never deserted him through an active life. There must be something in heredity, for the unostentatious daily practical religion which was his inheritance, grew into his very nature and became a part of his existence.

Preferring his mother's society to that of the boys

he imbibed her high sense of honor and love of home life, which kept him free from all the vices common to youth. Tobacco, card-playing, nights spent in frivolity never lured him into their meshes.

As an outdoor sport, he early took to the water as his recreation.

In this beautiful companionship of mother and son he learned the meaning of the teachings of Jesus, and discovered the love and harmony that came from practising the Golden Rule. He came to value the simple wholesome pleasures of the home fireside far more than the amusements and excitements of the outer world.

With such a mother, and such a healthful boyhood, untarnished by dissipation, with a preference for the company of the refined, the honest and the true, and with access to the best circles wherever he went, it is not surprising that Charles Francis won as his bride a real helpmeet, a Christian gentlewoman who was a true friend and companion to him all his days.

They became lovers and so remained during the years they were privileged to travel hand in hand through life. This was one of those rare matches made in heaven, where complete harmony and sympathy existed, and regard for each other's care and comfort marked every step of life's journey.

The nobility of Mrs. Francis' character was reflected in the beauty of her face and carriage, and the love she sent out enveloped the household like sunshine, and was felt by all who knew the charming home over which she presided. Unfortunately her health was never robust, and during many years she was almost

an invalid, and the patient, lover-like care with which her every want was administered to by her husband was beautiful to see. Charles Francis was never one of those individuals who think there is such a thing as "woman's work," or "man's work." He was always ready to assist his wife and his children, and at every period he was the gentle lover, the ever-ready helpmeet, deeming no task too menial, but regarding as a pleasure every service that contributed to her comfort and happiness. She was always his sweetheart, and he the admiring and attentive lover, saving her every step, and showering her with those little attentions that are so dear to the feminine heart. He knew that in winning her he had found a jewel, and he lavished upon her the thoughtful care and tender affection which was her due, and which she so generously returned.

He was also the intimate companion and playfellow of his children during their growing years, always ready to sympathize with juvenile joys and woes, and ever prompt to suggest inspiring and interesting occupation. Small wonder that his wife and all his children adored him, and returned his constant love and care with a warmth of affection that made the Francis household a synonym for happiness and peace among all who were privileged to enter that attractive home circle.

With such a home it becomes more possible to understand how as a successful business man, Charles Francis always had the time to extend a helping hand to his brother man, and became so honored and respected in his attempt to bring employer and employee

into friendly relations. Although much time and thought were necessarily devoted to business, he did not allow it to dwarf his heart and mind, but developed and grew in the wonderful home atmosphere he helped to create, and brought its blessing and radiance to the outer world to uplift and cheer struggling humanity.

He was able to win such a sweet, pure, Christian girl as his friend and companion and build up such a wonderful home, because in return he could offer the clean, true Christian life he asked of her. No one, at home or abroad, ever heard a foul or coarse word from his lips. With Christ as the moving power in the life of his beloved, as well as his own, producing clean hearts, pure minds and undefiled bodies, it is not surprising that they gave to the world three children who were a joy and comfort to themselves and a blessing to humanity.

In all the years they were privileged to enjoy each other's society and companionship, Mr. Francis was never known to leave his home too hastily to give the goodbye kiss, and he received the same welcome on his return, and never as a matter of form, but as a mutual privilege grown dearer with the years. And his children fell naturally into the same custom, and in their younger days "dad's" return was signalized by tumultuous joy and a disposition to climb all over him.

And when this loved wife and mother was called to the higher life, her spirit still rested in the home enriched by so many harmonies, and they who mourned her temporary loss, held each other's hands the tighter and felt that mother was near.

In his later years, when the home circle was reduced to himself and his daughter, Mr. Francis lavished on her the same thoughtful love and care he had bestowed on the wife and mother. In his leisure hours they were constant companions, adoring each other, and ever watchful of the other's comfort and welfare. Together they pursued a helpful work for the uplift of those who came within their observation. Their home, both in city and country, was long a Mecca for the lonely and less fortunate, while within its walls were concocted many plans for lending a hand.

Mr. Francis' association with his sons was most delightful. When they were boys, he was a boy with them, sharing in all their activities. When they grew to manhood, while they still called him "Dad" he was like a big brother in his close friendliness. They never hesitated to show their warm affection for each other, and it was truly touching to see these big men at times, with their arms about each other like schoolgirls. Charles Francis never allowed any barrier of restraint to grow up between him and his sons, but was ever one with them. And so big was his heart that he felt it necessary to adopt one son, in addition to his own, and in many a young man did he take a fatherly interest, giving him the entree to his home, supplying his life with uplifting surroundings, and guiding him as a father. He wrote his name with love, mercy and kindness on the hearts of those about him and will therefore never be forgotten.

When asked the secret of his successful and happy life, Mr. Francis would reply: "Christ, as a partner in

the home and business." When urged to a fuller discourse on the subject, he would say: "Love is the crowning experience of life. From its summit all other happiness and joys seem paltry and superficial. It sheds a radiance and joy upon all other experiences, lifting the simplest and humblest into its glory. It is twice blessed, for it blesses giver and receiver. This is God's gift to man, and it should be his chief aim to so free himself that he can receive this gift—not a so-called love which enslaves, but real love which sets free, which flashes into life all the latent powers of man and makes of him a master, and a creator. I know of but one definition of that poor much abused word 'love,' and anyone can find and study it in the Good Book:

"Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not its own, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil, rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth. Prophecies, tongues, knowledge shall be done away, but love never faileth."

It would indeed be strange if the lives of two lover-friends, as well as the lives of their children, built upon such a foundation were not successful and happy, and an inspiration and uplift to struggling humanity.

Testimonials and Tributes

IT is ever a pleasure to recognize merit and to testify to probity and virtue. It has long been a custom in America on especial occasions for a man's friends and associates to unite in some joint testimonial to his worth and their appreciation of his qualities. Business houses and employers are also prone to writing letters to departing employees whom they have valued, and to placing the seal of their approval on the departing one. More rarely, associations and bodies of business men pass resolutions, give dinners and in other ways compliment men of standing, who have accomplished things for the good of a community, profession or people.

Few men have been favored with such a number of testimonials, tributes and offerings as Charles Francis. Having lived a long life, filled honorable positions in many places, and retired always with credit, he acquired an unusually long list of friends and admirers. He brought exceptional testimonial letters with him when he came to America, and these gave him a standing at once; but he acquired many more with the years, and it is interesting and profitable to note the character and growth of these offerings of friendship and commendation.

The first of these that rises well above the average of perfunctory praise is a letter from William Penn Nixon, the famous Chicago journalist. Mr. Francis had charge of the *Inter-Ocean* job printing department

in 1874-5, and left when the property was sold. In writing a parting letter, Mr. Nixon said: "Our job office was more profitable under Mr. Francis than at any other time while we owned it."

Two years later, that is in 1877, we find the employees of the Little Rock *Gazette* presenting their foreman, Charles Francis, with one of those beautiful old style heavy solid gold combination pen and pencils. This memento of early days is highly cherished.

During his career in Louisville, Ky., Mr. Francis had charge of the *Argus* office, and one day the employees all quit work, and marched solemnly into the front office, standing up in a row, with stern, set faces. One of the largest and gloomiest of them was pushed to the front, and blurted out: "Mr. Francis, we are here for a strike. We have stood things here about as long as we can; there must be a remedy, and I have been deputized to strike you. For this purpose we have brought along this stick, as a proper strike emblem." Here he held out a magnificent gold-headed cane, these being then fashionable for gentlemen.

Mr. Francis had other compliments in Louisville. The local Printers' and Publishers' Association made him an honorary member, and extended to him the courtesy of their headquarters. But the finest testimonial from this Southern city came from the associates of Mr. Francis in the bankrupt concern of C. C. Cline & Co., which he took charge of, and reestablished it as the Guide Publishing Company, with $100,000 capital. He assumed charge when the concern owed thousands of dollars more than it could pay, with reputation gone and general ill feeling on the part of the

creditors. How well he handled it may be inferred from the following:

James L. Rubel, secretary of the Bremaker-Moore Paper Co., of Louisville, which had given too much credit and had become obliged to back the Cline Company, wrote this remarkable letter:

"Charles Francis, Esq.

Dear Sir:

"We are fully aware of what hardships you went through in reviving a bankrupt concern, or we might say a concern that never had any capital but wind, until under your vigorous management you made a capital and standing for the firm of C. C. Cline & Co., afterwards known as the Guide Pub. Co. You are entitled to admiration and great credit for the masterly manner in which you conducted the affairs of both companies mentioned above, and your success was accomplished without the sacrifice of honor or truth, but in a straightforward, manly way. In the whole course of our business experience we have never met one whom we can so cheerfully recommend as honest, capable, truthful and honorable in every sense of the word; and we shall be only too happy to have you refer to us at all times as to your qualifications as a business man and a Christian gentleman.

BREMAKER-MOORE PAPER CO.
Jas. L. Rubel, Sec'y."

An additional but briefer testimonial as to Mr. Francis' record in recovering this Company was signed by the parties principally interested, viz.: I. I. Hayes, treas. of the Bremaker-Moore Paper Co.; W.

W. Neal, sec. of the Farmers' Home Journal Pub. Co.; Howard W. Hunter; Theodore Harris, pres. of Louisville Banking Co.; Aug. Straus, vice-pres. of the Courier-Journal Job Printing Co.; R. B. Gilbert, Wm. A. Broadhurst and Charles Hill Smith, pres. Argus P. & P. Co.

When Mr. Francis left Louisville the employees of the *News* office got together and presented him with a tastefully designed silver water set, appropriately engraved.

In New York City Mr. Francis spent about a year as superintendent for A. E. Chasmar & Co., in 1892. When he felt that other interests demanded a change and passed in his resignation, he received this pleasing letter in Mr. Chasmar's own hand:

"Mr. Charles Francis,

Dear Sir:

Upon the occasion of your retirement from the superintendency of our establishment we desire to express our appreciation of your services while in our employ. The conscientious care and attention you have given to matters entrusted to you, and the efficient manner in which you have discharged duties devolving upon you, is worthy of the highest praise. We have felt that you have always watched over our interests as if they were your own, and we have had that confidence in your judgment and integrity as to feel our business could be left entirely in your hands if at any time it should have been necessary to call upon you in this respect. We regret exceedingly that circumstances impel you to sever your connection with us, and hope

that wherever you are called success and prosperity may attend your efforts. Very sincerely yours,

A. E. CHASMAR, Prest."

This was supplemented by the following pleasing letter from the employees under him:

"To Charles Francis,

Superintendent of A. E. Chasmar & Co., N. Y.:

Being informed of your severance with A. E. Chasmar & Co., on Saturday, the 25th inst., it is with great regret that we hear the above announcement and trust you will accept this testimonial as a slight token of the esteem and appreciation by which you have been held by the employees of A. E. Chasmar & Co., for your efficient and honorable treatment during your connection with the above firm, and accept our best wishes for your future, and trust that our loss will be another's gain. Saturday, Feb. 25th, 1893."

The above was signed by the entire force.

The most beautifully engrossed and bound resolutions the writer has ever seen are those prepared and presented by the employees of the Charles Francis Press to him at a dinner they tendered him in September, 1905. They are illuminated on vellum in the very best style of the 15th century, when the art of the printer and illuminator in combination attained its best. The text is as follows:

"The employees of the Charles Francis Press, at a meeting held July 10, 1905, adopted the following preamble and resolution: Whereas, the employees of the Charles Francis Press wish to convey to their em-

ployer a sense of their appreciation of his kindness, consideration and unfailing justice, therefore be it

"Resolved, that Charles Francis, in his dealings with his employees, has shown at all times an interest in their welfare and has endeavored to promote a better feeling among the personnel of the establishment, thus securing to himself the respect and regard of the craft we represent, and affording an example of the good relations that may exist between employer and employee, between man and man, when these relations are based upon a mutual desire for fair and just dealing. It is further

"Resolved, that this preamble and resolution be engrossed and that a copy be presented to him."

On the program at this dinner was printed the following tribute written by Mr. James Harvey, a compositor:

C raftsman once—master printer now—
H e's fit to lead, he first learned how;
A nd work well done the years' record.
R ichly deserved is his reward.
L evel-headed, practical and keen
E xperienced well, for trials he's seen,
S uccess has followed a record clean.

F air in his dealings with the world,
R eputation the best, his credit unsoiled;
A ll those who help him, in him trust,
N one yet have said he was unjust.
C ourteous to all, honest as the best
I n life's fight with its strain and stress,
S uch men prove true by every test.

In 1909 the Printers' League of America was formed, being the national organization that grew out of the Printers' League in New York. Charles Francis being the leading spirit in the movement was naturally the unanimous first choice for president, and in order to help him maintain authority he was presented with an exquisite ivory gavel, which remains one of his most prized souvenirs. It bears this inscription: "Charles Francis, President Printers' League of America, Sept. 22d, 1909."

At this time George L. Berry, president of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, was vice-chairman of the meeting and in the chair, and paid the following tribute to Mr. Francis:

"I want to say, gentlemen, in introducing the first President of the League (applause)—it is hardly necessary to introduce him because practically every employer throughout this continent, and every employee who has followed the situation, is familiar with the work of Mr. Francis. I am not usually envious of any man's popularity, although at our last convention, when I arose to introduce Mr. Francis, the President of the New York Printers' League, I was surprised to learn that he was more popular than myself, the President of the organization. The reception given him at Omaha before the 21st annual session of our convention, demonstrated fully the popularity of your new President, and I feel sure that the popularity has been gained by something more than good fellowship. It has been brought about by constant hard work in the prosecution of the policies of the Printers' League . . . . I want to say that you could not have selected

a man who will fill this position and bring to it the united cooperation of employees as well as Mr. Francis. The Unions in general who, I take it, will give you their utmost cooperation, and who are to be considered seriously in the solution and progress of this policy, will be glad to come to the assistance of Mr. Francis at any time, because they have unlimited confidence in his ability and his integrity as an employer and as a man."

A most pleasing compliment was tendered Mr. Francis on the evening of January 16, 1912, when he was invited to participate with the more than 200 members of the *New York Herald* chapel in their annual dinner, and asked to respond to the toast "The Fair Employer," "as in our judgment this title fits you more happily than anyone else we know."

The twentieth anniversary of the Charles Francis Press was made the occasion of a dinner at the Cafe Boheme, April 15, 1914. The employees printed a souvenir with a portrait of Mr. Francis on the front inscribed "To know him is to love him." There were then about 275 employees, and they joined in surprising Mr. Francis by the offering of an elegant loving cup inscribed "Twentieth anniversary congratulations to Charles Francis from the Employees (Seal of C. F. P.), April fifteenth 1894-1914." Meigs L. Davis, chairman of the composing room chapel, made the presentation speech.

February 6, 1912, about 200 printers of New York city gave a testimonial dinner to Mr. Francis, in recognition of his numerous activities for the good of the trade as a whole. It was held at the Aldine Club, and George V. Taylor was toastmaster. Appreciative

speeches were made by Judge A. S. Tompkins, President James M. Lynch, of the I. T. U., Rev. H. S. Quillin, Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, President George L. Berry, of the Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, and others. The dinner was served in nine courses, named after the nine leading publications from the Francis presses. Miniature imitation ink cans with Mr. Francis's portrait on the label, were given as souvenirs. The program was arranged by Wm. H. Van Wart, of the New York Life Insurance Company. On a flyleaf was printed this tribute to Mr. Francis:

"This dinner is given by the printers and members of the allied trades of New York City to Mr. Charles Francis as a testimonial of their sincere regard and in appreciation of the signal service rendered by him in helping to bring about and establish peaceful relations between the employer and the employee. This industrial peace has been secured by means of collective contracts, consultation, conciliation and arbitration. These just and orderly methods of handling the labor question have resulted in the abolishment of the strike and lockout."

It was at this dinner that Dr. Laws said of Mr. Francis: "He is a richer man than you know, perhaps, for there are some things money will not buy—such as character, tranquillity and respect. Mr. Francis is rich in his reputation, for I have heard men from all branches of his trade testify to his richness in reputation and character. He has never, I am certain, by his example, led men astray. He has a heart of sympathy, of comradeship for the man at the bottom of the ladder, and I count that his greatest treasure."

Charles Francis was ever helpful at gatherings of organizations, looking after the comfort of his fellow members, serving on committees of transportation and entertainment and the like. On one occasion his efforts of this character were appreciatively recognized, as the following beautifully printed testimonial sets forth:

"Cleveland Typographical Union, Number Fifty-three,
Cleveland, Ohio, December 1, 1912.

Mr. Charles Francis, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

The Committee on Arrangements of Cleveland Typographical Union Number Fifty-three having in charge the business and entertainment features of the Fifty-eighth Convention of the International Typographical Union, held in Cleveland, August 12-17, 1912, extends thanks to you for the aid rendered toward making the Convention the largest and most successful in the history of the organization. Your efforts are highly appreciated by the craft at large, and at the regular meeting of Cleveland Typographical Union Number Fifty-three, on October 6, 1912, this expression of thanks, under seal of the Union, was ordered as an official recognition of your most valued assistance.

I. T. U. Convention Committee
Cleveland Typographical Union.
Number Fifty-three

(L. S.) A. W. Thompson, Chairman,
F. H. Seffing, Secretary,
F. W. Steffen, Treasurer.

It was but natural that the friends of such a man as Mr. Francis should plan to fittingly recognize his retirement from the presidency of the local branch of the Printers' League, which he had founded, and which had developed into such a powerful force in the trade. At a dinner held April 7, 1915, the new president, Floyd Wilder, at the close of a speech recounting the long and efficient work of Mr. Francis for the League and the trade in general, uncovered a magnificent silver loving cup, 18 inches in height, bearing this inscription:

"Presented to Mr. Chas. Francis by the Printers' League of America, N. Y. Branch No. 1, April 7, 1915, as an expression of their appreciation of his hard work, continued interest and invaluable services to the organization. President December 11th, 1906, to November 23d, 1909, and November 20th, 1912, to December 9th, 1914."

In 1916 Mr. Francis was called upon to serve on a Federal Grand Jury, where the work was long and arduous. With his customary readiness to serve, he acted as secretary, and his fellow jurors later got together and presented him with a tasteful loving cup, inscribed:

"Presented to Charles Francis, secretary of the January, 1916, Federal Grand Jury, by his fellow members."

February 14th, 1917, the Printing Supply Salesmen's Guild, of New York City, Charles H. Rackle, president, gave a dinner, at which Mr. Francis was the

guest of honor, at the Hotel McAlpin. The printed souvenir contained this pleasing compliment:

"This dinner is tendered to Mr. Charles Francis, whom we honor as the Dean of the Printing Industry, whose efforts and accomplishements of the past speak for themselves."

It was upon Mr. Francis' seventieth birthday anniversary that his many friends centered their efforts to suitably emphasize their love for him, and admiration of his many-sided usefulness to his fellowmen. Many hundreds of them, in all vocations and all walks of life, joined in the gift of a bronze bust of himself. As stated in one of the papers that circulated at the time—

"Our good friend Charles Francis attains his seventieth birthday anniversary February 16, 1918. For years he has been working unselfishly for his fellowmen, and especially for those in printing trade circles. His numerous kindnesses have reached all of us. He has done both the little things that bind us to him in love, and the big things that have helped to elevate our craft; especially we recognize his work in promoting organized trade peace between employers and employees, substituting 'Conference, conciliation and arbitration' for trade war.

"We desire to express our love for him in a way that shall perpetuate his memory and inform those who come after why we call him the Dean of the Printing Industry. As an enduring tribute it is proposed to place a bronze bust of him in some suitable place where it shall stand as a monument of our grateful recognition of his many qualities and efficient service to his fellow printers."

Kind Words Concerning MR. CHARLES FRANCIS Uttered in Connection with the TESTIMONIAL PRESENTATION DINNER on His Seventieth Birthday Anniversary When He Was Presented with a Bronze Portrait Bust as a Tribute from "Fellow Printers and Friends"

During the year 1917 about one thousand friends of Charles Francis contributed towards the making of a bronze bust of himself for presentation to him on the occasion of his attaining his seventieth year. He was invited to sit with Henry Kitson, the noted sculptor, and a striking likeness was procured in enduring bronze.

The presentation took place on Mr. Francis' anniversary, February 16, 1918, at a dinner given at the Aldine Club, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City. Nine hundred were present at the banquet and a hundred more sent letters and telegrams of regret and congratulation. Condensation of reports, letters, telegrams and speeches follow.

Charles Francis, who founded the Printers' League in 1906, owner of the Francis Press, was given a bronze bust of himself last night, the work of Henry Kitson, at a dinner held in the Aldine Club in honor of his seventieth birthday. The presentation marks the recognition of his lifelong work for conciliation and arbitration in settling trade difficulties.—*New York Sun.*

The gathering of nine hundred included nearly all the men prominent in printing and allied trade circles in greater New York, while a number traveled from distant cities to be present on the occasion. No such tribute has ever been paid before to an American printer. When we consider the size and character of the company, and the wonderful expressions of regard for the man who has worked so long for the advancement of trade peace in the printing industry, we are coming the better to understand the completeness of the tribute paid to the work of Mr. Francis.—*Ben Franklin Monthly.*

The memorial is a most significant one and expresses the high regard for the grand old man of the printing industry on the part of the rank and file of printers, both employers and employees, throughout the nation. The presentation was made in recognition of the usefulness of Mr. Francis to the printing trade. It expresses in enduring bronze the friendship and high esteem which every one who has been fortunate enough to be associated with Mr. Francis in any way for the unusual contribution he has made toward the upbuilding of the great industry which he himself has proved to be the third in rank in this nation of great economic interests.—*National Printer-Journalist.*

Leading men in the publishing business and printing trade honored him (Charles Francis) with a dinner. All united in praising the veteran for having established the policy of "conference, conciliation and arbitration" in place of strikes and lockouts. Congratulatory messages were received from Theodore

Roosevelt, Samuel Gompers and George W. Perkins among many others. All trade unions allied with the printing trade were represented.—*N. Y. American.*

All of the printers gathered at this big dinner delighted to do honor to Mr. Francis, but deep down in their hearts they were at the same time profoundly thankful that the meeting had arisen out of a condition which is all the time contributing to the prosperity and happiness of printers generally, masters and employees.—*Advertising News.*

No other printer ever had a birthday celebration quite like that given to Charles Francis at the Aldine Club, New York, February 16. The man of the evening appeared very happy as he looked down at the nine hundred equally happy faces at the tables. Employers rubbed elbows with employees, fraternizing that was singularly appropriate at a gathering called to do honor to the founder of the Printers' League. —*American Printer.*

JUDGE TOMPKINS (the toastmaster)— Ladies and gentlemen: A new State officer, visiting for the first time one of the State prisons, was unexpectedly called upon to address the inmates of the prison. He had never done anything like that before; he was unprepared, and at a loss to know just how to begin his speech. He commenced by saying "Fellow Citizens," and it occurred to him that that was not just the proper form. He went back and began again, addressing them as "Fellow Convicts." He was sure that was not right, and, in his confusion and embarrassment, he shouted

out, "Well, I am glad to see so many of you here today!" And we are glad to see so many of you here tonight to celebrate the anniversary of our friend and neighbor, Charles Francis, and to do honor to his life and achievements. (Applause.)

Every public meeting of Americans in these times should be an occasion for the manifestation of our patriotism, and for a rededication and reconsecration of ourselves, and all we are and have to our great country and its sacred institutions, and to renew our pledges of loyalty to our Government in the great national and international crisis through which our country is now passing. It is therefore appropriate that at this time we should pay proper tribute to our great national leader, our President, Woodrow Wilson. Wise, calm, able, patient and just, he is not only our leader, but, in a very large sense, the world's leader in the cause of humanity, democracy and a just and permanent peace. Let us rise and drink to the health, happiness and success of our great President. (Audience rose and joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner.")

JUDGE TOMPKINS—And now let us congratulate our honored guest and friend, Charles Francis, upon the celebration of his seventieth birthday. This is "some" birthday party! It is a remarkable and unique occasion. (Prolonged applause.)

It is seldom that such a tribute is paid to any man. But it is a well deserved honor, an honor that has been won by Mr. Francis by his many years of earnest endeavor, faithful service and untiring effort for his fellow-men.

We give banquets and receptions and drink toasts in honor of statesmen and diplomats and generals, and men high in public office and esteem, and it is well to do so; but what can be more appropriate than to make public acknowledgment of the great debt we owe to Mr. Francis for the splendid service he has so faithfully and unselfishly rendered to the great Printing Industry of this country, and indirectly and incidentally to all the trades and occupations of men?

One who promotes good will and harmony between capital and labor, who establishes and maintains right relations and a fraternal spirit between employer and employee, who by just treatment and humane methods wins and holds the respect, confidence and affection of his employees, accomplishes more for the peace and prosperity of his generation than can be estimated or described, and these things our friend has been doing and accomplishing for over forty years, and his labors and the results of his work have not been confined to his own business or limited to one city, but have included and have benefited the printing-trade employers and employees from one end of this country to the other. And so we do ourselves honor, as we meet here to greet him upon his birthday and to express to him our gratitude and appreciation of his long and useful life and splendid service. May he live yet many years to serve his fellow-men and to enjoy the fellowship and affection of his family and friends!

And now the bust will be unveiled, but the presentation address and the acceptance by Mr. Francis will be deferred until the end of the program.

(Unveiling of bust by the sculptor, Henry Kitson.)

JUDGE TOMPKINS—Dr. J. H. Finley, who was to respond to the toast, has been detained at Albany, and he sent this telegram:

"Have been detained here by urgent legislative business and cannot reach New York in time for dinner. As an old-time printer, my fingers would unaided find letters in case to spell name of Mr. Francis and wish him long enjoyment of this great honor."

Now, gentlemen, the program is so long, there are so many speakers, they are all so good, that I am going to refrain from more than announcing the subject and the name. I am going to waive the privilege which all toast-masters enjoy of making a long speech preceding each speaker. I have a right to make *nine more speeches*, but I waive that right, and these gentlemen who speak to you are so well known, they are men of such prominence, that it would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to tell you who they are. I must and do assume that you all know just who they are and all about them. So I am going to content myself with announcing the subject and presenting the candidate.

We are glad to see so many ladies here tonight. Not many years ago ladies did not attend banquets of this character, but they are gradually coming into their own; they are gradually coming into the ascendency, and soon the women will attend the banquets and the men will stay at home. A man sometimes calls his wife his "better half"; I never knew why. I never could understand why a man would so humiliate himself as to call his wife his "*better* half" unless it was to emphasize the fact that she was not the whole thing.

Our first speaker will be the Honorable Marcus M.

Marks, until recently the very efficient President of the Borough of Manhattan, and his subject is, "Partnership Between Capital and Labor."

MR. MARKS—Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Francis, honored guest, Ladies and Gentlemen: Most of you know the story of the two friends who had not met for many years, and who returned to their home town at the same moment, meeting in front of the road-house, their accustomed resort. Standing before the door, and right under the sign of the house, they made comments regarding the improvements that had been going on during their absence. "How beautiful the house looks; how beautifully it is painted!" said one. "See this beautiful golden sign that we are standing under." The other said, "Are you blind? That sign is silver." Said the other, "Why, I think you are the one that is blind; the sign is gold." And so they quarreled, and began taking off their coats, and the one said to the other, "Whoever says 'sufficient' first loses this fight." And they sailed into each other, and after considerable juxtaposition, after a tremendous amount of fighting, one of them said, "Sufficient!" and the other said, "That's the word I have been trying to think of for the last two minutes. Why didn't we see both sides of this sign and avoid the fight!" (Laughter.)

Now that is the text that has been given to me tonight, and on a very good subject—a man who is distinguished for his ability and for his care in always seeing both sides of the labor question, Charles Francis. When this war is over, which we all believe will be very soon, with a crown of victory upon our Stars and Stripes, the most important question that will loom

up before the American people will be the Labor question. The exotic conditions of the present time will gradually change into normal, and then it will be that men like Charles Francis, in whom the people have confidence, men of experience, men of tact, men of heart, men of brain, will be called to the front to help solve the new partnership between Labor and Capital. The first requisite is acquaintance, confidence and good will.

In the olden days, when the apprentice sat on the same bench with the master or boss, the labor problem solved itself in friendly intercourse; but since the factory system has been introduced and the employer has been separated from his worker, the labor problem has begun to grow more and more complex. We must find some substitute for the old personal contact. I suggest the round table. In over one hundred industrial disputes I have used the round conference table to bring the employer and employed together, with their knees under the same table, and looking each other squarely in the eye, getting acquainted with each other, getting more confidence in each other, and in that way solving the industrial problem. And when I say *round table,* I mean *round* table, such as we have here tonight, where there is no corner jutting out between the employer and the employee and separating them, and where there is no head and no foot, where all the places are equally honorable, where there is real democracy and equality. We want the round table conference as the beginning of the solution of the problem of labor and capital.

Where welfare work has been undertaken by many

employers, it has frequently failed. Sometimes the employer had very philanthropic intentions, but there has been as a rule a suspicion on the part of the employee that this welfare work was begun in the interests of the employer rather than in the interests of the employee. Clubrooms, new methods of ventilation and light, classrooms, new types of insurance, the various welfare works that have been introduced, the unions have felt in many cases were introduced in order to break the union, to take away the necessity of the union, so that the employer would have non-union employees. The suspicion has been bad. And in other cases, there has been unfortunate paternalism about this welfare work. The employer has *given* it to the employee, not in the fraternal spirit but in the paternal spirit, patting him on the shoulder, and Labor does not wish to be patted on the shoulder. Labor wants a plain, square deal, good wages, short hours, good light and ventilation and all these other conditions of employment, not as a privilege to be handed down but as a right which is theirs to expect. (Applause.)

So the employer, if he wants to help his workers through welfare work, must work out the welfare work in cooperation, in fraternal cooperation with the employees and largely under their management. Then the evolution will be healthy and not until then. Partnership has been viewed with suspicion, but the real partnership of fraternity will solve everything. Some employers feel that they own the business, they own the employees, that the employee is a purchasable article the same as merchandise, and when paid for is owned. On the other hand, some employees look

upon the employer as an unnecessary evil. They say the workers create capital and therefore alone should control capital. Now, both the employer and the worker are wrong in their attitude, and that will all be explained and worked out by the round table conference. The employer needs the employee, the employee needs the employer. They must work together for the general good, and unless they work together neither can be successful. The labor problem should never be fought out, it should be *thought* out. (Applause.)

And so, to conclude, we shall need a trained body of men to think it out, trained labor leaders, trained employers, and they must not look upon each other with suspicion. The labor leaders as a class—and I know them from top to bottom for twenty years past—are as honorable and as fair as the leaders of employing classes, and if both will only recognize the character and the good will and the good intention of the other, we shall have the result that we pray for. And then it will be, and not long from now, because we are right on the edge, I think, of a victory of this war,—then it will be that men like Mr. Francis will be called on to come forward and help, help thresh out these problems.

I look with great pleasure upon this magnificent figure! We do not give enough bouquets to the living. It is a joy to be here! It is a joy to be able to contribute a flower tonight, and I know how happy you all feel to join in offering the flowers of appreciation to a man who has set up a new standard of friendliness and character and service in this community. This young man of seventy, whose birthday we cele-

brate, may he live long and rejoice us with his fine service and his excellent example. In him both Labor and Capital have confidence. His responsibility is great and we all feel that he will live up to it. May blessings go with him! (Applause.)

JUDGE TOMPKINS—I now present the well-known editor of the *Review of Reviews,* Dr. Albert Shaw, who will speak on "Backing Up the Government."

DR. SHAW—Judge Tompkins, Mr. Francis, Ladies and Gentlemen: When my secretary changed over my office desk pad and put away the pad of 1917 and produced a fresh pad for 1918, he found a memorandum at the bottom of the last page of the old pad to the effect that there was one thing he must transfer to the new pad, and that was to be the date of the birthday anniversary that we were to celebrate in honor of Mr. Francis. I have had the date, therefore, before me on my office desk from away back some time last year, and with some moments of discouragement due to the war, the high price of paper, and a few other things that belong to our trade and craft, I could look forward at least cheerfully to this occasion, the only February date I had, except Lincoln's Birthday and Washington's Birthday, and several "coalless" Mondays, and "wheatless"—you know the rest. I did not know, however, when that date was entered on my pad last year and transferred to my pad this year that I was to appear in a personal capacity. I expected to be here with you all to pay my affectionate respects and regards to Mr. Francis. I know a man of about my age and generation who tries hard to keep up with his boys, and he won't admit ever that he is a

bit older than his boys, and he uses this little argument: He says, "I have been young so much longer, boys, than you have, that I have accumulated a great deal of youth. Having accumulated a great deal of youth, you may expect that I understand youth better, and I am going to run on that accumulation for a long time." Now I never like to hear it said of any friend of mine, who has more years to his credit than twenty or twenty-one, that he is so many years *old.* I do not like to hear it said, for example, that my friend, Mr. Francis, is seventy years *old.* I admit that he is seventy years of age, but he is seventy years *young,* rather than seventy years *old.* Mr. Francis has accumulated youth, and the stock in reserve is so great it will never run out. (Applause.)

I had the honor and pleasure of the acquaintance of Dr. Osler, of Baltimore, before he went over to England. You will recollect some kind of remark that Dr. Osler is supposed to have made about men who had reached the age of forty, and we got the impression, at least from reading the New York *Times* and other worthy sheets, that after the age of forty we were supposed to have done our work in the world, and might just as well step aside and allow the other man to come forward and take the job. I called Dr. Osler to account about that, and he said there were three mistakes in the report. In the first place, he said, he spoke hastily in an unguarded moment; in the second place, he said, he was greatly misquoted in the way in which he was reported as having said it in that unguarded moment; and in the third place, he said he really didn't say it, or, if he did say it, he didn't

mean it in that way. (Laughter.) What Dr. Osler did mean was probably this, that most men of capacity for mark and distinction in the world, long before they are forty years of age have got their gait. They have their ideals. Anybody who knows them sees that they are going to amount to something. Now that is true, of course. It was true of our friend, Francis, that long before he was forty years of age everybody knew that when he was seventy years of age we were all going to assemble to pay him our respects. I have known Mr. Francis' career for a good long time, in his craft and in his work, because I have myself for a matter of forty years or more been engaged in vocations that kept my fingers somewhat black with printer's ink. Mr. Francis has done what every sane and strong and honorable man wants to do. He has done well his part, he has done well the thing he had to do. He has magnified and glorified his own job. He has done it so well that in doing it well he has become the typical excellent citizen and good man of the community, a man whose associations and relationships are precisely what they ought to be in life.

Now one word on my assigned topic which has to do with "Backing the Government." What is the Government that we are to back? Who is the Government? *We* are the Government. In this country we back ourselves. How does the Government develop? The Government develops out of those very associations among men in all their daily interests that Mr. Marks has described to us, and which can be made better and better all the time. The true principles of the individual man and citizen he puts into his daily

associations in business, in domestic life; those principles he carries into the larger relationships, and so we get a real democracy, and we get a Government the principles of which are the best principles that we know anything about, because they are our principles, the principles we try to live by, the principles we try to work by, the principles that we talk out around the table, and in our associations of all kinds in life, and consequently that is the most stable kind of Government in the world, our Government, because it is the Government of the people, now the only permanent Government with the most stable past of any great Government in the entire world.

When Mr. Francis, in his early days, was a subject of Queen Victoria, there was a government in which they said there were four orders. Three were the Crown, the Lords and the Commons. Now in this country, the attributes of the crown belong to the people. As for the Lords, the aristocracy, we make the aristocracy through that distinction that comes to men who rise because of gifts for leadership and power of service. None of you would grudge to Mr. Francis the title of true and real aristocrat in a democracy, because aristocracy in a democracy like ours is the gift of leadership and the gift of service, and so we make our aristocrats as we go along, and we make them safely.

Now in his day in the old country, there was what was called the fourth estate, and the fourth estate was made up of all those people that in one way and another way had something to do with printer's ink, something to do with putting thought on paper, and employing it, and so helping to govern the people through public

opinion. Here in this city, printer's ink is a great interest. We have two great business interests in this city. Mr. Marks happens in his business career to have represented the largest in the community, the clothing interest and clothing trade, and the second largest business interest in New York City is the printing interest. It ranks second in extent and value and importance. Mr. Francis represents that second great business interest and professional interest, the interest of printing and publishing, disseminating news, opinion, literature.

It is a great thing to have risen high, it seems to me, in a profession so important as that, and which plays so great a part in the government of the country, because ours is a government that rests upon conviction and opinion, and conviction and opinion are formed more by the printed page than by the spoken word. Now the Government that we have to back, in this great and trying period of international war, is a Government that is just as good as we make ourselves and our own communities and our own ideals. We believe we have now a Government at Washington that in its aims and its aspirations does represent what is best in our great country of one hundred millions of people. We will back it. We will stand by it. We will criticise it, not unfairly, not unjustly, but wholesomely and freely, in so far as we think we can make it more efficient in detail, more effective in its work, and we will stand by it with loyalty, with faith, with conviction, we will give it our sons, we will give it our service, we will give it our minds, we will bring it through to the achievement of its own aims for its honor, for its own

glory, and the welfare of other countries not so fortunate as ours has been. (Applause.)

My time, I am sure, is consumed. I am very much interested in seeing that noble and perfect bust of our friend, and I congratulate the artist upon the success of his achievement, and I congratulate us all upon being here in this very pleasant birthday party.

JUDGE TOMPKINS—Mr. J. Horace McFarland, of Harrisburg, Pa., will now speak on the subject, "Printing for Profit."

MR. MCFARLAND—Mr. Toastmaster, Honored Friend and Guest, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are together upon a most momentous occasion. So far as I know, this is only the third time in the history of the United States when a printer has ever properly gone on a bust, and our friend has good company, because this practice began with Benjamin Franklin, was continued through Theodore L. DeVinne, and now has its best exemplification in this wonderful bit of sculpture which we see before us. I am very glad to be able to help honor a good man in his lifetime, and when that man is a printer I feel ten times as glad, because being a roll-twister myself, I know that the portion of printers is principally cabbages which have passed their usefulness, and tomatoes which had better not have ripened. (Laughter.) They have not all been the recipients of garden bouquets and wreaths and flowers in their lifetimes. I have long felt that if I deserved any flowers when I was dead, I would rather be allowed to see them before I did die, because I do not expect to be able to distinguish floral offerings left beside my corpse.

Mr. Francis' ripe success shows that he has printed for actual profit, or he has printed to profit as well as for profit, I hope you have all read his book. I do not believe many of you have, because we do not like to read about the things we say we like, but Mr. Francis' book reveals a very remarkable man. It is a remarkably human document, utterly aside from your knowledge of the man who wrote it. It is not only an autobiography; it is a book of philosophy, it is a manual of practice, and a very excellent and delightful bit of printing history. Reading in it yesterday, I came upon the time when Mr. Francis exploited the dark ages of printing in the United States, around the early '70s, and Mr. Francis has lived to see this dark age become almost the golden age of printing. In all seriousness, gentlemen, he has come to see the time when printing has reached its best estate, when the characters which we use are not to display the ingenuity and the fancy of the gentleman who designed them, but are intended intelligently to convey thought, and that, after all, is the one function of the printed word.

But what is this printing for profit about which I am to address you? I always like to be sure of myself before I speak on any subject, and I go to that great repository of accuracy, the dictionary. Webster's Dictionary defines profit as "accession of good," "available results, useful and consequently beneficial," "value gained." That other big book which my friend, Bothwell, perpetrated down there on Lafayette Place, the "Century," says that profit is " any advantage or accession of good from labor or exertion." You will

notice that these are the ethical definitions of profit, and if you choose to follow me by a look into these great books, you will find that they precede the financial definition of the word profit. In so doing, they do no more than follow the example of the Great Exemplar of humanity, without whom we should not be here tonight. Christ said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" a bit of saying which I think the Kaiser has never read.

But this printing for profit ought to be profitable to the printer as well as to the printee. Now, I may be extreme in my views, but I agree with what Mr. DeVinne wrote me a good many years ago, when I was trying to get some data for a lecture on the making of a book. He said that the time would come, he believed, when the printing of a *good* book—note the emphasis on the word *good*—would be considered just as worthy work as the painting of a good picture or the building of a good house. I think the printer who produces a good book is just as worthy of credit then as the man who builds a great house, or the artist who produces a great work of art. *Good* is the adjective which I ask you to note, for I think the printing should be good and worthy. Printing has profited the world, and it began to profit the world in its very first great exemplification. Do you realize that Christian civilization absolutely rests on the first book done with movable types? What was it that Gutenberg exercised his genius upon? The Bible, without which we would not be here today; without which our property would not be secure for a moment; without which the civilization of which Dr. Shaw has spoken would crum-

ble as the German civilization must crumble, because it is not based on the Word of God. And not only is our life dependent upon this life-giving word which the printed book gave to us first freely so that all might have it, but all science, all literature, all music, all commerce, hangs today and now on the printed word. As the subject of printing cannot exist without printing, so printing, Mr. Toastmaster, has profited the world most undoubtedly.

Now Mr. Francis has printed to profit in another way than the financial way. He has printed to profit in his dealings with men. I quote for you a few words from Mr. Lathrop's chapter in Mr. Francis' book: "He never kept back what the other man had a right to know. He never could see why he should distrust people generally because there are a few crooked people trying to take advantage of all the others." The world has profited by any man who holds, acts and lives by sentiments like that. The profit is mutual. It applies both ways. It is like the quality of mercy—it benefits "him that gives as well as him that takes."

Another item of printing for profit which we may glance at for a brief moment is, that profit advances the knowledge of this great art by which live most of us in this room tonight. Can a man advance the quality of the work he does, the capacity of his plant, the scope of his product, without research and effort? Can he do that without profit to those whom he helps as well as himself? Our great friend here has exemplified that. Never has he been hidebound to the old material, never has he been unwilling to jump the old bars, never has he hesitated to hold up the torch of

progress, even if it made him reach into his pocket and pull out his shekels that he might do so. (Applause.)

But there is another aspect of printing for profit. Printing for profit makes for good citizenship, and Dr. Shaw has well explained to you that this Government which we celebrate here tonight in the person of one of its good citizens, exists only because of the individual and interlocking citizenship of all of us. Profiting by the thing that one does, printing for profit, is essential to good citizenship. None of its advantages are permanent unless a financial profit inures to the person so engaged.

I wonder if we realize that making money is not only essential—it is a necessity of life. A good many years ago I made a catalog for a friend of mine, not long since gone to his reward, which had this title, "Money, Comfort and Fun in Fruit Growing." I said, "I do not understand that title. What do you mean by it?" "Well," he said, "I have to have money before I can have comfort; anybody knows that; but I have to have both money and comfort before I can have any fun in my business." (Laughter.) Let that sink into your minds and you will see what joy in business means. You must have the money so that you may have comfort, you are in shape to do what Charles Schwab describes, you are in shape to do great things, because you have the means of accomplishing. That is the fun of business.

One time I was the guest in New York at a dinner given by the *Outlook* to its occasional editorial contributors. After the dinner, Dr. Abbott asked us all

to tell in five minutes how to make the *Outlook* better. That was some task, you may realize. He said, "Lest you misunderstand the situation, I should prefer first to explain why the *Outlook* exists. It does not exist to make money, but it must make money in order to exist." And then he went on to state why it did exist, but his preceding definition stuck in my head. It did not exist to make money, but it had to make money in order to exist. Certainly, then that which was a necessity to its existence was and is worthy. The lack of honest, adequate profit continually interferes with human and material progress. It promotes bad citizenship. The man who does not make a profit ceases to become a productive and useful member of the community, because the sheriff goes into parternship with him, and there is no profit in dealing with the sheriff, I am told. The man who does not make a profit is both ethically and morally wrong. There is no use for a lame duck in the business world. He is a nuisance; he ought to be killed; he is a pretense and a fraud. There is no place for him. He is a burden; he is a millstone. There is no place for a man who cannot conduct an honest, upright business so as to make an honest profit for himself. I have good Biblical backing for that also. You may remember that the great Apostle Paul, Commentator on the Gospel, whose words have had more influence than the words of anyone else except the words of Jesus Himself, always hoed his own row when he went around preaching. "With the labor of these hands," he said, "I have supplied my needs." He was a tentmaker, and he worked. He made a profit in his busi-

ness while he was preaching the Gospel. He was not afraid or ashamed of being "a proud citizen of no mean city," nor was he ashamed of being in the business of tent-making and making a profit. It is ruinous to the business, debasing to the customer, unfair to labor, it destroys self-respect, not to make a profit in printing. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, I have a sad duty to perform, which I wish had not been assigned to me. I was told, when asked to come here, that it was in consequence of certain explosions of which I was guilty in one of the printing magazines, referring to a publication last October in which a number of master printers confessed that they were worms and not men, that they had no right to a profit, that their work was not worthy what it cost, and that unless something was done to hold out the helping hand of charity to them, they would all vanish and blow away, and then they all turned up smiling the next day and forgot what they said! I say, gentlemen, it is sad to have to mention that in this presence, because I don't like to think that the craft to which I have given my life is not the greatest. Mr. Francis insists that it is the third greatest in the country; Dr. Shaw says it is the second in the metropolis. Is it not worth while to do what we have to do for profit? If not, then for God's sake, let us quit and get out of it! (Prolonged applause.)

The way I became cognizant of the advertisement to which I have alluded was, because a publisher of this city, himself one of the shrewdest and closest buyers, showed it to me as an evidence of the low basis of self-respect among the printers of Manhattan. Gentlemen,

abasing yourself never gets you anything in a self-respecting community. Lack of strength in the idea that you are doing good work is no way to get you to do good work. Printers can profit, they ought to profit, their customers cannot afford otherwise. A few years ago, in estimating some work for a customer of mine, I was tremendously underbid. I went over to him and said I couldn't do that at those figures and make a cent on it. My customer said, "Young man, I don't want anybody to work for me without a profit." And he stopped discussing the question of price, and he didn't discuss it for twenty-five long years; but it sunk in, and it made me a decenter man, because I felt that I had no right to ask any man to work for me without a profit, nor had I any right to work for anybody without a profit. We have the very best evidence of this in the prosperity of our good friend here, who has maintained these tenets for a long, long life.

The printer, it seems to me, my good friends, must cultivate self-respect. To be sure, we cannot do as the printers did in the days when the printed Bible was young, wear swords physically, unless we go into the army, but we can have that self-respect which came to the old burgher printers who wore swords because they were among the elect of the city. We are just as good as any other men, and we have just as much right to the respect of our fellow citizens as any other business men in this great metropolis, or in any other part of our great land. But then, fellow printers, pardon this little bit of harshness which I have injected. Let me just say that by confidence and cooperation, the practice of that to which this man has devoted his

life, will work out for us the great good of greater self-respect and greater profit, and we will feel the more like honoring a man who has for a long lifetime printed for profit, and who lives now to the profit of his fellow citizens and his fellow craftsmen. (Applause.)

JUDGE TOMPKINS—Mr. William Driscoll, formerly President of the Printers' League of this city, will speak to us on the "Printers' League Movement."

MR. DRISCOLL — Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Francis, Ladies and Gentlemen: The Printers' League was organized in November, 1906. The principles on which the Printers' League was founded and which it adopted have spread all over the country. The methods used by our national government in settling the labor troubles since the outbreak of the war are in essence the League methods, conciliation and arbitration. The Municipal Court of this city has adopted the League methods in settling many of the cases before it, instead of conviction. For more than ten years the League has kept the peace in the printing industry in this city. It has negotiated all of the wage scales since its existence. It formulated the shop rules that we are working under; it created the apprenticeship league; it has contributed to the school for printers' apprentices; its Executive Board, in conjunction with the conferences composed of the various unions, acted as a court of equity in settling all the disputes of its members in the shops. Since the organization of the League, the most efficient worker in it has been Mr. Charles Francis. Through all these years he has been a peacemaker and a guide. (Applause.)

JUDGE TOMPKINS—Mr. George L. Berry, President

International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, will now speak on "Great Printing Plants of the United States."

MR. BERRY—Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Francis, Ladies and Gentlemen: I assure you it is a very great pleasure to be privileged to be here on this occasion, to pay tribute to a man whom I know so well, and to his work with which I am familiar, and to give honor to him who has accomplished something in his own behalf and who has set an example for every unit of the printing industry on this great continent. I observe that I have been assigned the toast, "Great Printing Plants of the United States." This is rather a difficult subject, for the reason that all of the printing plants of America are great, and it would be a presumption upon my part to attempt to tell you how great they all are, because they are all great; but their greatness, those that are in this position, and I say they all are, is due largely to the fact that abroad in this country that spirit of Charles Francis has gone forth, not as we would like to have it, not perfectly, as we hope it will, but day by day, that spirit of cooperation and generous relationship has become the policy of the great majority of employing printers of this country. We know as men of business that this great industry that has done so much for humanity, that plays so great and important a part in the social and intellectual affairs of this country, and of the world; this industry to which the world owes so much and which has been so ably explained to you by our good friend, Mr. McFarland, that industry cannot be great unless the units entering into it are to some degree in common unison. The printing in-

dustry of America, generally speaking, is great because there is a relationship, a mutual feeling, between the units entering into it.

I do not mean to say that we are perfect. The great trade elements represented in the five great printing trade unions in this country are not perfect. We are not doing all that we can to make this wonderful industry great, and by the same token, there are a great many employers in America that are not doing what they should to make the printing houses of this country greater; but let it be said here, my friends, that even in view of the abnormal uncertainty of conditions abroad in this country, there is a better feeling, there is a better understanding, there is a more stable condition as regards the relationship of the workers and the employers, looking to the goal of a better printing condition in this country than ever before in the printing industry of North America, and even though Mr. Francis has reached the young age of seventy, permit me to say to you, that even though he might stop the great work that he has inaugurated to the end of bringing together the workers and the employers of this country in common unison, in common accord in advancing the industry; even if he should step aside, there are hundreds of men both of the employer and the employed class who are now at the point where they realize the practicability of his teachings, and who will take up this work until employer and employed are brought as near to the point of perfect cooperation as we may reasonably expect of the human family. (Applause.)

Now we make our mistakes. As the president of

one of the greatest organizations of the printing industry in this country, permit me to say that we do not claim perfection. We are made up of a great number of units, forty-three thousand in number on this continent. We err, of course we err, and we shall continue to err as long as we live, because we are human beings. We are striving to eliminate as many of our errors from our program as possible. But with our errors the employers commit errors, and these great printing establishments are stopped, sometimes unnecessarily, because of the error of the employees maybe today and because of the error of the employer maybe tomorrow. But let me say to you that with all this, there is the day here now when there is less friction in the great industry of printing in this country than ever before. When I say to you that in this time of abnormal conditions, in this period of uncertainty on this great continent, where the purchasing power of the dollar is gradually decreasing as the result of the war and those things that enter into it, notwithstanding the difficulties that are taking place in the country because of the high cost of living, in our membership tonight, throughout this great continent, representing as we do forty-three thousand people, not one man is engaged in an industrial conflict with an employer. (Applause.)

I submit to you that today is a hard day for negotiation, today is a hard day for the employer and the employed to get together, a hard day because the employee has his troubles. He is arbitrarily confronted with a condition that he cannot determine. It is not possible for him to go to the corner grocery and say to

the grocer, "I shall pay you 25 cents a dozen for the eggs," and get them. No, he must pay the price arbitrarily set. He is seriously in need of help. And on the other hand, the employers of this country are not rolling in prosperity. They are having their troubles. So it is a hard day for negotiations, it is a hard day to arrive at a compromise and adjustment of these differences, because of the embarrassment confronting the two elements that enter into the production of printing. But when I tell you that we are doing it, that notwithstanding these conditions we are bringing about adjustments, and have not a man on this continent on strike, and have not spent a dollar in an industrial fight for over two years, you will then realize that we are making progress in the line of making the industry great in the printing offices of this country, great as it should be. I say to you that the result of this accomplishment is the outgrowth of the untiring efforts that have been put forth by men like Mr. Francis and others who have been engaged in this great work. We are happy to have employers approach us in the manner in which Mr. Francis has approached us in the past. We are glad to know that the employers of the country see through a different eyeglass than in the yesterdays. We are glad to know that that social relationship which existed in the old days is now returning, wherein we may sit at the round table, as has been so ably described to you tonight by one of the previous speakers, and there be able to adjust our differences equitably and amicably between each other. (Applause.)

We may say to you that in the minds and in the

hearts of the printing trade's artisans of this continent, we feel that we have an interest in the great printing industry. We have accepted that declaration made by our distinguished guest tonight, wherein he said, that you may organize, you may federate and you may strike until doomsday for a dollar a week increase, but unless the dollar is there in the treasury to be had, you can't get it! We realize that in order to advance our economic conditions, in order to improve our social conditions, we must give something to the industry, not only efficient craftsmanship, not only loyalty, but cooperation in the elimination of those abuses that enter into our business, in order that the coffers of our business may be filled with moneys to the end that we may justly and equably divide those moneys between each other, to the advantage of all concerned, and as one organization let me say that we have done something to advance that theory. We realize that, especially as it has to do with printing, our work is either very good or very bad. There is no tearing it down and building it over again. When the sheet goes through the press and the ink is placed upon it, it is then either very good or it is very bad, and if it is very bad it is a total loss. We know that, and we realize that every sheet that is lost means to some degree a loss to us. The employee who does not realize that fact is making the mistake of his life. Every loss to the industry means our loss, and it is as important to us that our fellow workers do their share properly and economically as it is to the employer. We are coming to that point of view, and as an evidence of our sincerity and genuineness in this matter, this union has

said to the world, we propose to give to the industry every effort at our command to eliminate inefficiency, not only by rule, not only by lecture and word of mouth, but by the expenditures of our money and by the development of institutions that will bring to us those conditions to which we aspire; and as a result of this thought we have built a great trade school, not a trade school in word, but in fact, representing in printing machinery alone two hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars' worth of machinery, a building and school dedicated to the advancement and the promotion of the printing industry of America; and all we ask in order to continue our efforts to make the trade big and great is the cooperation of the employers, that they realize that we are human beings the same as they are, and possibly subject to some greater mistakes of mind and body than they are; but we want the employer to know that we are ready to promote the industry and advance it to the highest point and standard of efficiency.

Let me say to you that this meeting tonight given to Mr. Francis is due him, this testimonial is a proper one. His accomplishments, his example, justify him in expecting it, and I join in the sentiment of one of the previous speakers in saying that if we have flowers to present, and bouquets to throw, and good things to say, let us say them while the person is alive, and not wait until he is dead. I have known Mr. Francis for a long time. I have sat over the table with him in negotiations. One of the first men that I met in this city in 1907-8, was Mr. Francis, when we considered and adjusted the eight-hour-day problem. At that time he

met us fairly and squarely, and in every conference since he has met us fairly and squarely in the adjustment of these differences. He has not, my friends, escaped criticism; he has been attacked, but I have had some experience along that line myself, and I know if it has not disturbed him any more than it has me that he hasn't lost any sleep over it. Who is the man that has not been criticized, that has not been attacked? Show him to me, and I will show you as near nothing as you can look at. (Laughter.) It has been said that our enemies make us. I don't know about that, but I know that a good fight once in a while is not a bad thing. He has been willing to fight for a principle, but to the best of my knowledge of him, and I know something about him, he has always put forth, not only here in New York, but in other cities on this continent, every effort within the mind of man to prevent a fight, and I will say that I believe he has succeeded. (Applause.)

This meeting reminds me somewhat of a joke they told on a "colonel" down in Tennessee. Everybody seems to be unanimous here on the subject of paying tribute to Mr. Francis, and it calls to mind the "colonel" whose proclivities for mint julep were known from city to city. One day he was walking down the road and he met another colonel — of course we are all colonels, you understand, in Tennessee. The second colonel said to the first colonel, "Good morning, Colonel. How would you like to have a good mint julep this morning?" "Why," he said, "fine! I would enjoy a good, cold mint julep." "Well," said the other, "come along, Colonel, and let us walk down to the spring and

have one." The colonel said, "Why *walk?* Let us *run!*" (Laughter.) So we are all here tonight running unanimously to pay tribute to our friend and companion, the industrial statesman, Charles Francis.

Now you know you have heard a lot of telegrams tonight and letters that have come to you in serial form from New Zealand and from London, and from other places, recording the wonders of Charles Francis as a compositor. You did not hear them say anything about his being a wonderful pressman, did you? That reminds me, by the way, of a joke told by Mr. James H. Barry, of San Francisco, one of the most lovable men on this continent, publisher of the *Star.* He was attending a banquet of pressmen, and he said, "You know I started out to be a pressman, and had made up my mind that I wanted to go in the machinery department, and wanted to print, and so I started out as a pressman. One day, in my energy and effort to feed a job press, I got my fingers between the platens, and they were mashed very badly. The foreman of the pressroom came over and grabbed me by the nape of the neck, rushed me through the pressroom and threw me bodily into the composing room, and he said to the compositor, "Here, take this boy and make a compositor out of him. He hasn't got sense enough to be a pressman." (Applause and laughter.)

In the course of natural events we all reform, and though Mr. Francis is seventy years young, it is not too late for him to reform, and as an indication of the sentiment and the spirit of the printing pressmen and assistants of this great North American continent, who want to help him to reform, I submit the following:

We have under our constitution a provision by which the Board of Directors with the authority of the membership can elect one man a year to membership in the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union. I am glad to say to you that the forty-three thousand members have decided to assist Mr. Francis in reforming, and I have been authorized to present to him tonight an honorable membership card in the International Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America. (And the speaker handed Mr. Francis a framed card of membership amid great applause.)

JUDGE TOMPKINS — The significance of this testimonial to Mr. Francis is emphasized I think by the fact that Mr. Berry and so many others have come such great distances to pay their tributes, and would it not be fine if in all the industries of this country, in all of our great manufacturing and industrial enterprises there prevailed the same spirit, the same feeling, the same cooperation, the same unity of purpose that exists among the employers and employees of this great industry? We hope some day that condition may come.

No more appropriate selection could have been made for the presentation of the bust to Mr. Francis than the well-known editor of the *New Success*, and the author of so many splendid uplift books in which he has taught the very principles that have made Mr. Francis' life such a splendid success. It is with great pleasure that I present Dr. Marden.

DR. MARDEN—Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Francis, Honored Guest, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been at a loss to know why they have asked us young fellows

to take part in this ceremony tonight, for what can young fellows like us understand of the feelings of a man seventy years old? (Laughter.) But since they have chosen us, we will do the best we can.

Someone asked Mr. Francis, so I am told, how it happened that he was not born in America. Well, he said his mother happened to be stopping in Australia at the time, and he thought it was a good place to start from! (Laughter; some of it due to the fact that Mr. Francis' birthplace is London.)

A while ago a man married a girl whom he met in Wanamaker's, and a friend of mine asked him how it happened. "Well," he said, "I went in there several times and she waited upon me and I took quite a liking to her, and she was so very nice, I proposed and she accepted." My friend asked him if it had turned out as well as he had expected. He said, "Yes," but he thought he "could have done a little better at Gimbel's!" (Laughter.)

A few days ago I met a man here in this club who dined with me, and he said that he had had quite a large job of printing done, but not by the Francis Press. I asked him if he was perfectly satisfied, and he said, "Yes, but I think I might have done a little better at the Francis Press." And I am sure he could not have done any better than that.

The book you have heard of tonight, "Printing for Profit," I received, and I was rather sorry, because I know Mr. Francis so well, meet him almost every day here at the club, and I think so much of him that I did not like to tell him what I thought of his book. I was afraid I would have to write him as the editor

did who received a book for review from an author (whom he didn't take much stock in), and he wrote him in this way: "I have received your book and I assure you that I shall lose no time in reading it!" (Laughter.) So I thought I must do something like that, because I knew Mr. Francis, and I said, How can a printer write a book? However, I took it on the train with me—I live some thirty miles out—and I came near missing my station because I became so interested in that book, and I want to second what Mr. McFarland has said, that it is a really great book. It not only gives you a history of printing, but it is full of philosophy, it is full of epigrammatic sayings which will live, and I was quite surprised at the art it displayed. That man is more than a printer. He is a writer.

We have heard a good deal tonight in a polite way about age. I don't believe in counting age by years, and the reason Mr. Francis is a young man is because he hasn't let the boy in him die. It is the boy in us who cracks jokes; it is the boy in us who likes fun, who likes good times, and when that boy dies in us then we are dead. But the boy in Mr. Francis is just as alive today as when he was twenty-one. Mr. Francis is always talking to me about his boys—"my boys." I used to think it rather strange when I first knew him that he had so much to say about his boys, and about his family up there in the pressroom; and down in Thirteenth street, I think it was, he was always talking about his boys, and how proud he was of them, and I thought it a little strange then, but I see here tonight that you would not have come here but for the

fact that he called his workmen his "boys," and he is a boy with them. He goes on outings with them; he is friendly with them; he tries every way to establish friendly relations; and Mr. Francis understands his men, because he has been there himself.

Some time ago, a man on the prairie lost a very valuable mule on the ranch, and nobody seemed to know where the mule had gone; but a boy who was not considered very bright brought the mule in one day and received the reward, and a man asked him how it happened that he found the mule. "Well," he said, "I went and stood where the mule was last seen, and then I went where I thought the mule would be likely to go." (Laughter.) Now Mr. Francis knows where the mule would be likely to go. A man who has slept on the feed-board of the press, who has worked for nine dollars a week, from ten to sixteen hours a day, knows which way the mule would be likely to go. He knows how to reach men; he knows the conditions which confront them. Mr. Francis knows that there are men in his establishment, plenty of them, who could run that institution to-day perhaps just as well as he, if they could only find themselves, if they could only discover themselves and had the chance and had the motive big enough to call the big things out. Mr. Francis believes in discovering the possibilities of workmen.

Now what gives us our light here to-night? Ninety-nine per cent. of the coal is lost on the way up to that electric bulb, so engineers tell me. Ninety-nine per cent. lost on the way never lights the world, never does any good so far as light is concerned; and the larger

part of our energy is lost on the way to effectiveness, and the biggest asset of any employer is the unused, undiscovered possibilities of his workmen. It is not in the cheese-paring method, it is not in this cutting off a fraction of a per cent. of cost here and there, anything like as much as it is in the unused possibilities of the men.

Mr. Francis believes that that unused possibility can be brought out by motive, and hope is a motive. He knows the psychology of hope; he knows the psychology of giving men a chance to believe and see their name over the door, if they can get there with their efficiency.

Mr. Francis believes that the profit-sharing plan, the taking of employees into partnership will solve all the difficulties between labor and capital. Mr. Schwab told me only recently that it had done marvels for him. He regards his twenty thousand employees as partners, and he introduced me only recently to a man who only five years ago was a common workman on a very small salary, about twenty-five dollars a week, and who last year got over four hundred thousand dollars on the profit-sharing plan. Mr. Francis was one of the first, when it was not popular, to advocate the profit-sharing plan among his employees, and I want to tell you my friends, that there is a tremendous difference to an employer in coming into his establishment between feeling that he is the bearer of good will and good feeling, a rock of respect and confidence and affection and admiration, and going into his shop when his employees resent him, when they despise him, make fun of him when his back is turned.

Only a little while ago I heard a man, a big employer in this city, say that he "didn't care a d—— about the employees in his shop, that he could fill anybody's place on a day's notice, and didn't care about any of his employees; he never took the trouble to speak to them when he went into his office, and when he goes abroad, as he does quite often, his manager tells me that there is a regular jubilee in the place, they are so glad to see his back turned. He does not mean anything to them, because he has never sympathized with them, never fraternized with them, never had any use for them, and would never think of introducing them to a member of his family. Now that man is the very antithesis of Mr. Francis. In this city a few years ago a man worth millions died, and seven people went to his funeral, so the papers said. Why didn't more go? Because he meant nothing to them. He had thousands of employees, and I presume the people who did go went out of a sense of duty. Now only a few months from that time a man died on the East Side of the city, a man who had no money, was probably not worth a thousand dollars in the world, and twenty-five thousand people went to his funeral. Why? Because he had meant something to the world. He had given these people his life, his sympathy, his help when in trouble; he had given them everything, and though he died penniless, twenty-five thousand people went on a stormy day to his funeral. I am sure that there will be more than seven people at Mr. Francis' funeral, and I want to say that I shall be one of the seven if I can get there, provided I outlive him, and I intend to do so if I can.

This gathering, my friends, would have been impossible twenty-five years ago. Think of men, competitors, meeting in this friendly way, as you are tonight. Think of that happening twenty-five years ago. I doubt if it could have happened ten years ago. Here, where all animosities are sunk, all bitterness has faded out, all prejudices forgotten, here you are, all together, competitors many of you, your interests not exactly the same, here you are in the most friendly relation, and what has brought this about? Mr. Francis — I am not going over all these things now because they were said before — but Mr. Francis has given a large part of the last twelve or fifteen years especially to bringing about this very fraternal condition which you see here tonight. Now, Mr. Francis knows the psychology of this situation as few men know it. He is a born peacemaker. Do you wonder that Christ said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God"? That should be translated "the children of good," the peacemakers; and Mr. Francis is a born peacemaker, and is there any grander work in the world than to make peace, to scatter good will? There is nothing like it. Mr. Francis has told me many times that making money was not the greatest object of life. We are not here tonight to celebrate Mr. Francis' great success; we are not here to congratulate him upon the magnificent press, the Francis press, one of the most complete presses in the world; we are not here to congratulate him upon his money. There are plenty of men in New York who have made ten times as much, and there are men in New York who would give more than Mr. Francis is

worth tonight to have this stupendous demonstration made to them.

The hour is late and you all want to hear from Mr. Francis, so I want to close as quickly as possible.

Some time ago I read a little legend that the Queen of Sheba sent Solomon some very precious life elixir which would restore life if it was recently lost, and which would restore the sick. He had it put in a very precious vase and sealed up and put away, and when his friends were taken sick they begged him for a few drops of the elixir, but he said no, he was going to save it for his own sickness, in order to save his own life and continue his reign. When he was taken very sick he asked the physician to bring this precious vase; it was opened, and every drop of the elixir had evaporated. It had all gone. He would not do the good when he could, and when he wanted it for himself it was all gone. Now, my friends, the lesson for us tonight is—and what this gathering means is—that we should scatter our flowers as we go, for we never go over the same road again. We should not save our flowers for the funeral. Now I wish it were the custom to have funeral sermons preached before we are dead, and have the good things said to us then. I recently read a story about some rich men who had gone to the city and become rich and powerful, and who were called back to their native home because their mother was dying, and they got there in time to see her just alive, and the boys felt badly to think they had neglected her. They had not done much for her; they had not written her very often, and then only short notes, and they were talking between themselves,

and she was unconscious, and they were regretting that they had not done more for her, and she raised up and said, "Why didn't you say that before, John?" Now we want to say the good things to Mr. Francis before he is gone; we don't want to wait, we want to say them now.

I want to call your attention, my friends, before you are dismissed, to this very beautiful bust which has been made of Mr. Francis. We very much regret that it could not have been placed where you could all see it better, but the room did not seem to lend itself to placing it advantageously, and so it was unveiled in the beginning of the meeting, instead of at the close, and in the middle of the room. Now, my friends, we all have some things that are not valuable in money. We have mementoes, we have letters, we have keepsakes, we have things at home, heirlooms, things which mean a lot to us, but are not valuable in themselves. Now, Mr. Francis, it is not what this bronze bust is worth. When you look at it you will not see yourself there very much, in fact I doubt if you will even think of your own resemblance in the bust, but you will think of what it represents. It is merely suggestive. When you look at that bust, Mr. Francis, the hundreds of faces here tonight will swim before your vision, and you will forget the bust, you will recall the wonderful associations, the sacred memories, the precious associations of those who have given this as a token of their love and their respect and their confidence. Now, every time you look at that bust you will not only see those who are here, but thousands and thousands whom you have helped will be pictured before you.

Before Mr. Francis is called upon to speak, I want to say that this bust was made by the celebrated sculptor, Henry Kitson, who is here tonight and I would like to ask Mr. Kitson if he will please rise and let the audience see him, because they will all want to know who made this, to me one of the most remarkable likenesses of a man I have ever seen in bronze. (Mr. Kitson rose and was greeted with applause.)

The world builds no monuments to greed or to selfishness, and the only reason that this testimonial is given to Mr. Francis is because of the man, the grand superb man, every inch a man, and we love to honor him. We all love him, and I take great pleasure now, Mr. Francis, in presenting you with this bust, which comes from your friends, from the printers, from the publishers, from the unions, and from all those who love, respect and honor you. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)

JUDGE TOMPKINS: We come now to our guest, the last speaker of the evening. I think the great secret of Mr. Francis' success all through his career, in his business activities and social life, is the fact that he has always been actuated and controlled by the Golden Rule, and has done unto others as he would have others do unto him. Here is an illustration of his conduct in that respect: He and his daughter were riding out in the automobile on one of the roads back of Nyack, and they came upon a man walking along the road with a gun and a dog, and they suddenly ran over and killed the dog. They stopped the machine, Mr. Francis got out and expressed his regret, and said to the man, "Was that a good dog?" "Oh, yes sir, that

was a good dog." "Was that a valuable dog?" "Oh, not so very valuable." "Was it worth ten dollars?" "Oh, yes, it was worth ten dollars." Whereupon Mr. Francis pulled out his pocketbook and gave the man ten dollars; and then before gettting into the automobile he turned and said, "My friend, I am very sorry I spoiled your hunting trip." "Oh," he said, "I wasn't going hunting. I was going to the woods to shoot the dog." (Laughter.)

(Mr. Francis arose, and was unable to speak for some time because of the applause and cheering.)

MR. FRANCIS — Mr. Toastmaster, My Honored Guest, My Daughter, Ladies and Gentlemen, All Friends: Just imagine how *you* would feel if you were in my place tonight. You know it is not a very easy thing to sit here and hear all these wonderful stories about what you have done, and it is not a very easy thing to respond to them; but while Dr. Marden was talking about dying, there was a little story that occurred to me, about two Irishmen. One of them was dying, and the other said, "Mike, what kind of a funeral would you like to have?" "Well," said Mike, "it's all right, you can have it anyhow you please, but just stop at Larry's when you're goin' down there, because I'll be with you then." Larry's was where they took in something to drink, and to eat.

Now, Brother Berry talked something about perfectness. If I were to take the encomiums that have been placed upon me tonight, perhaps I might think something about being perfect myself, but I don't. I have striven to get somewhere near it, but I can tell you it's still a long, long way in the future. What it

has been possible to accomplish has been a great benefit to me, because anything that benefits anyone else must react on the one who has occasioned that benefit. I would like to say just a word or two in regard to Mr. Berry's institution, because I think that everybody ought to know something about that institution. I have been down there several times. They had a place of about seven hundred acres. It lies between two hills, in the valley, and has a perfectly beautiful location. They have a large hotel for old and incapacitated men. They have a most beautiful and comfortable tuberculosis hospital, and the school which he told you about. They have their own power, and their own swimming pool. Originally, I think the place was a springs where people used to go to get cured, and everyone that comes away from there is pretty well cured. It is a wonderful institution, and it has been largely Mr. Berry's efforts that have brought it around, through his forty-three thousand of membership. They certainly have advanced wonderfully in establishing a real home for their sick and incapacitated, and in providing real instruction in printing.

While I am speaking of that, I ought not to omit mentioning the great institution which the compositors have out in Colorado Springs. That is also a palatial home of the same character, furnishing a refuge for the incapacitated and old men. It has made wonderful progress. Years ago no such institutions were possible.

When we come to think of the greatness of the printing art, it almost staggers us to explain it. You would not be here tonight if it were not for printing. We

probably would not have this building. I talked in a public school on that subject once, and I told the pupils: "You would not have any seats to sit on, you would not have any books to study from, and you probably would have no building to come into were it not for printing. Therefore printing is the foundation of everything."

Now, when I went into the printing business first, I just simply fell in love with it and I have never gotten out of love with it. I have been in love with it ever since. I think the printing business above all businesses is the greatest business on the face of the earth; and while it is only the third industry in the United States, let me tell you it has risen in the last ten years from a minor industry, from the fourteenth industry rated among other industries to the third industry. In New York City we do one-twelfth of the world's printing. Therefore New York City was the place that I sought out when I wanted a place to print. There was lots of it here and I felt that I could get my share and get it fairly and squarely.

Brother Berry alluded to the fact of my belonging to the compositors' union. As a matter of fact, when I joined that union, and until I left it, there was only one union, and I learned all sides of it. Dr. Marden said I had slept on top of a feed-board. Of course I didn't sleep there for nothing. I used to put the sheets down myself every night for a daily newspaper on a cylinder press, and I liked the job very much. I used to run two situations then, but they wouldn't let me do that now. The union says that one man has one day's work and he cannot work two days in any one

day. I get away with it sometimes, because they don't control me individually, and when I feel like working twenty-four hours I work twenty-four hours. (Laughter.) I don't often feel like it!

One other correction I want to make—Dr. Marden spoke of my being born in Australia. I only missed it by about five years. I happened to be born in London, and I was taken out to Australia.

As a matter of fact it was impossible to keep this occasion entirely secret, because it was necessary to have Mr. Kitson look at me for two or three hours at a clip on several occasions. Therefore I knew that the bust was coming. My daughter said to me only a day or two ago, "Now look out! They will spring something on you." And she was at work at the very thing that they sprung—this plum pudding. I want to tell you that that is a family occasion. Every Christmas from the time I was married my wife made two plum puddings, one for Christmas and the other for my birthday. After my wife passed away, my daughter continued the same proposition, and she said to me this morning, "It's a pity that we can't have your plum pudding today," and just as I was thinking we were not going to have any plum pudding until tomorrow, it is set down on the table! Well, that is all gone where puddings usually go, but it was good while it lasted.

The other surprise that was sprung on me was this card of honorable membership in the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union. I cannot express myself in the manner in which I should at the great respect and thought that has been manifested in this. It is not what it is or what it looks like, but

the sentiment that stands behind it. I feel that I have reached the hearts of these people, and that is the reason for this honorable membership in the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union.

Now, I don't want to keep you much longer, but I have prepared a few words which I think will express my sentiments better than I could probably express them *ex tempore.*

It is a most difficult task to express the feelings with which I am imbued by this great gathering, this spirit of fraternalism, and your wonderful appreciation of the efforts put forth in behalf of liberty, equality and fraternity, and this formal acknowledgment in so splendid a gift so freely and unanimously bestowed before my passing to the great beyond. I can assure you that this honor you have conferred upon me far outweighs the difficulties and setbacks I have encountered in my efforts by the help of the Almighty to bring into a spirit of fraternalism the great body of employees and employers, and I wish to tell you something of the manner in which the vast subject entered into my mind.

In the first place, I have been brought up in a religious atmosphere, and in reading and studying the word of God I find this passage: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment."

"And the second is this, THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF. There is none other commandment greater than these."

Now, it is not my present intention to preach a sermon, but to give my thought, "Love thy neighbor."

This is socialism and democracy and republicanism and PEACE literally bound up in one. On this thought when the opportunity arose another idea came, and this was the eternal and growing dissension between employer and employee, very often resulting in war, for "strikes are war, and war is hell." It dawned upon me that there was only one practicable way in which to ameliorate the conditions. In the early days the employer was the aggressor, but the time came when labor grasped its opportunity and organized great associations or unions in defense of their rights—or supposed by them to be rights—and these organizations have grown and strengthened until they have changed the aspect of the original status and to some considerable extent control government. A very obnoxious and disintegrating method if not handled by sober and thinking men, with the ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity, not only for employees but for employers, and the reasonable balance of this power should commence to be exercised in the printing business, this calling having necessarily intelligent men of the employee class. The outcome up to the present has been portrayed to you by Mr. Driscoll, and this very gratifying occasion has been brought forth to crown the idea with what must come into this world of ours through the great republic of the United States, and it must not be lost sight of that all nations, which have been great nations in the past, as soon as they have forgotten God in their internal workings and have become profligate in their people and govern-

ments, have gone down, until today the United States stands almost alone in its advocacy of the problem "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," and we are sending the brilliant minds and our best lads and some lassies, too, into that great European trouble which has grown out of the abominable selfishness of human nature, and here again we must sacrifice not only by those whom we send abroad but also by economy and self-sacrifice at home, to make effective those lives we send forward.

In this phase of our national honor we must uphold our neighbors as against the aggrandizement and monopoly of the governments of the nations of Central Europe. If we are to maintain the spirit which our forefathers had, we must remember that Washington never went into battle without prayer, and that Lincoln was also a man of God. We are too much inclined to leave these things out of our calculations and think that others can be delegated on these missions, but we must all take cognizance of the great principles upon which our government was founded, and put forward every effort possible from a distinctly, unselfish motive. We cannot, be we ever so humble or ever so wealthy, neglect our duty to our God and country. Every man is a slacker who attempts to evade his share, from whatever direction it may come.

It is coming home to us that trial and privation will have to be borne. These give rise to dissension and disagreement among the non-thinkers, and therefore a tendency to strikes and lockouts.

I may say incidentally that I was wonderfully pleased to hear what Mr. Berry had to say on that subject tonight, because it is a time when the tendency is to

strikes and lockouts, and we have seen so many of them, and yet there are so few, probably none, in our whole business. I would like to have heard from the other four international unions, but I think they are equally free. That is largely the result of this great method of conciliation. There never was a time in the history of man when the clarion call of our mutual organizations should be other than consultation, conciliation and arbitration in an endeavor to keep in sight our foundation of liberty, equality and fraternity.

All precedents and selfishness must be cast aside, and we must bear and forbear with one another that we may eventually emerge with victory from the great conflict "over there," and hold to our principle of "love to our neighbor," at home and abroad.

Then let us prove ourselves worthy, and raise the standard of God and country even as it was in the days of our pilgrim fathers. Perhaps you may take exception to my talking about *our* pilgrim fathers, but I am an adopted son of this country. (Applause.)

Again thanking you all for the great honor you have bestowed upon me, I am yours for the best there is in me, so long as the Lord spares me in health and strength to stand for the liberty and peace that can be found in Him alone.

In concluding, I want to impress Benjamin Franklin's noblest question: "What good may I do in the world?" (Prolonged cheering and singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow.")

Over one hundred letters and telegrams were received to be read at the dinner. The most unique of

these was a letter from R. Ferguson, Secretary of the Otago Typographical Union, located in Dunedin, New Zealand. It was there that Mr. Francis began his career as a publication printer. The letter states that the writer, with the assistance of Sir G. Fenwick, Managing Director of the Otago *Daily Times,* looked up in the local library the record of Mr. Francis' early publication. They found this entry: "Otago Punch, printed, lithographed, and published at the office of the proprietors, No. 1, Belgrave Chambers, Princes Street, Cutting, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand." Imprint: "Printed for the proprietors by Charles Francis, Belgrave Chambers, Princes Street, Dunedin, New Zealand." According to the same record, the first number was printed on September 1st, 1865, and the last number on February 23d, 1867.

The letter continued: "We are very pleased indeed to hear that an old Dunedin resident has made good in America, and that he has succeeded in climbing to the top of his profession—a by no means easy feat in a land like yours. Please convey to Mr. Francis our congratulations on his success, and on his reaching his seventieth birthday. That he may be spared for many more years to continue the good and useful work in which he is engaged is our sincerest desire. He has evidently spent a great part of his life in endeavoring to harmonize the two conflicting viewpoints of employer and employee, and as he has been in both ranks, and is of a judicial temperament, he is the more qualified to form a correct opinion of the difficulties appertaining to each side. Any person who devotes his time and talents to this class of work deserves well of his

fellow countrymen. The industrial relationship between the two classes is difficult of solution. If in the evening of his days he should decide to once more visit our Dominion, he will be sure of a hearty welcome. We in Dunedin will give him a right royal reception.

"Again we ask you to convey our congratulations to Mr. Francis from the place (Dunedin) where he started his journalistic career. We will remember the 16th of February next, and although not present in the flesh will be in spirit.

"Yours fraternally,
R. FERGUSON, *Secretary.*"

The next testimonial reminiscent of the long and honorable record of Mr. Francis is the following:

"Chicago, January 16th, 1918.

"TO CHARLES FRANCIS TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE:

"In 1873 Mr. Charles Francis was running a small printing plant in Chicago and we were working with him then. The spirit of cooperation and helpfulness governed his actions at that time and the presentation of the testimonial proves he has made a splendid record of consistent good work through these many years.

"Sound to the core, may his independent spirit of righteousness be an example of ever-expanding influence over the lives of others as they follow in his footsteps. This is the earnest wish of

"ALEXANDER SPENCER
"ALEXANDER R. ALLEXON."

The Louisville Typographical Union No. 10 passed and sent in a long resolution referring to Mr. Francis'

membership there in 1880, and of his being placed on their honorary list in 1883, where he has remained ever since. They also added:

"We are pleased to say that Charles Francis always stuck to us and did his best to help us when he was in a position to do so. We might add that our new job scale quite recently signed up was negotiated with the local branch of the Printers' League of America. This brings fresh to mind some of Charles Francis' good efforts.

"We wish Mr. Francis many more happy birthdays.

"Respectfully yours,

MAX TRAUT, *Secretary-Treasurer.*"

The Chicago Typographical Union No. 16 passed and sent in the following resolution:

"Chicago Typographical Union No. 16, at its regular meeting, September, 1917, hereby expresses its pleasure at the movement to show appreciation of Charles Francis, a former member of this organization, for his continuous efforts to secure just dealing between employers and employees. Members of labor bodies who become employers too frequently act in an unfair manner, hence there should be special commendation for one who reaches the ripe age of seventy years with a consistent record of fairness and of work to have the same spirit in the entire trade. Were all employers in this city as considerate, the words 'contract' and 'agreement' would not now be so obnoxious to a large portion of our membership. We therefore add our good wishes for Mr. Francis, and hope he will

have continued health, happiness and prosperity and a final peaceful close to a well-spent life.

"Our officers are instructed to forward this resolution, under seal of the union, to the committee having charge of the tribute to be presented to Mr. Francis in February, 1918.

"With best wishes, I am

"Yours fraternally,

W. J. GRIFFIN, *Recording Secretary.*"

The Union Printers' League of New Jersey wrote as follows:

"Kindly greetings from the Union Printers' League of New Jersey to Charles Francis, Father of the Printers' League. We in New Jersey recognize in him one who has always had the welfare of the Union printer at heart and has accomplished wonderful results in bringing employer and employee together for what might be termed a trade peace. Mr. Francis enjoys the good friendship of the printers of New Jersey."

From the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Springs came a communication:

"It is a pleasure to know such a man as Charles Francis. He is a credit to mankind—one who commands the respect of all classes.

"For years Mr. Francis has labored to break down the barrier between the employer and employee and bring them in close touch with each other; to make their relations more harmonious.

"May he live to celebrate many more anniversaries,

and may his efforts and influence among the employing class bring good results so that all concerned will be benefited."

This telegram came from Denver:

"The Denver Typothetæ extends to Charles Francis many happy returns of the day, and a sincere wish that he will be spared many years to further ornament the industry for which he has done so much. Although absent in flesh, we are with you in spirit.

"J. B. STOTT, *Pres.*"

Through Dr. Albert Shaw came a message that "Colonel Roosevelt would like to be there with his fellow workers in the general field of publicity through printers' ink and sends his best wishes and congratulations to Mr. Francis."

The following telegram came from Washington:

"Meeting of American Federation of Labor Executive Council prevents my attendance at Francis Testimonial Dinner. Employers and employees could be engaged in no more fitting work than thus honoring one whose clear vision and strong will in favor of industrial peace has brought such gratifying results. The name of Charles Francis will be indelibly written in the printing trades' history of North America as the pioneer of industrial peace with justice. Extend to Mr. Francis my best wishes, and assure him, and his employer and employee associates, I join with them in their aspirations for continued harmonious relations.

"FRANK MORRISON,
"Secretary American Federation of Labor."

In connection with the above there was also a line from Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

James L. Regan, for many years a prominent printer of Chicago, now invalided, wrote: "I wish I could once again join old friends as in the past. I trust the years to come will add many honors to you. Your kind words of promise and hope of the future life are balm to an invalid." In addition Mr. Regan sent this humorous telegram:

"Congratulate you on your *seventeenth* birthday. Best wishes."

Charles Scribner wrote: "The testimonial is, in my opinion, a suitable and well-deserved compliment to one who has given without reserve and for years a large part of his time and strength to advancing the interests of the printing industry, and with equal regard for all workers, both employers and employed."

L. A. Ault telegraphed from Cincinnati: "I regret exceedingly that I find it impossible to be present on the occasion of celebrating the seventieth birthday anniversary of our good old friend Charles Francis. It has been my privilege to have known intimately Mr. Francis during the past thirty-seven years, and to have noted his progress and continuous success under all conditions good and bad. Permit me to hail the Father of the Printers' League, and to wish for him many years of usefulness and happiness in his career."

Also from Cincinnati, Arthur R. Morgan, Vice-President of the United States Printing and Lithographing Company, wrote:

"I am very sorry that it is not possible for me to attend. Will you please express my regrets to Mr. Francis, who, in my opinion, has done more for the employing printers of the United States than anyone.

"Please extend my congratulations to him on his seventieth birthday, and I hope we may be able to celebrate more."

In adddition came the following telegram:

"All Cincinnati printers appreciate the lifework of Charles Francis. Heartiest congratulations.

"HENRY S. ROSENTHAL, ARTHUR MORGAN AND CINCINNATI PRINTERS."

Mr. George H. Gardner, the well-known Cleveland printer, wrote:

"Mr. Francis is a man for whom I have a great admiration. I think he has done as much to help the printing business of the country as any man in the country, particularly along labor lines.

"In giving this testimonial dinner on his seventieth birthday, the printers of this country are doing no more than they should, and I am heartily glad to join in the movement."

In addition the following telegram came from Cleveland:

"We regret that we are not able to be with you this evening to do honor to Mr. Francis. Please pre-

sent to him our best wishes for many happy returns of the day, and continued health and prosperity to the grand old man of the printing business.

"G. H. GARDNER, J. F. BERKES."

The dean of the Connecticut Typothetæ telegraphed as follows:

"Important engagements here prevent my attending Francis dinner tonight, much to my regret, as I would like to join you in honoring one of the leaders of the Printing Fraternity, whose successful career is admired by all. WILSON H. LEE."

The following kind note came immediately after the dinner:

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 19, 1918.

"DEAR MR. FRANCIS:

"It is with real pleasure that I contemplate the honor done to a member of the printing trade who has secured his pre-eminence not only by good work as a printer, not only by the rare occurrence of good business methods as a printer, but by his humane and Christian relationships in dealing with his fellow printers and with our necessary associates, the workmen who keep us going.

"This is the triumph of the occasion as I see it. It is not a matter of wealth, nor a matter of proficiency, nor a matter of artistic accomplishment, but, what is much more important, a matter of humanity. The man who has the opportunity to celebrate his seventieth

year with his associates, who join heartily in the testimony to his fair and square dealing and to his unselfish efforts on behalf of his friends and fellow workers, is a fortunate man, and you are the unique individual who has had such a testimonial.

"J. HORACE MCFARLAND."

On the letterhead of the Bobbs-Merrill Co., publishers, of Indianapolis, came this appreciative letter:

"February 22, 1918.

"DEAR MR. FRANCIS:

"The menu of the Testimonial Dinner given to you on February 16th, has just come to my desk, and I have looked it over with the keenest delight, both in the program and at the honor done to you.

"It is a real tribute to a man's essential virtue when out of the course of his regular business he develops such respect and esteem as makes itself known in this sort of open expression of admiration.

"Public service in prominent position or spectacular achievement exploited in the daily press have called together men of like number and quality, but this is the first time in my memory where such an array of substantial men have gathered together to express their appreciation of a business man for the ordinary daily routine of his regular work.

"It is a magnificent tribute. I congratulate you most cordially, and assure you I am genuinely happy that it has come to you who so well deserve it.

"Yours very truly,

WILLIAM C. BOBBS."

From Roanoke, Virginia, came the following:

"In the last few years I have seen quite a good deal of Mr. Francis, and I think he is about the youngest seventy-year-old man that I know, and I feel sure that he is proud of the success that has come to him in the conduct of his printing business.

"Please extend to him assurances of my consideration. "Yours very truly,

EDWARD L. STONE."

G. G. Gooch, Jr., of Roanoke, Va., expressed himself as follows:

"Congratulations on the attainment of your seventieth birthday. If when I am seventy years old I can feel and appear as young as you do, I shall be very much pleased."

Samuel Rees, Jr., of Omaha, telegraphed:

"Please convey to Mr. Charles Francis the hearty congratulations of one of his younger friends and admirers. I regret that the distance makes it impossible for me to share with all of you the pleasure of this occasion."

J. W. Hastie, of Chicago, wrote as follows:

"Kindly convey to Mr. Francis the congratulations of his many friends in Chicago, with the wish added that he may continue long to live and enjoy the friendship so markedly brought to his attention at this time."

Charles D. Lanier, Secretary-Treasurer of the *Review of Reviews,* wrote of the wonderfully satisfactory manner in which Mr. Francis had always handled the normally vexing questions of disputed charges of overtime and extra services which are so frequently trouble-makers between printers and their customers. He referred to Mr. Francis as "one of the finest men it has ever been my good fortune to meet."

Luther C. Rogers, of the Rogers & Hall Company, Chicago, sent the following:

"I have always had the highest regard for Mr. Francis as a man, and have sincere respect for his business ability and his honorable use of same. With pride I always think and speak of Mr. Charles Francis as one of the best type of men and, from a business point of view, a man whom all printers may well try to emulate.

"Most respectfully,
LUTHER C. ROGERS."

Following is a partial list of other letters and telegrams received by the Committee:

James M. Lynch, Department of Labor, Albany, New York; W. B. Brewster, Columbus, Ohio; H. D. Roosen, Miami, Florida; W. F. B. Housmay, Utica, N. Y.; B. Dangerfield, Pittsburgh, Penna.; L. M. Chapman, 411 Fifth avenue, New York City; H. L. Wilkins; C. E. Kelley; E. E. Sinclair; Frank B. Williams, Pittsburgh, Penna.; J. E. McLean, Postal Life Insurance Company; A. B. Smith, Parkinson Art Co.; Eugene

Quigley, Cleveland, Ohio; "Helen and Jimmy"; F. E. Kuhnast, Camp Upton; Franklin and Nora E. Johns, Cincinnati, O.; S. S. Hopkins family, Summit, N. J.; S. Rosenthal, of Chicago; W. H. French, of Barnhart Bros. & Spindler; Frank R. Crumbie; Lionel Hopkins, Ellingfield, Houston, Texas; G. E. Geer, E. Selden Geer, Hartford, Conn.; New York *Life* Chapel; Wm. Mill, Old Time Printers' Association of Chicago; C. S. Mitchell and W. D. Pike, Chatham & Phœnix Bank; George S. Mark; John H. Blackford, R. W. Nelson, H. A. Wise Wood, D. S. Beasley, Jr., Don Chalaire, Alan R. Hawley, A. J. Brower, William Driscoll, John Behrens, E. M. Giles, E. C. Mayer, Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York; Mr. and Mrs. George L. Hawkins, Elizabeth; Sylvester J. Simon, M. F. Holsinger, Ault & Wiborg Company; Ida and Arthur T. Steffens; and Harry Hillman, of the *Inland Printer,* of Chicago; James J. Bagley, president Franklin Union No. 23; Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, editor *Watchman-Examiner;* Louis B. Woodward, of St. Louis; F. W. Heath, and A. L. Steelman, of Philadelphia; Frank B. Howard, Poughkeepsie; Leon H. Rouse, president of "Big Six"; Edw. O. Dorman.

In May, 1919, Mr. Francis, who at times had given dinners to the employees, thought to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the house by giving to each employee of ten years' service a Fifty Dollar Victory Note. The following acknowledgment illuminated in print and bound very beautifully was presented to him shortly afterward:

At the top was the trade mark of the house, which

has been in use for many years, and expression was given in these words:

"With sincere hearts we endeavor to express our appreciation in re the presentation of Victory Notes to those employees who have served you the best that is in them.

"It is due largely to yourself, personally, and the excellent executive staff with which you have surrounded yourself, that such long service has been cheerfully rendered.

"That Victory Note engendered a new spirit of 'do' into our lives, especially those who recall with pleasant recollections the days of 1894 in the small half loft in Thirteenth Street.

"Thanking you and assuring you of our admiration of you as a man always fair and generous in your dealings with your co-workers, we respectfully subscribe our names."

(Then follows the forty-four signatures of the employees making the presentation.)

In August, 1920, the employees, upon hearing that Mr. Francis was about to make a world trip in the interest of the United States, sent a delegation to his office requesting that he would shake hands with all of them before leaving, and during the course of this personal show of affection they took occasion to present him with a solid gold Fountain Pen inscribed simply, "Charles Francis, August 4, 1920." It was not the intrinsic value but the wonderful spirit of fraternity shown in the presentation that greatly affected the recipient.

Around the World

FEW there are who can plan the evening of their lives and carry out the plan as predetermined. One of these few is Charles Francis, who about 1915 decided that in 1920 he would place the bulk of his business affairs on younger shoulders, and spend two years in touring around the world. According to program he left New York in August of that year, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Lillian Francis Fitch. Theirs was much more than a sight-seeing tour or a mere pleasure trip, as appears from what follows. Mr. Francis seemed incapable of doing anything without rendering himself useful to the public or some portion of humanity, and his daughter comes rightfully by the same trait.

Circumstances favored, and early in 1920 the United States Secretary of Labor sent for Mr. Francis, remarked on the extent to which he had been instrumental in keeping the peace in the printing industry of his country, and asked him to undertake an investigation of industrial conditions throughout the world. The purpose of this was to gain more light in adjusting differences between capital and labor, to the end of quieting unrest, and establishing fair and equitable means of settling disputes.

Learning that Mrs. Fitch, who is a lawyer, was to accompany her father on his extended trip, the United States Commissioner of Education arranged through the Department of the Interior to give her a commis-

sion to study and report on education in the countries visited.

So on the 4th of August, 1920, a little party of friends, including one of New York's distinguished lawyers, Charles E. Francis, elder son of Mr. Francis, accompanied the two travelers to the Grand Central Station in New York and bid them God-speed on their journey. The first stop was Chicago, where Mr. Francis was wanted for a conference of employers in the printing trade. At Seattle and San Francisco were other conferences, and at Stockton, Calif., the West Coast Typothetæ, learning of Mr. Francis' proximity, called upon him for a visit, and here he delivered his illustrated lecture "Fifty Years of Printing." The organization made both our travelers honorary members as a return compliment.

They experienced a little trouble in getting out of the country at San Francisco, as Uncle Sam had not yet got over some of the war strictures. At Hawaii they witnessed the daring aquatic sport of surf-riding on boards and canoes. After a breathing spell at Honolulu, the ocean trip was resumed, and September 1 they crossed the meridian. As they were going West, that date was obliterated, the entry on Mrs. Fitch's diary being "Sept. 1.—There is no such day for us. We went to bed Tuesday evening, Aug. 31, and woke up on Thursday, Sept. 2."

Six delightful months were spent in Japan, where they were the recipients of many attentions from distinguished Japanese. After landing in Yokohama, and visiting Nikko, Sept. 15 found them in Tokyo, where they were bound as delegates to the Eighth

World's Sunday School Convention. A big tabernacle, Convention Hall, had been specially erected for this notable gathering, and it will be recalled that it took fire three hours before the time for opening and burned down. A chorus and orchestra of 1000 Japanese were holding a final rehearsal at the time, but escaped without injury. Nevertheless, the Convention held in an adjoining theatre was a great success, and thoroughly enjoyed by our travelers.

The local Japanese and English papers and magazines printed many notices regarding their visit, and they were photographed and interviewed in quite modern fashion. Viscount E. Shibusawa (the Grand Old Man of Japan) and Baron Sakatani were among the first to entertain them, giving a dinner of nine courses, with a menu attractively printed in French. Viscount Kaneko was also present. Later they dined with Baron Rempei Kondo (who died the following year) and his daughters. Others who were very attentive and friendly in Japan were Waichi Araki, of Osaka, chairman reception committee for that district; Rev. and Mrs. Horace E. Coleman, head of the World's Sunday School Association in Japan; Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Cobb, of Kyoto; Miss A. D. Imai; Junnosuke Inouye, governor of the Bank of Japan; Hanpei Nagao, wife and two daughters (chief of the Imperial Government Railways); Marquis Okuma (who died in 1922); Tokejiro Tokonami, Minister of the Home Dept. (that includes the Labor Dept.); Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Axling, of the Baptist Temple, Tokyo. Some scores of other Japanese and foreign residents might be mentioned who contributed to make the stay of

our travelers in Japan a high spot of instruction and pleasure in their lives.

There is fun to be found anywhere if you look for it, and it was found in Tokyo in the "Rules of the Road." Here is the literal translation, as vouched for by Mrs. Fitch:

1. At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly.

2. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

3. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn, grumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor and express by work of the mouth the warning "Hi, Hi!"

4. Beware the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him by. Do not explode an exhaust box at him; go soothingly by.

5. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

6. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.

7. Go soothingly on the grease mud as there lurks the skid demon.

8. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corner to save collapse and tie-up.

At the time of their visit there was much discussion in Japan over the California-Japanese question, and many local editors seemed to think that our travelers had come over to say or do something about it; but this misapprehension was at length corrected.

Mr. Francis reported that he found in Japan a great

lack of cohesion between employer and employee, due largely to the manner in which the government regards labor. It declines to recognize trades unions, though they exist. For a man to induce another to go on strike involves prosecution and punishment. Mr. Francis believed the government would modify its attitude, and thus avert danger. Many employers are already starting movements to benefit the condition of the workers. Curiously enough the labor leaders are largely drawn from the student class of which was a Mr. Suzuki, called the Gompers of Japan, university graduates who sympathize with the workers. The organization of the Kyochokai (association conciliator) is regarded as a hopeful sign for the industrial future of Japan, as some of the most influential leaders are behind it.

Factories are less common in Japan than in Europe or America, a great deal of such work being done in homes or back in the country. However, the factories are developing, though they use much more hand labor and less machinery than in America. A great printing office and bindery visited employed 1300 people to do the same work that 300 could accomplish in the Charles Francis Press.

October 7 Mr. Francis and Mrs. Fitch attended a special reception at the Imperial Palace, Akasaka, this being an exclusive affair of a hundred guests. October 12th they had a delightful tea at the Young Women's Christian Association, and saw many unique things done in a thoroughly Japanese way, including a truly wonderful exhibition of costumes.

About this time they were much amused at an ar-

ticle appearing in a local paper, which was announced, to be exact:

"Miss Flitch has come! On a fine autumn day, with diamond ornaments glittering on her ears. Miss Francis Flitch who is raising a name plate of an Advocate in the Broad Street New York, and who is highly reputed with civil cases, has arrived, accompanied by her father," etc.

At Tokyo they were privileged to see a Japanese wedding reception, attended by over a thousand people, including some forty foreigners. In accordance with custom they bowed low to the groom and again to the bride as they passed them. They were told that the trousseau was one of the most elegant and costly worn in recent times; the bride appeared in elaborate costumes during the ceremonies, and her face was painted in a way to discourage a Broadway belle. Matches in Japan are arranged by parents, and the prospective bride usually sees only the photograph of the groom before marriage. A husband can put away a wife for unfaithfulness, but if he does she is free to marry again the next day.

In November Mr. Francis had serious trouble with one of his toes, which incapacitated him for a time, and finally had to be amputated. But the local hospital was excellent, the tireless Japanese nurses most kindly and efficient, and the capable, attentive, American surgeon, Dr. Teusler, soon had Mr. Francis enjoying his normally fine health. He was still under treatment on Thanksgiving Day, but a mail coming in from the United States with a bunch of letters served to make it an occasion of joy.

The first week in December was enlivened by a couple of earthquakes, by no means serious, but forerunners of the dreadful calamity of two years later. Before leaving Tokyo Mrs. Fitch was invited to address a meeting of representative men on the educational question. They were very attentive, and the next day she was presented with three scrolls, copies of the paintings on the temple walls at Nikko made by a noted Japanese artist and presented by Viscount Shibusawa. On leaving Tokyo they were given letters to the mayors of the principal cities they were to visit, insuring them every attention *en route*. It was a great experience traveling through Japan on their railways and in rickashaws. The ancient East and the modern things of the West were inextricably mixed, as when an up-to-date modern color printing establishment was found at Osaka, which they motored to in a limousine.

They found that the Japanese took a three days' holiday at New Year's, during which time nobody who could avoid it would work. After some wanderings they boarded the steamer Nikko Maru, the objective being Hongkong. Only a few brief stops were made at Chinese ports, and then, on Jan. 31, they passed a quarantine inspection for their trip to Australia. Sunday, Feb. 6, found them in Sydney, Australia. Here the customs men wanted to confiscate Mrs. Fitch's Japanese wig because she had not declared it, but finally relented and let her keep it. Once ashore, one of their first visits was to the police station, where visitors are obliged to report early. The officials, after looking them over and noting their credentials, con-

cluded they were at least harmless and they passed to their hotel.

Two delightful weeks were spent in Sydney, where members of Wimble & Co., the great printers' supply house of New South Wales, looked after their comfort, and delivered a shower of letters (158 by actual count), from American friends, sent to welcome them to the Antipodes, and in recognition of Mr. Francis' 73rd birthday anniversary, Feb. 16th. Before these had been all devoured in came an enormous bouquet of flowers, arranged for by the junior partners in the Charles Francis Press. A curious event in Sydney was the receipt of an official notice to show up at the local authorities' offices concerning payment of income tax. Upon Mr. Francis' convincing them that he had earned nothing while in Sydney, his only financial dealings being the spending of money, they cancelled all claims on his pocketbook.

Washington's birthday was celebrated by moving on by steamship to Hobart, a city of 40,000 people, and capital of Tasmania, which the reader will remember was the home of Mr. Francis in his boyhood, from six to fourteen years of age. It is a wonderful thing to revisit a place after sixty years, and to look for the few landmarks that can be identified. Ideally situated, in a slope backed by a picturesque mountain, Hobart has one of the finest harbors in the world, with 62 feet of water at the wharves. Mr. Francis' reputation had preceded him, the local papers announced his coming, and John Vail, the Government printer, was one of the first to call and do the honors for the town. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and the

president, H. H. Cummins, and L. J. Crozier, also added to the pleasure of their stay.

Here Mr. Francis talked to the Master Printers' Association, and Mrs. Fitch gave a lecture on Japan before the Sunday School Union. The Mercury printed a long article about Mr. Francis' visit, and the Chamber of Commerce gave him a luncheon and demanded an address. The Masons also entertained him, and the Printing Industry Employees' Union made him their guest for an evening at the Trades Hall. A most interesting meeting was with John Hook, who was an employee at William Fletcher's when Mr. Francis was taking his first lessons in the trade there. The Cox printery is now the largest in the city, and the Cox's together with C. F. Brown and wife, contributed much to the enjoyment of Hobart, and Mr. C. W. Cox 18 months later visited Mr. Francis in New York City. On March 16 Mr. Francis delivered here his illustrated lecture on "Fifty Years of Printing," showing the Tasmanians moving pictures of the machinery in a New York printing house. Sir Elliott Lewis, premier of the province, presided. A few evenings later, both Mr. Francis and Mrs. Fitch spoke at the Baptist tabernacle, and Mr. Francis and his daughter were called upon for several other impromptu talks during their stay.

Early in April our travelers again took ship, back to Sydney, but *en route* to New Zealand. Their wonderful reception there is accorded in another chapter, telling of the doings in Dunedin.

Returning from New Zealand to Sydney, the first of June, our travelers had the ill fortune to arrive in

a ship where a lady was suspected of having smallpox, and they were held up in quarantine, and tasted its unpleasantness for nearly three weeks, and Mrs. Fitch had to submit to revaccination. July 5 found them in Melbourne, where they received an official invitation to attend the opening of Parliament, and (what was more enjoyable) after the Speaker and Lady Mackey invited them to an "at home" to meet the Countess of Stradbroke.

It will be remembered that former Premier James G. Francis of Australia (1874) was the uncle of Charles Francis, and naturally our travelers were promptly introduced in official circles. The Premier, the Governor, and the Lord Mayor, all showed them kind attention. But Mr. Francis lost little time in connecting with the local printers. Mr. D. Macdougall (of Sands & Macdougall), then president of the Victorian Master Printers' Association, and his son, Kenneth, were active in showing all that was best in the industry, and in November, 1923, Mr. Francis had the pleasure of entertaining the son in New York.

They spent the entire winter, from July to September, in and around Melbourne, and at times wished there were such things as furnaces and central heating systems in that far-away land. Both were called upon frequently for addresses, and Mr. Francis favored the Rotarians, the Masons, the printers, the advertising men, and some of the churches, as well as the Anti-Liquor League. Mrs. Fitch also spoke at the latter gathering and at meetings of mothers and of girls. The Victorian Master Printers' Association gave them a rousing reception and dinner August 18th, and a

week later Mr. Francis gave them his lecture "Fifty Years of Printing," illustrated with moving pictures.

The stay in Melbourne was farther pleasurable in that it is the home of Lady Madden, a cousin of Mr. Francis, whom he had not seen in many years, and their daughters had a chance to become acquainted. When they left Australia, Sept. 9, there were many friends to say "Good bye," and numerous others who sent flowers for a farewell.

The next stop was Durban, South Africa, which was reached Oct. 3. The three and a half weeks' rest were welcome to both the travelers, who had been "on the go" for so many months.

While passing through the Indian Ocean, the passengers on their vessel sighted one large whale that spouted three times for their amusement. Near Durban is a whaling station, and they were told that the catch for the previous four days was 32 sea monsters. There is also quite a bathing beach, fenced off from the deep water to keep out the sharks. Although the weather was the equivalent of April in the United States, it was painfully hot at times, with occasional cold nights. There were only ten resident Americans in Durban, as reported by the American consul, with whom our travelers dined. There is, however, quite an English population. Printing is not a large industry here, so Mr. Francis had a rest from addressing gatherings of members of the art. He patronized a local printer, Evan Jones, for some cards which he needed, but his reputation had preceded him and the printer refused positively to accept any pay, being only too glad to serve him. The South African Printer

and Stationer published a two-page leading article as to their "distinguished visitor."

Here in Durban they encountered a Rev. Phillips and family, he being a missionary, who had spent two years among the pigmy races of Africa. He told of one group or family that lived in a great tree, were very hairy and went about entirely naked, living and mating like a flock of animals. They believed in a white spirit and a dark spirit, and after being with them some six months he found it possible to have more or less talk with them, having picked up their most common words, and he obtained a number of converts.

The women's organizations in Durban captured Mrs. Fitch early during her stay, and insisted on her making a number of addresses. Both our travelers spoke here on the Prohibition issue.

December 16th they took ship again, stopping over the 18th at Port Elizabeth, where one of the principal attractions was Snake Park, which had a learned specialist, who was a perfect encyclopedia of everything about the serpent family.

A busy time was had at Capetown, lecturing and sight-seeing. The wonderful silver, satin leaves of the *Leucadendron Argenteum* tree were seen growing on Table Mountain, making a beautiful sight as they shimmered in the sunlight.

As usual, friends were at the dock to bid our travelers God speed. The ship had to pass through a very narrow opening, and at this point a party had stationed themselves, and as the ship glided by they raised a large silk flag of our glorious country, which was on

a standard surmounted by the eagle, as a farewell tribute to Mr. Francis and his daughter. It was a great surprise and an exceedingly kind courtesy, which was duly appreciated and promptly acknowledged by wireless to the gentlemen who bore the colors aloft—"Heartiest appreciation of flag salute."

Christmas, 1921, was spent at sea, and duly celebrated by all the ship's company. Their thoughts turned homeward, to the dear ones in America, and the throngs of joyous little folks enraptured with Santa Claus' gifts. They had to wait until their arrival in Southampton the first week in January for their mail, so dear to every traveler. Capturing a large bundle, they immediately re-embarked for Havre and Paris. In the French capital they put up at the famous Claridge hotel on the Champs Elysees.

They arrived just in time to take in a brilliant dinner and ball given Marshal and Mrs. Foch, Jan. 11, by the Comite France-Amerique, the Marshal having just returned from his visit to the United States. He made a very appropriate speech complimenting the Americans, and dwelling on the enduring quality of the friendship between the two nations.

Two days later a box of "Christmas Cheer from Home" reached them, and brought vibrations of the loving thought of those far away who remembered them.

One of the first interviews in Paris was with Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, who looked worn and tired. Our travelers had been brushing up their French for several weeks in anticipation of using it in "Paree," and they found they succeeded very well in

making themselves understood. They took in all the sights, Versailles, the Pantheon, Luxembourg, Louvre, Bastile, Notre Dame, Hotel de Ville, Palais de Justice, Hotel des Invalides, Marie Antoinette's cell, Eiffel tower, etc. They entered the Church of St. Gervais, where 75 persons perished when a bomb from one of the German "big Berthas," 75 miles away, crashed through the roof. They visited cinemas, too, and heard some of the best operas.

Never-to-be-forgotten were the days that our travelers spent going over the scenes of the frightful carnage of 1915-18. In this shell-torn land, where so many millions fought and died, where the flower of French and German youth, with Belgian and British, and some of our own American boys, struggled for four long years, with dynamite and gas, and every known devilish destructive device known to modern science, comes now a seemingly endless trail of sad-faced mourners, wondering how it ever could have happened—how it was ever possible for the world we call civilized to so lose its balance.

First they came to Soissons, reduced from 14,500 to 400 population; then through the Aisne Valley, and on to Rheims, to view the ruins of that once beautiful cathedral; next to Verdun, where 950,000 perished in the frightful assaults and defense; then to Epernay, Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. The mind loses its sense of balance in contemplating the slaughter spread all over these once peaceful and happy vales.

It was in contemplating the nightmare of those awful years that the writer was moved to produce the following lines:

NEVER AGAIN—A MOTHER'S LAMENT

I gave up my boy to the God of War
With a heavy heart and a sense of woe,
And they shipped him off to the cannon's roar.
He was all I had, and I loved him so.

A war for the helpless, a war for good,
So the preacher said, and a whole lot more.
Somehow or other I misunderstood
When I lent my boy to the God of War.

O, never again, in this world of pain,
Will we send our boys to slay other boys;
For killing is murder—its bloody stain
Has robbed the world of its greatest joys.

O, how I cried! and O, how they lied!
And O, the hearts that were torn to the core!
The millions who suffered, the millions who died,*
When we gave our boys to the God of War.

I stand with the Mother of God, so mild;
On warring hearts the love-balm I pour;
But never again will I bear a man child,
And yield him up to the God of War!

May God forgive me this one great sin
When I gave my boy to the God of War.
I thought that honor and justice would win,
But murder and rapine rest at my door.

*In addition to the slain combatants, fifteen million women and children died of starvation and disease as an aftermath of the Great War.

I can bear that he sleeps in No-man's-land,
My boy that I gave to the God of War,
But not that another has died by his hand,
And not that some mother's heart was made sore.

The world goeth mad! Let us never again
Forget the great lesson the Saviour bore.
This tribute vouchsafe to mothers of men:
You'll give no more boys to the God of War.

Jesus, look down from the bright realm above,
And beckon us on to a heavenly shore;
Teach us the conquering power of love,
And never to give to the God of War.

February 3 our travelers landed in Brussels, that wonderful Dutch city with its picturesque old dog-carts, its Hotel de Ville, with marvelous ancient tapestries, and its magnificent Hotel de Justice, that took 17 years in the building, and covers six and a half acres, about the area of the great Pennsylvania station in New York.

Amsterdam was reached February 15. The capital of Holland is about the size of Baltimore, but looks as old as Baltimore looks modern. Here they saw the great Coster diamond works, where the Kohinoor was polished, they viewed many famous Rembrandts, as well as the statue of that famous painter.

In this city Mr. Francis interviewed Ambassador William Phillips and also had a conference with the Minister of Labor, and of course he did not neglect to look into some of the Dutch printing offices.

Their equipment is not equal to that of American shops, but they turn out work very cheaply. The World's Court building, at The Hague, founded through Andrew Carnegie's gift of $3,350,000, was most interesting to view, especially the contributions of all nations to its statuary, decorations, etc. Was this lesson in good will and arbitration wholly lost on humanity? The future will tell. In Antwerp they visited the Plantin-Novetus Museum, where is gathered one of the finest collections of the work of the early printers.

"On to Berlin!" was the next cry, and February 28 found them there, and the usual large mail waiting. One important looking envelope was addressed to "S. H. Herr Charles Francis." Inquiry as to the meaning of S. H., elicited the fact that it stood for "Seine Hochwohlgeboren," which seemed harmless, so he concluded to accept it. Among the printeries visited was Ullstein & Co., a very large and modern establishment. The sights of Berlin consisted largely of statues and memorials of the Kaisers, Herr Wilhelms and Fredericks. More interesting were the colossal figures of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and figures and paintings of Lessing, Goethe, Wagner, Schiller, Bulow, etc. Truly the Germans have been a great people, now seemingly going to decay.

American money made everything seem ridiculously cheap in Germany. Our travelers saw one of the finest operas they ever attended at 55 cents for the best seats. Prices over there have been high, only as quoted in marks, and it was the pity of pities that workers continued to be paid off in this depreciated currency.

The first two weeks of April were devoted to Switzerland, the country of lakes and mountains, of sunny vales and snowy peaks, the little country that kept out of the Great War, and cared only for the wounded that fled within its borders. Here the sun shone, and God appeared to reign again, and through the mists of those splendid waterfalls, casting rainbows ever beautiful, one seemed to see God's promise for better things and loftier aims for the sons of men.

Leaving the shadow of Mt. Blanc, April 14 found them again in Paris, and back at the Claridge. On their first stop here it will be remembered that the place was all excitement over a reception to Marshal Foch. This second coming was almost identical in time with the arrival of Jack Dempsey, who attracted quite as much attention as the great French fighting marshal. Ten days more of Paris and its beauties, and then our travelers took passage by airship to Merry England. They had front seats, and being both good sailors were not upset by the jolts. There were three other passengers, and they could move at will the length of the cabin, about six steps, consequently could see out on all sides. Rising to about 1500 feet, they skimmed the environs of Paris, gradually ascending to about 3000 feet. A slight hailstorm, and another brief storm and cloud on the Channel, obstructed some of their outlook, but it cleared off in time for them to view the famous white cliffs of Dover. They stopped at Lymphe field for gasoline and to stretch their limbs. Three other airships were passed and less than five hours after their start found them in their hotel in London, after a magnificent birds-eye-

view of the great city, the Crystal Palace, Westminster Abbey, and the sinuous Thames.

Once in England the meetings with printers' organizations were resumed. British printers had heard so much of Mr. Francis, and his work in organizing and effecting conciliation in the printing trade of America that they were anxious to meet and hear him; so it was a succession of conferences, lunches, speech-making and visiting of the great printing plants. As suggesting how busy they kept him, on May 12 he visited the enormous plant of Spottiswoode & Co., and lunched. May 13th he had a conference with the Home Counties Master Printers' Association in the morning, a lunch at Stationers' hall, and in the evening a reception and tea at the Lord Mayor's. May 19th, under the auspices of the Joint Industrial Council, Mr. Francis gave a lengthy address on "Our Problems and Our Responsibilities," at Stationers' Hall, London, which was fully reported in *The Caxton Magazine,* also the *British and Colonial Stationer and Printer.* So the days sped. Alfred Blades gave them a luncheon, at which Sir Rowland Blades was present, and gave them the entre to Parliament House. Sir William Waterloo and Lady entertained them at Whyte Ways; and they visited relatives.

They next journeyed northward, stopping at Leeds, where Alfred Cooke showed them through his great Crown Printing Works and a column story of their visit appeared in the *Yorkshire Evening News.* Edinburgh was visited May 30th, so they took in the Castle, and went to see Lincoln's statue. While here they inspected the large plant of Oliphant & Morison. Mr.

Francis was also called on for conference with the Scottish Alliance of Employers in Printing and Kindred Trades and the Lancashire and Cheshire Printers' Alliance entertained them at Manchester. At Glasgow they were guests of honor at the Association for the Advancement of Education in Industry and Commerce. Returning to London for a brief stay, there were pleasant visits with Owen Jones, editor of *The Caxton Magazine,* and Howard Hazell, of the notable plant of Hazell, Watson & Viney; also a look in at Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop, and a half day at Oxford.

All too soon came the date for moving on, this time to South America, starting July 15, 1922. Steaming down the European coast, our travelers took a look at Vigo, Spain, but made their first landing at Lisbon, in Portugal, viewing the historic old city. July 19 the ship halted at Funchal, Madeira, where they did not land, having visited this port on a previous occasion.

The Cape Verde Islands were passed on the 22d, these being the last of the peaks of the great plateau that many believe to be the remains of the once great lost continent of Atlantis. The "line" was crossed on the 25th, and Pernambuco, Brazil, sighted the 27th, so it was a quick trip. Pernambuco is called the "American Venice," being built on several islands connected by bridges. July 30 brought them to Rio de Janeiro, where they were entertained by Rev. Herbert S. Harris. The people of Rio are convinced that they have the most beautiful harbor in the world, and it is well fortified, a dignified and attractive entrance to a great country.

They passed rapidly down the South American coast,

getting glimpses of Santos and Montevideo. The latter, capital of Uruguay, is a city of 400,000, of growing commercial importance. August 6 the ship passed into the magnificent opening of the Rio de la Plata, and steamed up 125 miles to Buenos Aires, the metropolis of South America, destined to equal New York and London as world cities. Rev. G. P. Howard met them here, and contributed much to the pleasure of their stay. The city dates from 1535, and has passed the one and a half million mark; it is about where New York was in development in 1870, but its buildings and drives are modern, quite up to date.

Ambassador John Wallace Riddle made them guests of honor at a little dinner, and introduced them to leaders of education and labor. As a result they were both called on for a number of addresses. Mr. Francis' principal speech was at the American Club, his subject being "Labor Situation of the World." In doing the town they had occasion to brush up their knowledge of Spanish, but after a world tour, in which French and German had figured, it was not hard to get a working knowledge of Spanish, which much resembles the French language. One day was given up to boating on the Tigre, a locality that resembles our own Thousand Islands, but is credited with 2000 isles.

August 25 they embarked on the last leg of the journey home, after an absence of more than two years, during which they had visited five continents, over fifty cities and sixteen countries. The friends at home had proved good correspondents during this period, and every port had brought them a big budget of letters. The last important batch came at Rio, and

included some of special interest. There was a Mexican magazine, with an account of the proprietor's visit to New York, emphasizing the fine treatment he received at the Charles Francis Press, and pronouncing it a model printing house. Viscount Shibusawa also wrote that he had been in New York, and was disappointed not to find them. And a young lady from South Africa wrote a long letter on the progress of the Prohibition movement there, and the stimulus given it by the addresses of Mr. Francis and Mrs. Fitch.

Rio Janeiro was reached August 29, 1922, just before the centennial exposition of the Brazilian Republic. The city was overcrowded. So our travelers took quarters in the suburbs, and trolleyed in. It will be remembered that Secretary of State Hughes was present at the opening, as a compliment to the sister Republic. Mr. Francis attended the reception given Mr. Hughes Sept. 7, and two days later both our travelers met Mr. and Mrs. Hughes at church. They also met Dr. Gunnison, of the *Brooklyn Eagle* and other American visitors. A few addresses were made in Rio, and Mr. Francis was called on for advice in laying out a new large printing office there.

On September 18th was sounded the bugle call for "Home, Sweet Home," and a quick trip carried them back to New York. One of the incidents of the last trip was meeting Godowsky, the famous Russian pianist. On Sept. 30 the Statue of Liberty hove in sight, and the vessel was brought to the familiar dock in little old New York, where a warm welcome awaited them, after their 60,000 mile trip about the world. Shortly after a dinner was tendered Mr. Francis and daughter

at the Aldine Club by their many friends, and later another dinner by the New York Employing Printers' Association, who welcomed Mr. Francis back to the world's greatest centre of printing.

The Dunedin Reception

TO REVISIT the home of one's early manhood after 55 years is a rare experience. To go away from a town as a little known junior craftsman while a stripling of 19, actually tossing a coin to decide which way to go, and then to return after more than half a century, hailed as the most distinguished human product of the locality, as the man who went out to conquer the world and did it—was the absolutely unique experience of Charles Francis, on revisiting Dunedin, and other places in New Zealand, in the spring of 1921. In that long ago he was best known to a few local oarsmen as having won the amateur championship in a rowing race, and having captured with it $1000, a seeming fortune in those days. But nobody in Dunedin, least of all Mr. Francis himself, deemed that he would ever come back, as the acknowledged dean of the third greatest industry in America, and as a Commissioner of the United States, and be honored by several gatherings, the largest ever held in the printing and publishing industries of the locality.

The fact is that when the printers and publishers of Dunedin realized who was the man coming to see them, they decided to give him the warmest reception ever accorded a visitor in those parts, and they carried out their resolution in the most brilliant manner. For two weeks they turned the town upside down, and forgot everything else but giving receptions, and din-

ners, and calling on and taking out Mr. Francis and his daughter, Mrs. Fitch. The finest homes were opened to them, the leading clubs made them honorary members, the clergymen and educators wanted addresses, (and some of them were successful) but more particularly the various elements in the printing industry combined to do honor to their distinguished guests.

The first gathering was a "Social Evening," tendered by the Master Printers' Association, the Typographical Union, and the Printers' Machinists, Bookbinders and Related Trades Union, held at Burt Hall, Technical College, April 22, 1921, Sir George Fenwick presiding.

This occasion was remarkable in that it was the first time in the history of the printing and publishing industry of the locality that organizations of employers and employees had gotten together and joined hands, and it was beautifully appropriate as a tribute to Mr. Francis, that they paid him this compliment, in recognition of his long service in harmonizing conditions between capital and labor in his chosen vocation.

"The good that men do lives after them," so runs the old saw; but here was a case where the good done by one man for fellow printers on the other side of the globe had preceded him to the antipodes, and had its influence in bringing together socially both employers and employees, who needed to know each other better, for the advancement of their calling. Whatever differences these organizations had, they forgot for the time in their mutual desire to meet and hear the man who had "made good" in the metropolis of New York, and who brought them a message of unity

and brotherhood. They were proud to know that a New Zealander (at least in his youth), and a former workman in their own town, had risen to fame, and had achieved his position largely by his devotion to the idea of causing employers and employees to work together, rather than to work in opposition and antagonism; and they turned out en masse to greet and welcome him.

Accustomed as he was to being tendered receptions, dinners and invitations to speak, and though he had been told a few years before (at the time of his seventieth birthday reception in New York), that if he ever came to New Zealand, he would be given the time of his life, Mr. Francis was scarce prepared for the heartiness and universality of the welcome that was extended to him. He was driven all over the place and the suburbs, and had a hard time to break away for a stroll among the scenes of his boyhood, looking up a row of dwellings his father had erected, looking for the remains of the printing office where he was once burned out and for the site of his own publication, the *Otago Punch.*

One of the local magazines wrote thus of this "Social Evening:"

"Without any doubt whatever, it was one of the warmest and most cordial welcomes ever accorded to a visitor to Dunedin, and the local papers gave the reporting of the function two columns of their space. . . . The chair was occupied by Sir George Fenwick, himself an old-time comp., and now head of the Otago Daily Times Co. In proposing the health of the guest, the chairman said the gathering was a united assemblage

of employer and employed, and for that reason it would be a greater gratification to their honored guest."

The company paid a tribute to the land of Mr. Francis' adoption by offering a toast to "The President of the United States," before toasting their guest.

Mr. Francis was never in better form than when he rose to reply, and express his appreciation at the warmth and hospitality of his reception. In the course of an uplifting reply to the toast, he urged aiming at the ideal of interest in the welfare of others. Happiness could never be attained by wealth alone. The ideal of every man should be to set up a high mark of moral and religious life himself, and to set an example to the world in which he lived, which followed out the words of the Master: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy mind and all thy soul, and the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The enjoyment of the dinner that followed was increased by the thoughtfulness of the printers who had prepared a splendid cake, which was becomingly presented to Mrs. Fitch. It was made up after the manner of a superb wedding cake, and served as an emblem of the friendship of the peoples of two countries —one ornament being the clasped hands or "hands across the sea."

After justice had been done to the viands, a toast, "The Master Printers' Association," was presented by F. W. Joseph, president of the Typographical Union; and responded to by H. Harris, president of the Association. Mr. S. N. Brown, in proposing the toast, "Combined Unions," said there was no reason why the

bodies present should not have a gathering every year. Relations were never more harmonious, and they were sure to understand each other better by getting together. C. N. C. Etheridge, of the Printers' Machinists and Bookbinders Union spoke in reply, and Messrs. A. Sligo, A. Rawlinson and J. Deaker enlivened the program with song. It was near midnight when they sang "Auld Lang Syne," and departed.

A week later, at the same hall, Mr. Francis gave his illustrated lecture "Fifty Years of Printing," to another large and most interested audience. The moving pictures of rapid automatic up-to-date printing and binding machinery, which had never been seen in that part of the world, were a revelation to the local members of the craft, who thus got visible evidence of what a really modern mammoth printery in New York is like.

A most pleasing feature of the welcome in Dunedin was that at least half the clergymen of the town's larger churches called on Mr. Francis at his hotel, and most of them wanted him to preach for them. To find an eminent printer, who talked in churches and Sunday Schools was a new experience with them, and they wanted to make the most of it. Being unable to comply with all such demands, he compromised by accepting the invitation to preach one Sunday at the Hanover Street Baptist church, while Mrs. Fitch delivered an address at St. Andrews Sunday school. He also spoke before the Masonic organization, and visited the Teachers' Training School with Chairman James Wallace, of the Otago Educational Board. Later both Mr. Francis and Mrs. Fitch spoke at the Trinity M. E.

Sunday School, telling of the World's Sunday School Congress in Japan.

The local newspapermen all called, and G. Stanley Smith of the *Evening Star* and Charles Fraser of the *Otago Witness*, and Geo. F. Inglis, of the *Daily Times* had long talks with him. H. H. Driver and wife, representing the booksellers trade, also assisted in making pleasant the stay in Dunedin; and the proprietor of the *Tuapeka Times* drove 60 miles to invite him to visit his town, where Mr. Francis had been for a few months foreman of a local printery.

When Mr. Francis left Dunedin, in 1866, the last of the gold diggers were washing out a stream called Gabriel's Gully for about the fifth time, and still getting some gold. There was one small jetty in the harbor, which now has magnificent wharf accommodation. A fine residential locality, South Dunedin, was then a swamp. The single Irish jaunting car that occasionally ran out to Anderson's bay had been succeeded by a modern street railway system, or as they call it there —a tramway system.

While in Dunedin our travelers witnessed the celebration of Anzac day, a memorial to New Zealand heroes unknown in the far North. It was a solemn occasion, for it marks the entrance into the World War of the Anzacs of New Zealand; they received their baptism of fire at Gallipoli, where men fell under the rain of bullets like grass before a prairie fire.

Not far from Dunedin is Christchurch, and Mr. Francis' brief stay there was rendered more enjoyable by an unexpected call from a boyhood friend. Mr.

Francis being out, Mr. D. Lumsden was announced to his daughter, Mrs. Fitch, and was anxious to know "if the Charles Francis visiting the city is the son of the Charles Francis in whose company I nearly suffered drowning over fifty years ago?" He was delighted to learn that it was Charles Francis himself, still hale and hearty, for the children had been brought up on that story, as related in a previous chapter, and Mrs. Fitch was most interested and capable of discussing it with him. She inquired after the other companion, and Mr. Lumsden said he had been trying to find him for several days but had not succeeded so far. He told her how, after the exciting trip, he ran home, went in the back way, and fortunately his mother was out, so he bribed his sister to help him keep his disobedience from mother, and she never knew until several years later, when it was too late to punish him. Mr. Lumsden called again with the other companion, and there were the three survivors of that dangerous episode gripping hands and talking over old times, especially the thrills of that never-forgotten outing of over fifty years previous.

At Christchurch Mr. Francis delivered his lecture to the local printers, and also spoke before the Trade Schools, and preached in one of the churches on "Applied Christianity," while Mrs. Fitch addressed the Women's Clubs and also preached in one of the churches.

An interesting encounter here was with J. W. Baty, head of a local printery, who said his work had been influenced for years by reading the advertisements of the Charles Francis Press in New York, and the ac-

counts of Mr. Francis' work and life in the trade papers.

At Wellington, N. Z., the reception and entertaining in Dunedin were almost duplicated. They had heard of the lectures of Charles Francis, and of his mission in unifying the men and the masters in the printing trade, and they gathered together the largest assembly of the trade ever had in that city, some 260, and welcomed him in the name of the Master Printers' Union and the newspaper proprietors, and placed on their reception committee R. A. Wright, mayor; J. McKay, ex-Gov. Printer; M. Marks, Government Printer; Mr. Atack, manager of the Press Association; and C. H. Chapman and E. Wells, secretaries of the employees unions. T. Jones, president of the Master Printers' Association, presided. In opening, he said: "I want to introduce to you a distinguished member of the printing profession, a practical printer who has won his way from the bottom to the top rung of the ladder. We welcome him and his distinguished daughter to our city; we thank him for the great work he has done in the United States for the betterment of his fellowmen, and we trust that the visitors will take back to their country the pleasantest recollections of their trip."

While in Wellington, Mrs. Fitch delivered her costume lecture on "Japan," and there were the usual social calls and attentions from local men and women of note. Mr. Fred Pirani, secretary of the Master Printers' Association, was particularly energetic in seeing that they had a good time, and saw everything worth seeing in their limited time.

All the New Zealanders were charmed to think that the United States had sent a Commissioner to their shores, and chosen a former New Zealander to enquire into their labor situation, and the way they handle labor problems. This was natural, since the working people or trades unions obtained political control in New Zealand a generation ago, and they are very proud of their success in operating a government by the workers. They felt that Mr. Francis would be sure to do them full justice in his report to his Government, because he understood them, and the way they dealt with labor problems.

The next stop was at Auckland, where Mr. Francis addressed a group of advertising men, at the Chamber of Commerce, on "Truth in Advertising." Before leaving New Zealand, our travelers took in Rotorua, which is the great show place of the islands. It is most easily described to Americans as a miniature Yellowstone Park, with the same gorgeous scenery, and a lot of geysers. One of the stunts offered visitors is the privilege of catching a fish in a cold water stream, and then without changing one's footing, throwing the fish still on the line into a hot geyser and boiling him. How the fish like this is not reported.

Another Rotorua stunt is to throw three bars of soap into the crater of a little volcano, and see it spit lava. This had been done so much that the volcano at the time of this visit, frequently refused to spit fire, when invited.

Long will be remembered the blissful days spent in the land of the Anzacs.

The Future of the Republic

IT is evident to the most casual observer that this great United States of America has drifted a long way from the fundamental principles laid down by the Fathers of the Republic. Times have changed, people have changed, environments have changed. The inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness have been obscured by a wondrous development of natural resources and unparalleled industrial activities. Fundaments have been lost to view in a conglomeration of local, national and worldwide problems, that have taxed the brightest intelligences of the age in a search for solutions.

Standing out prominently from the chaos of events in this fateful twentieth century is the ever-present question—How best shall the rights of the workers, the mass of mankind, be protected from the invasions of schemers, the direction of demagogues, and the rapacity of money-grabbers?

Those employers who regard themselves as of a class different from the workers, as above them, superior by right of their dollars, entitled to large returns and exclusive privileges, and who dabble in politics only to strengthen their grip of authority and power, are virtually slave-drivers, and just as much to be dreaded by society as the old-time robber barons, the race of kings, or modern trust-magnates seeking immoral profits.

But those employers who through their strong sense

of brotherhood have never lost their sympathy with those less able and less prosperous individuals, who possess neither the qualities nor opportunities that enable them to pull themselves out of the ranks of the toilers—these broad-minded and humane employers have become the saving element, standing between capital and labor, demanding justice for all.

The above generalizations are introduced here to point out the importance to the future of our civilization of such men as Charles Francis, the "fair employer," as he has been often termed by the trades unions. Such men are fitted to lead in the world's industries, because they will not abuse power, desiring above all things the greatest good to the greatest number. There are probably hundreds of such men in America, men who have built up large industrial enterprises on right lines, men who have thought more of the comfort of their employees than of the annual dividends, men who have believed in the square deal, men who have stood for organized labor, and for "conference, conciliation and arbitration" whenever there was a difference of opinion between employers and employees.

One of the few who has never forgotten his own long years of apprenticeship, and who in working through every department of labor in his own industry, has acquired a first-hand knowledge of the surroundings of every employee, is Charles Francis, whom it has been the privilege of the writer to know well for a period of about thirty years, under circumstances that have made it possible to gather and put together the data for this sketch of his life, so emblematic of

what an employer should be, so typical of fair and square relations between labor and capital.

It is to such men as Charles Francis that we have to look for the saving of the Republic from the forces of Greed that at times promise to envelop, load down and sink the ship of state. Only as fair employers and trades union officials work together for the common good shall we be able to save this nation from the fate of ancient Rome.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The rapid growth of trusts or aggregations of capital in the last quarter of the nineteenth century marked the high tide of industrial centralization. It has been accompanied and followed by a change of policy of the nation vastly strengthening the central power at Washington and reducing the powers of the State. County governments and the old town-meeting governments are rapidly disappearing. We have enormous political power created in the machine government of our great cities, which levy private taxes on great interests in return for political favors, thus securing vast money power to back political campaigns.

We also have vast allied corporations striving to control at Washington, in the interests of "big business." State legislatures long ago capitulated to dominance by giant corporations, and seem to exist mainly to pass new laws desired by vested interests and favored monopolies. They care little for the will of the people, but bow before the political powers through which they get their jobs in the state capitals.

This situation is highly dangerous. Selfish big business is sure to work the ruin of the entire structure, if allowed to have its way. Very likely the labor unions, if too soon placed in the seat of power, would move in the opposite direction, and wreck our institutions, through overzeal and lack of experience, unless some sort of brake operated to prevent their selfishly taking too radical measures for checking the depredations of selfish employers.

Between the Scylla of capital and Charybdis of labor, it is dangerous sailing, but the ship of Liberty may yet find a safe port guided by the best brains of unselfish employers and manned by trades unionists of unselfish characteristics. In other words, the salvation of this Republic must be worked out, if at all, by beneficent employers of the Francis type, working in conjunction with wise and constructive labor leaders, such as Powderly was in a past generation, and Major George L. Berry of the International Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America is at this period.

Only by upholding the banners of cooperation and unity, which Mr. Francis so strongly advocates in his book, "Printing for Profit," can the forces of capital and labor arrive at a harmonious solution of their own problem and that of the nation—for both are really one. We have ceased to be an isolated nation, or a confederation of states; we are a member of the great group of nations that must either find a peaceful solution of existing problems or admit that our modern civilization is a failure.

We have a national character to further develop and

improve, and a reputation as the cradle of Liberty to live up to. We stand in a critical era. The forces of Selfishness have worked and are working.

These forces must be met and overcome if Liberty is to continue as the watchword of America, if we are to be in fact as we are in name "the land of the free."

If each and all of us go about our own selfish private business with no regard for the general welfare, we shall continue to be the tools of political sharpers who misrepresent us in the halls of legislation.

It behooves every man to take an interest in politics, to find out who are really the men to be trusted, and to vote to place only such in positions of power, insisting on receiving from them a service for the good of the people.

This is why the career of a man like Charles Francis is worthy of more than ordinary study. He is one of the few who created a great business without greedy methods, without exacting an unfair profit, without squeezing labor. Because he was willing to give a square deal to everybody he made friends and secured a very large volume of trade. He has pointed the way for other captains of industry. He has built a great business that will stand when overgrown trusts are shattered by the assaults of the injured public. He stands for brotherhood between employer and employee, and only through the methods of brothers will their differences ever be harmonized, and the Republic placed on a sound basis for the next millennium.

There are some subjects that a writer leaves with regret, and one of these is Charles Francis. I can

compare him with no one but James Nasmyth, inventor of the steam-hammer and systematizer of much of the machine-construction of England, whose autobiography every student of humankind should read. Their careers paralleled in the fact that each marked out for himself a path in life, followed it to success in a prominent industry, and then retired from strenuous activity, while still retaining the energy that carried them through. Each won the respect and love of his fellows, for each was a lover of mankind. And both gave the evening of their lives to work for others and the uplifting of humanity.

The name of Charles Francis is indelibly written on the pages of printing history. The magnificent printing plant that he reared is in competent hands, and will long live as his monument. The principles of "conference, conciliation and arbitration" that he enunciated with so much vigor will bear fruit for long years to come. And his name will go down with those of Benjamin Franklin and Theodore Low DeVinne, as the three who left the greatest impress of their personalities on the art, and the greatest inspiration for the young printers of the future.

FINIS

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